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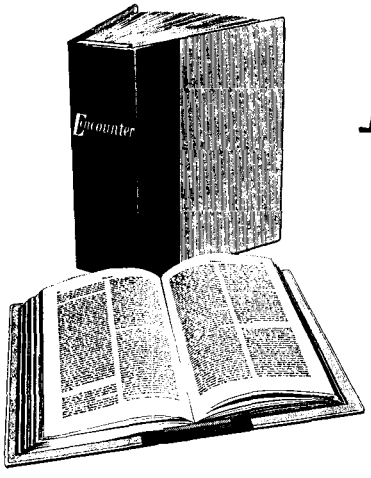

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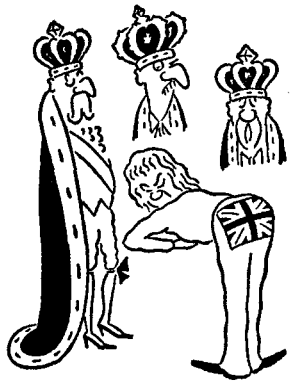

"Maintaining lordships, knighthoods and so forth prompts young people to see their flag as something they can sew into the backsides of their trousers."

"The present reverence for inertia among British workers is one of the distinguishing characteristics of the British economy."

"There is still in British business a refusal to take serious problems seriously because that would be ungentlemanly."

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D. J. Enright

How to Be an Expatriate

FIRST AND LAST AND FOREMOST: You are out there to make money (a universally acceptable practice), not to do good (one man's good is another man's bad). The locals would rather be wrong and nasty in their own way than right and nice in someone else's. If this strikes you as rather childish, remember that young countries are young.

TAKE CARE not to profess to like/admire/care for the place, because new nations are nationalistic and such sentiments show that you are not, because if you were, you would only like/admire/care for your own country. At the same time do not declare that you do not like/admire/care for the place, since this would show you a foreign dog or bird of passage viewing the local landscape from "the superman heights of European civilisation." You must comport yourself in a sphere beyond liking and disliking. Teach us to care and not to care. Teach us to sit still.

YOU ARE assured that you are free to do or say anything, "as long as you keep off politics." Since everything is political, the assurance is meaningless.

IF YOU REALLY cannot refrain from offering advice, keep your bags packed. If your advice runs contrary to what then turns out to be the government's line, you are an intellectual hobo "who misleads us and then runs away to safety." If your advice tallies with what then emerges as the government's line, you have stolen their thunder and you will be struck by their lightning. Nothing is more displeasing than being prematurely right.

IF IN TEACHING you convey "foreign values," you are engaging in anti-national activities. If you seek to adduce "local values," you are engaging in political activities. Obviously the Arts teacher is most likely never to win. His concrete examples are blatant and intransigent, unlike the blandly abstract and new-sounding discourse of the Social Scientist. The setting of a broken bone, however, is what is called a value-free activity. (Though one has heard of the first Minister of Health of a new country who was touring the government hospital and a nurse explained to him that she was about to administer a local anaesthetic. "God be praised," the Minister cried. "At last we can do it ourselves!")

REMEMBER: You are a white nigger living in reasonable comfort.

REMEMBER: It is useless to protest, "But it wasn't *me* who oppressed you!" It was someone looking like you and smelling like you. (Very nicely said. But in practice it isn't the erstwhile oppressed you have to fear, it's the chaps who were always in clover. Be on your guard against the MBE's and the old King's/Queen's Scholars.)

THE *author of these Maxims was Professor of English in Singapore from 1960 to 1970, roughly the first decade of the country's independence. Among D. J. Enright's recent books are "Conspirators and Poets" (1966), "Selected Poems" (1968) and "Memoirs of a Mendicant Professor" (1969), all published by Chatto.*

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AND DON'T TRY this one on: "But I was always against colonialism!" Leaders of newly independent countries soon come to admire the old colonialists: because after all it wasn't an easy job, because they had guts, flogged the natives into some degree of law and order, built bridges, filtered the water, knew the importance of honest trade, etc. Also, if you were anti-colonialist, the chances are you are communistically inclined—or worse, a liberal internationalist. Remember the words of the revolutionary political theorist, J. Chamberlain: "Learn to think Imperially." All new countries are potential empire-builders. *They* look up to Mother, even if you don't.

GOOD ADVICE: Declare "I am an Englishman (American, Australian, German, Israeli) and proud of it!" Then add, "But if I weren't, I would want to be a Singaporean (Malaysian, Nigerian, Indian, Egyptian)."

YOU WILL NOT of course expect aid or sympathy from the official British missions in the country. They are there for something more important—*viz.*, to suck up to the local politicians. But you may wonder why they are positively unfriendly.

FEAR your fellow white man most of all.

HAVING COME to the conclusion that you cannot teach the work of Wordsworth, etc., because of the foreign objects therein, you may decide to teach local literature. Watch out. The poet whose work you are lecturing on may be taken into detention before you have completed the course. At least Wordsworth is dead.

THE ONLY THING in literature-teaching that is worse than "irrelevance to the country's needs" is relevance to the country's needs. It is safer to be sneered at for living in an ivory tower than to be beaten up for coming out of it.

"THE DONNE of South-East Asia," "The Shelley of Singapore"... Yes, but not "The Ella Wheeler Wilcox of ——."

DO NOT BE surprised, in a small country which maintains several school magazines and a cemetery of one-shot periodicals and where there are perhaps ten writers who have written twenty poems or five essays each, if you attend a Conference of Writers attended by 300 delegates all extremely vocal about the Role of the Writer. For the role of the writer is certainly not to *write*.

WHEN the Perm. Sec., Min. of Cult., announces in a speech that "We don't want poems about love and death, we want poems on technological themes...," do not raise an eyebrow. There are few of the former, there will be even fewer of the latter.

WHEN the Minister for Defence outlines a blueprint for "the kind of play which the country needs," do not be alarmed. He is too busy to write it, and no one else will dare steal his recipe and risk getting the mix wrong.

KEEP THY HAND out of plackets. A foreigner who has come to an amicable arrangement with a local girl is a hundred times more hideous than a child-rapist with local citizenship.

WHEN, in a country which in terms of race is predominantly – – ese, a – – ese teacher who happens to be a citizen of a neighbouring country is accused of outraging the modesty of a female student, do not be too surprised when the Head of the Institution refers to the alleged malefactor in the press as "an expatriate," which to all readers of the paper signifies an Englishman, or else an Australian or American.... For one thing, he *is* (or was) an expatriate. For another, it might have been you.

WHEN you are told, "My dear *B*, we want you to stay, it's just the others we don't want here," do not be tempted to think of yourself as some sort of lovable old Mr.-Foreign-Chips. Next week it may transpire that they want everybody to stay except horrid *B*.

WHEN you realise that you are keeping three full-time servants while your local colleagues manage very well on a part-time 15-year-old *amah* (or old grannie), do not repine. When

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you find that you are paying half as much again in the shops as your local colleagues, do not repine. This is your contribution to the economy. Possible your only contribution to anything. (In any case, since servants are customarily the most "characteristic" and often the most civilised members of the community, they afford a genuine education and you cannot have too many of them.)

YOU MEET a Minister at a party and get on splendidly with him. In the course of a speech the next day he belabours expatriate intellectuals. Don't break your heart. This is known as the art of the possible. (Sometimes it seems a very easy art, all too possible.)

DO NOT BE downcast when Americans arrive, saying "*We* are O.K. *We* never oppressed the indigenous peoples"—or Australians, saying, "We too have suffered" or "We are sort of Asians ourselves." Before long they too will be in hot water.

EXPATRIATES are different from experts. The expert is paid very well by an International Agency, is not particularly interested in the natives and soon moves off to another well-paid assignment. The expatriate is (distinctly less well) paid by the local government, tends to become involved in the local scene and to wonder what his job really is, and has to be seen off the premises. For instance, British Council officers are invariably experts, whereas expatriate teachers are always fifth-raters who would never get comparable positions in their own country. "If they were any good, why would they come *here*?" —this new-nation masochism reminds one of Groucho Marx: "I wouldn't want to be a member of any club that would admit people like me!"

THE EXPERT is entertained frequently by the Head of State and by his own Ambassador, not to mention the International Agencies. The expatriate counts himself lucky if he gets a few free drinks on his own Queen's Birthday or National Day. *"Expatriot"*—was it really a printer's error?

AN EXPATRIATE IN TROUBLE is far more irritating than a drunken British seaman: he is more articulate. Experts keep out of trouble—perhaps that is what they are expert at.

WHEN YOU ARE informed in rude tones that an under-developed country is paying you a good salary to do whatever it is you have not been doing properly or have been doing more than, and you reflect that you earn considerably less than the most junior British Council officer or clerk in an overseas British bank, just remember that you are earning slightly more than the fashion model who graduated last year.

IF YOU HAVE published a book containing mild and friendly criticism of the local régime and it is banned, then it is futile to cry out, "But what are all those piles of Frank Harris, *Fanny Hill*, *Secret Lives*, doing in the shops?" There is no such thing as mild and friendly criticism.

DO NOT presume to complain of the heat just because you see a local sweating.

THE PLACE for complaints is the cocktail party where all the guests are foreigners and all are complaining.

A FIRST-YEAR STUDENT tells you how she was accosted on the campus by a CID man who invited her to become an "agent" and report anything she might hear of an "anti-national tendency" whether in the classrooms or on the bus. There would be no remuneration for these services, but every now and then she would be paid "expenses" to attend a meeting of "agents." She concludes her story by advising you, "So you had better be careful what you say, Prof!" It occurs to you that she was little more than a baby when you came to these shores and you feel like telling her to go teach her grandmother to suck eggs. Don't. After all, she is a friend—and moreover in some ways she is older than you, and she knows it.

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BE GLAD you have friends. Treat them as friends—don't place too heavy a strain on your friendships.

ANYONE who likes you must be truly disinterested.

NATIONALISM is a band-wagon crammed with little seats for little people. Expect them to jump on it. They may eventually have to pay for the ride.

EXEMPLI GRATIA: The Chinese in Singapore are under the impression that they colonised this swampy island and the British were good enough to supply policemen to make it a land fit for shopkeepers to keep shop in. Judge of their surprise when they are told that they have been liberated from the colonial yoke and are now members one another of a free and independent nation. In order to increase the gratitude they are expected to feel, a present villain is necessary. You are he.

THE ONLY GOOD EXPATRIATE is one who has gone home. Console yourself that once you have left, you will re-emerge as a (reasonably) Good Man; and as the years pass, so will the aura of sweetness and light grow around your memory. The two most sacred names in Singapore, for instance, are "Raffles" and "Victoria." Before long there may be a Yamashita Street.

FINALLY, remember that worse things happen at sea. And if you hadn't been doing what you were, then what would you have been doing? Your own memories, too, will change —and who can say which of them are "true"?

Johannesburg

Love grows in silence

Love grows in silence, and then
A dozen doors feed thunder to the thread
That flickers down to kiss
The smoke out of stone, the mist out of water

For most of us who lay beside the lake
Lying on those sodden banks, dry before thunder
The rain came quietly, feeding on the surface

Warwick Collins

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Ralph Robin

The Last Monogamist

ALL THE JOKES that he made up for his wife were lost forever; in the morning neither could remember them. "Tell me a joke," she would say.

"What about?" he would say. "Give me an area."

"Politicians." And he would invent a brand-new joke about politicians, not knowing what the point was going to be till he got to it. If she were very sleepy, she might say "moonflowers" or "ice-cream soda" or "little bells." And he would make up a joke about moonflowers, ice-cream soda, or little bells. "That's a good joke," she would say gravely, and fall asleep.

For a long time, telling the joke followed making love, but later it tended to replace it.

He made up jokes only for his wife. At work he told no jokes—neither his own, nor the old ones, nor the latest going around. He was assistant to the director of personnel in a research institute, and his method was seriousness. When a capable girl technician couldn't stand a chemist's cigars, he didn't try to joke her out of it. He transferred her to the laboratory of a non-smoker and sent the chemist a boy technician who smoked cigars himself. That was the kind of thing he liked to do best, but he valued the ability of the director, who was much younger than he, to keep on top of the paper-work.

Now he was using up leave in his living room and talking to his wife. They had been travelling in Europe for three weeks without, thank God, a camera, and he had four days left. Adrienne was lighting a cigarette—he couldn't get her to stop—and telling him that their daughter-in-law didn't want to see her, she wanted to see him.

"But do you want to see her?"

"What difference does that make if she doesn't want to see me? I'm going out." The words "going out" meant that she was going to the branch library, which had always been her destination when the only point was to go out. Adrienne coughed, and Ted refrained from saying anything or shaking his head. He couldn't transfer her out of her own cigarette smoke.

He stood at the door and watched her walk down those long steps she would have to walk up again. The old back way by foot to the branch library had been cut off by Leg D of the Master Plan—Leg D was what the planners had called their interdiction of legs. Adrienne refused to use an automobile to drive from the back level to the front level to the back level in order to reach the library. She thought that was far too crazy for a rational being to accept. So she would walk down the steps and under the freeway and up the hill. They were looking at apartments but they hated to move; it had been a comfortable house. It had become even more comfortable, at least for Ted, after their sons had grown up and gone away; first, tentatively, to college; then, finally, out, out, out. They had no daughters.

Their sons had been a bore, running in and out of the house in football helmets and kicking up the toilet seats and saying things like "Gee, dad, Coach is swell." They had even insisted on newspaper routes.

HOWEVER, THEY WERE a credit to him, his boys. Arthur had a good law practice and was in the State House of Representatives. Franklin owned a growing chain of hamburger joints and was noteworthy for definite opinions. I never learned, Ted thought. He remembered asking Frank, when he was a student, about a historian at his college—a man whose books and articles Ted admired. It was like waving a red flag. Arthur was gentler; he would gaze toward Heaven for patience whenever Ted expressed an opinion. They also punched each other in the arms and tittered about the girls they had laid, lowering their voices so that Ted would not hear this earth-shaking news. Praised be the Lord: Franklin uses federally-inspected beef.

"Where's Adrienne?" Hespera said.

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"She said you don't want to see her."

"Well, I don't. She simply can't understand a woman that won't give people what they want."

"I'm a man who gives people what they want. I earn my living by it."

"That's different. If you wanted to be a county commissioner she'd cuddle little Negro children."

"I wouldn't put it past her."

"You liberals. But you're better than Art. He's a fake liberal."

"Art's better than his brother."

"That Birchite. He's honest, anyway."

"I do not agree than an honest Birchite is better than a fake liberal."

"You don't have to live with Art. The point is you're so loyal to your wife that you make her the measure. Adrienne is the measure." She laughed unkindly but could not distort her face. "I think you are the last monogamist, Ted. Not that I objected inordinately to that part of it. Anyway, since he's gone in for politics he's been chaste or discreet. Good heavens, an adulterous state legislator! The point is I am not going to be his charming, pretty hostess and be nice to slobs who don't talk about anything except money, politics, and food."

They don't talk about sex around her, he thought. Charming she was not. She could not help being pretty: in fact, she was so delicately beautiful she was intimidating.

"What do you want them to talk about?"

"Literature, art, ideas—but of course they can't talk about those things, and that isn't exactly what I mean. If that was all I wanted, I could join a Great Books Club. Everything in excess—an examined life is not worth living—man by nature desires to remain ignorant. Tell me I ought to have a baby."

"Do you want a baby?"

"You're not at work."

"How cross you are."

"I should be charming to you. We might need your vote. I don't want a baby, and neither does Art, but he thinks the voters do. He thinks the voters want at least five. One because he's a legislator, two when he's a county commissioner, three when he's a congressman, four—" Her voice was rising.

"How's the Mental Health Bill doing?"

"Who cares?"

"I do, for one."

"Stop it, or I'll think you're as big a fake as your son."

"Is Art secretly opposed?"

"No, no, it isn't that exactly—but it's all so empty with him."

"Frank isn't empty. Frank would vote sincerely to abolish the federal government."

"Well, why not? And the state government too. And the county commissioners. I'm all for it. But you're so quaint. You talk as if the world were divided between your two sons."

"They're not that important to me."

"They're really very much alike. Did you ever see them together at a football game or a prize fight?"

"They found their way to those pleasures independently of me."

"How did that happen?"

"They liked the structured or unstructured thud of male bodies. I'll tell you an anecdote, if it won't bore you."

One day he had caught his sons beating up another boy, and they had explained sullenly, "He doesn't believe in God."

"Neither do I," their father said.

"I'll tell Coach," Frank said.

"Dad doesn't mean it," Art said.

"Coach prays," Frank said.

"Coach says boxing is a kind of prayer," Art said.

"But two against one," Ted said.

"No, Coach wouldn't like that," Art agreed.

Hespera giggled. She always surprised Ted when she giggled; the sound did not seem to suit her. "There's a lot of things Art does that Coach wouldn't like," she said.

WHAT WAS this visit of Hespera's really about? Her legs were tucked under her on an overstuffed chair that almost needed re-upholstering. Her wisps of shoes, which she had taken off, made the old carpet look shabbier. She looked so young, so expensive. But it was her face that fascinated him. Her face—form and skin—defeated his joyless impulse to stare at her until he found an asymmetry or a blemish.

An ambulance siren, the new type, was sounding up and down on Leg D, or whatever the pharaoh called it now that it was finished. They were worse than the pharaohs—the Egyptians built tombs in deserts, did

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not make deserts. Ted had not opposed the location of Leg D because the alternative would have displaced more people.

"What's this conversation about, Hespera?" Ted said, as the siren faded.

"I think it was brave of me to keep my ridiculous name. I prefer it to Arthur's 'Hespie.' I want you to find me a job."

"Why not annoy Art without my participation? There are plenty of jobs."

"Secretary. Teacher. Editrix." How scornful the woman was. "Can you get me a job in one of your laboratories?"

"I could get you a job in a laboratory, though I wouldn't in one of ours. When Adrienne wanted to work, I got her a job somewhere else. She had a biology major, but graduates in the humanities do very well as technicians nowadays. Some of the things we need them for are so new that the less conventional training they've had the better. Do you mean to leave Art when you're self-supporting?"

"I think so."

"If I may ask a personal question, where will those simple little dresses come from?"

"They're just inconspicuous consumption to please Art."

"It will be hard on Art," he said earnestly, shamed by the tone of his question and Hespera's answer. But it was true that Art had needed a wife to spend money for him when he was interested only in money. Now he wanted the myth of a real partner. Let me say that Hespie is not only a marvellous home-maker and mother but when you want to know what's really going on in this county let me tell you that Hespie has got a mini-Univac in that little head of hers.

"You're smiling," Hespera said.

"Surely not."

"I'm afraid so." She uncurled from her chair and went over to him and touched his face lightly. "Your lips were up to here."

He stood then, and he put his arms around her, and he kissed her. She did not respond enthusiastically, but she responded. She was as cool as her beauty, and that was what he wanted.

"What a joke this would be," she said. She moved a little away from him. She held him at her arms' length by her gesture of doing so and looked at him steadily. "Shall we?" she said.

"Not a baby for Art's politics," he said tightly, "unless you want one."

"No, it's all right. I'm on the pill."

"Let's go to the spare room," Ted said.

THE ROOM had been cleaned of all traces of the boys. It was a bright room with two windows facing away from Leg D. The three-quarters Hollywood bed was covered with a bright blue corduroy slip cover. There was an enamelled dresser, which was green; the chairs were yellow slings. There were prints on the wall (Kandinski), and an orange bookcase was partly filled with back copies of *Etcetera*. It all represented an economical notion of modernity they had had a few years before. When they had finished refurnishing the room, they had eaten a picnic supper there, played records, and made love. Since then, they had used the room for sleeping when one or the other became too conscious of the trucks on Leg D and slipped into the spare room during the night. Adrienne came in, of course, to vacuum and Ted to add copies of *Etcetera*.

Ted disliked Hespera's amused expression when he carefully removed the slip cover from the bed. But that did not bother him as much as football-helmeted phantoms continually sucking at cans of soda drinks and running to the bathroom like dwarfs at a beer picnic. Nevertheless, the event was enjoyable. Hespera's lovely face became appropriately serious; and, as bodies asserted their exorcising power, the phantoms vanished with yah-yah mouths and footballs tucked in their ugly elbows.

They did not dress when it seemed time to do so. Importantly, Ted caressed the immaculate body; his wife, after all, was as old as he was and had borne two children. In all his life he had never seen a naked woman other than Adrienne, and young Adrienne—undressed at last—had been a treat that went with graduation from college. This girl was a marvel, and he must have done something more remarkable than graduating *cum laude* to deserve her. Standing naked in the middle of the room, he stretched his arms above his head and uncontrollably uttered a cry of exultation: "Ah-ee-ah!"

"If I were Art, I'd snap your picture," Hespera said, giggling.

But suddenly she was sad. She said: "Not

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that it wasn't and I didn't and all that, because it was and I did and all that, but I kind of liked the idea of there being one monogamist left in the world."

Ted sighed. This was just Hespie. "Arthur is now attached to that great sect," he said, picking up his boxer shorts.

"Art's kind of monogamy!" She looked around for her clothes.

"I don't think I'd hire you if you weren't my daughter-in-law."

"I'm sure you fill up all your laboratories with Adriennes. Well, I'll get myself a job without your participation, and I will leave him."

"Suit yourself. But I wish you'd do one thing."

"What's that?"

"Please wait till the Mental Health Bill is signed. Don't make fun of me, Hespera. I'm serious. I wouldn't want to be responsible—"

"We'll put it through for Father's Day, Ted. You might like it better than those sweaters I've never seen you wear."

"I hate sweaters."

"That's what I tell Art. He just says, 'Everybody likes sweaters.'" She straightened her linen dress, brushing her hand across her crotch. "We do those tadpole things a favour by knocking them on the head."

"Hespera, Hespera," he said with a rush of fondness for her, "don't you even read the medical articles in women's magazines? That's not at all the way the pill works. What you've got is the old homunculus theory—little men in the sperm."

"Well, I wish you'd knocked your little men on their heads. I must fly." She ran down the stairs without touching the banister, and he followed as quickly as he could. She found her shoes and had them on in an instant. "Good-bye, dear old Ted, and don't be a bigger baby than you are and confess to Adrienne or Art."

SHE KISSED HIM and was gone. He hurried to the half-bath and kicked up the toilet seat; his doctor had him on a diuretic. He thought he would drive to the branch library and surprise Adrienne. But he did not leave: he wasted time assembling wallet, keys, reading glasses, driving glasses, watch, cheque-book, pens. Then the telephone rang; it was Adrienne. She had not gone to the library after all but on impulse had taken a bus downtown and had gone to a movie.

The movie would have been good if it hadn't thought it was an art form. Yes, yes, she would take a cab home and have the driver circle around the back of the house so she wouldn't have to walk up the steps. No, no, she had that much sense; she was a rational being.

Yes, Hespera had left after a long conversation, more cooperative, he thought, than when she had first arrived. He hoped he had been of some help. Yes, he would talk to Art and see if he could help things there. Yes, Adrienne could buy a quart of bourbon and a bottle of sweet vermouth downtown if she was sure she would take a taxi and make the driver——

When Ted put the telephone down, the worst was over: he had managed to talk normally to Adrienne. But when in bed that night Adrienne said sleepily, "Tell me a joke," and he said, "Choose an area," he was frightened of what areas she might choose. He remembered Hespera's words: "What a joke this would be."

Adrienne deliberated longer than usual.

"Salamanders," she said.

"Creatures of fire or ordinary newts?" he said in fear, for he remembered Adrienne knocking newts on the head when they were students and chaste lovers. She had held them by the tail and knocked them on the head against the white laboratory table. He had found her doing it in the old college laboratory building, a broken-down brick mansion, after his Tuesday morning class in logic.

"What are you doing, Adrienne?" he had cried out.

"Sacrificing newts," she had said, using the biologist's word for killing specimens at the last stage of an experiment.

Adrienne opened one eye wider and put her hand into his pyjama sleeve. "What are you so excited about, Ted? Tell me a joke about creatures of fire. Who cares about old newts?"

"There was this old king sitting by the fire," Ted began.

When he had finished, Adrienne said gravely, "That's a good joke," and fell asleep.

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Daniel Bell

Unstable America

Transitory & Permanent Factors in a National Crisis

FOR ANYONE considering the State of the Union only a little more than a decade ago, a question about the sources of political and social instability would seem an improbable one. The United States was then seemingly at the height of its powers. The Communist world, after the 1956–57 events in Poland and Hungary, was apparently falling into disarray. Domestically, there had been eight years of relatively high prosperity at stable prices. The threat of Radical-Right extremism, in the shadow of Joe McCarthy and his depredations, had faded away. Social justice for the Negroes was under way, beginning with the epochal Supreme Court decision of 1954 (Brown *vs.* the Board of Education in Topeka), which had legitimated the Negro claim for integration; and the Administration itself had taken the highly symbolic step of sending Federal troops into a Southern community (Little Rock, Arkansas) to assure the right of black children to enter white schools. Like the public personality of President Eisenhower himself, the country seemed bland, self-assured, and eager to advance the broad, if platitudinous, conceptions of universalism in foreign affairs and progress at home.

There were some small clouds on the horizon. Economic growth had slowed down so that by the end of the decade it was no longer rising at a sufficient rate to match the increases in the labour force and in productivity. From 1953 to 1960, the labour force grew at a rate of 1·5% a year while productivity was rising at a trend rate of 3·2%. It would have required a growth in G.N.P. of about 4·5% to provide the necessary number of jobs to meet these growths; but output, which had been as high as 5·2% a year between 1947 and 1953, slowed to 2·4% between 1953 and 1960; and the result was an increase in unemployment. By the end of the decade, unemployment had risen to more than 6% of the labour force. But because the greater number of unemployed were black and unskilled, with little means for becoming politically effective, the unemployment situation, for the while, was ignored. Towards the end of his term, President Eisenhower began running a large budget deficit to increase demand, but the effort did not reach a growing number of "hard-core" unemployed.

In the foreign field, the victory of Fidel Castro in Cuba, and the inability to reach an accord with him (a matter as much the fault of Castro as of the fumbling State Department), gave rise to apprehensions about a possible Soviet foothold in the Western Hemisphere. And the United States began to organise clandestine efforts to overthrow him.

THE PARADOX of the Kennedy administration was that its very *élan* and activism—the need to seem and be effective—both in the foreign field as well as at home, stimulated and unleashed the forces of turbulence which rack the United States today. In foreign affairs there was, first, the disaster at the Bay of Pigs—the humiliation of American power and a question of its will. At Vienna, Khrushchev thought he had taken the measure of John F. Kennedy and was emboldened to place missiles in Cuba, a confrontation from which he backed down and restored the credit of Kennedy. In Viet Nam, where Eisenhower had shied away from large-scale commitments (despite the pressure of Secretary Dulles and Chief of Staff Radford), Kennedy made the fateful decision, after the fall

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of Diem, to step up American activity in the field and to move American soldiers and weapons into direct action (despite a warning by Under-Secretary George Ball about the drastic consequences of that move).

In the domestic field, the Kennedy administration began a helter-skelter effort to improve the lot of the poor and the blacks; but one of the paradoxical consequences of those efforts, notably in the poverty programme, was to provide a large number of jobs and to create small political bases and machines for activists who would use their positions to organise community action groups, and to increase political agitation in the Negro and poor communities. A revolutionary movement always has the problem of how to finance its activities and to provide time for functionaries to ply their agitation. One of the astonishing aspects of the Kennedy (and Johnson) "war on poverty" was to facilitate the growth of a movement which would, in part, mount political pressure, if not a political war, on the Administration itself.

IT WOULD BE ABSURD to assume that such agitation and turbulence might not have come to the fore. The classic illustration of the trajectory of expectations, first laid down by Tocqueville and repeated tediously since then by social scientists, tells us that no society which promises justice and slowly begins to open the way, having admitted the legitimacy of the claims, can expect to ride out the consequent whirlwind in a comfortable fashion. But along with the rising tumult of the Negroes and the disadvantaged came an ambiguous war; and the combination of the two, which reinforced each other, has led to rising domestic violence, the alienation of the youth, and the growing challenge to the legitimacy of the system among the intelligentsia and the leadership cadres of the young, all of which have brought into question the very stability of the system itself.

It would be equally foolish to assume that immediate and manifest causes, important as they are, can wholly disorient a society as large and powerful as the United States. Underneath, there have occurred upheavals, sociological and technological, which have been reworking the social structure of the society. These changes, four in number—the simultaneous creation of an urban society, a national polity, a communal society, and a post-industrial world—will outlast the immediate vicissitudes of the war and poverty and continue to create deeper upheavals and tensions in the society. And beyond these structural changes in the society lie three other areas of difficulty which will profoundly affect the future of the United States: the relation of democracy to empire and the question whether any democracy can maintain an imperial role; the participation revolution, with its challenge to technocratic and meritocratic modes of decision-making; and the profound changes in culture, with fundamental anti-rational and anti-intellectual bias in the arts and in the modes of experience and sensibility.

Any paper seriously considering the future of the United States would have to deal with these three dimensions: the immediate political and social upheavals; the structural changes; and the fundamental questions of value and cultural choices. Within these confines I can only be schematic about each. And if one is to consider these questions in the light of the problem of social and political instability, one must also turn, at first, to the consideration, at the level of sociological theory, of those factors which precipitate instability and revolution (or counter-revolution) in a society.

The Sources of Instability

THE KEY question for any political system —this is the triumph of Max Weber over Marx in contemporary social thought—is the legitimacy of the system. As S. M. Lipset has written:

> Legitimacy involves the capacity of the system to engender and maintain the belief that the existing political institutions are the most appropriate ones for the society. The extent to which contemporary democratic political systems are legitimate depends in large measure upon the ways in which the key issues which have historically divided the society have been resolved.
>
> While effectiveness is primarily instrumental, legitimacy is evaluative. Groups regard a political system as legitimate or illegitimate according to the way in which its values fit with theirs.[1]

If one looks at Western political society in the twentieth century, one can identify a number of factors which, in varying combinations, have resulted in the social instability of the society and the consequent loss of legitimacy for the political system.

1. The existence of an "insoluble" problem. The unemployment problem of the 1930s was regarded by most societies as insoluble. Clearly few of the bourgeois democratic régimes knew what to do to reverse the depression. Every Western society was plunged into crisis at the time. It was only the acceptance of "unorthodox" economic policies that permitted these economies to recover. The depression, clearly, was one of the forces conducive to fascism in the 1930s.

2. The existence of a parliamentary impasse.

[1] S. M. Lipset, *Political Man* (1963), p. 64.

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In Italy, Portugal, and Spain, in the 1920s and 1930s, the continuation of a parliamentary impasse, created by the polarisation of forces in the society, impeded any effective government and contributed to a sense of helplessness in the populace which was crystallised either in the action of a mob, or an authoritarian dictator, or a military coup.

3. *The growth of private violence.* In Germany, and in similar countries, the creation of private "armies" and the growth of open street violence, uncontrolled by the government, led to the breakdown of authority.

4. *The disjuncture of sectors*—because of rapid industrialisation in some areas and a large-scale agricultural lag in others—has led, as in Brazil today, to continuing instability.

5. *Multi-racial or multi-tribal conflicts*—as in India, before partition, between Hindu and Muslim, or in India between different language groups; in Nigeria between the regions representing different tribes; in Belgium between Flemish and Walloons; in Canada between English and French, etc.—are an obvious source of instability.

6. *The alienation of the intelligentsia.* The cultural élites carry the integrative symbols of the society, and the disenchantment of these groups has been a feature of almost every revolutionary situation. The defeat of Batista, in large measure, arose from the opposition of the middle classes in Cuban society to the régime.

7. *Humiliation in war.* A crushing defeat often cracks a political system, as it did Wilhelminian Germany and Tzarist Russia, but a partial defeat (or one construed as humiliating) can be as disintegrating a force. The defeat of Russia by Japan in 1905, the first instance of an Occidental power losing to an Oriental nation since the invasions of Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, represented a great psychological humiliation for the country. In Latin America, the first revolution since the Mexican overthrow of the ageing dictator Porfirio Diaz (in 1910), came only in 1952, with the Bolivian National Revolution—despite the previous rise of socialist, Communist, populist and *indigenista* movements between the two world wars and the depression. It came after the defeat of the country in the Chaco war, a defeat which shattered the standard expectations and values of the society and led the mass of young middle-class whites and *cholos* to reject completely traditional politics and parties.[2]

Such a list is not exhaustive, but it does sum up the major political experience of the century. Within that framework, what can we say about the United States and, more specifically, of the factors which one can identify as the sources of instability and strain: the Viet Nam war, the alienation of youth, the rancour of the blacks, and the multiplicity of social problems which derive from the structural changes in the society? Which of these are "soluble," and under what conditions? Which have a potential for further strain?

The Break-up of Consensus

The United States in the 1950s was a mobilised society. It was mobilised, primarily, to meet the threat of international Communism. After an initial demobilisation in 1946–47, there came a rapid build-up of arms. The Korean war brought about a vast expansion of a conventional arms force. Nato and Seato extended these arms, under a presumed nuclear shield, around the world, and for the first time in American history a permanent military establishment had been created. Science, in considerable measure, was mobilised as well. The vast revolutions in military technology—the creation of hydrogen bombs, nuclear missiles, new means of propulsion of warheads—all went hand-in-hand with the vast expansion of research and development and the tying in of research institutions and universities to government.

A society mobilised to meet an external threat, where that threat can be unambiguously defined, unifies a country. Internal divisions are minimised or glossed over, compromises are made, and politics becomes focused on external affairs. It is striking to recall that in the 1930s, the United States was riven by sharp labour struggles which in their intensity approached the classical Marxist conceptions of naked class division. Yet when World War II broke out, these divisions were subordinated to the national effort and labour was brought into the government while industrial strike went from conflict to accommodation. In the 1950s, the threat of an aggressive Communism, particularly after the East European purge trials, the seizure of Czechoslovakia (and the defenestration of Masaryk), and the encirclement of Berlin, brought the liberal community to the support of the government against that threat.

By the end of the 1950s, the situation had changed. International Communism was no longer a monolith. Evil no longer seemed unambiguous. Different kinds of Communism had come to the fore. The United States was in the quixotic position of providing aid to Tito and even to Gomulka. If the Soviet Union was still

[2] See Herbert S. Klein: "The Crisis of Legitimacy and the Origins of Social Revolution: The Bolivian Experience," *Journal of Inter-American Studies*, January 1968.

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expanionist, that aggressiveness was more and more defined in traditional great-power terms than as ideological fervour. The moralism which had animated American foreign policy for a decade, particularly in the rhetoric of John Foster Dulles, had become attentuated. Ironically, moralism, a feature of the American style, was increasingly taken over by the opponents of the society, by the New Left, who began to characterise the United States in the same "totalistic" terms (as evil, sick, and bankrupt) as the United States previously had characterised its political enemy, and who began to picture American society itself in monolithic terms by such phrases as "the System."

The break-up of the Communist world thus made it difficult to sustain a mobilised posture on ideological grounds. The emergence of such figures as Castro and Ho Chi Minh provided ready symbols for the latent revolutionary romanticism of youth to respond to. Castro, along with Ché, had shown that the Leninist myth of a handful of dedicated revolutionaries toppling a society could, like progressive revelation, recur in a big-power world. Ho, for many (despite the fact that peasant uprisings in the North, as in 1956, had been suppressed, and dissident radicals had been murdered), became the symbol of purity and selflessness, an idealistic avuncular figure in a harsh and impersonal world.

LOOKED AT HISTORICALLY, it is the 1950s, not the 1960s, that are the exception. The degree of national consensus, in part through willing agreement, in part through the silence of those who felt cowed, was itself momentary. What one sees, then, in the 1960s, is the resumption of an historic leftism in American and other societies. This leftism itself has no unified character. It is in part (in origin, at least) the drive towards "inclusion" in the society, particularly of the blacks and the poor. It is also, especially among the literary intelligentsia, part of the cultural rebellion, an anti-bourgeois attitude in the United States which goes back principally to the period before World War I when Van Wyck Brooks, picking up the distinctions of Matthew Arnold, divided the society into highbrows and lowbrows, and together with other writers led an attack on the "puritanism" of the culture. This leftism also takes on the features of anarchism and nihilism, a revolt against the increasing pressures of the technocratic organisation of life in society.

The Tension of Inclusion

THE MOST OBVIOUS POINT of strain in American society, domestically, is race. The militancy of the Negroes, the fact of riot, the threat of further strife are pervasive. How did it all come about?

The starting point for any social inquiry is: "Why now, not then; why here, not there?" The primary clue to the changing political role of the American Negro is the recent, and remarkable, demographic shift. In 1910, about 90% of the Negroes in the United States lived in the South. As late as 1950, 68% still lived there. Nineteen-sixty was the "dividing year"; at that point half the Negro population was now in the North, and the balance has been shifting strongly in this decade.

It was not only that the Negro has been leaving the South; he has become urbanised as well. In 1910, just about three-fourths of the Negroes lived in rural areas; by 1960, almost three-fourths lived in cities. In 1960, in fact, for the first time in American history, American Negroes had become *more urban* than whites.

BUT IN MOVING NORTH and becoming urban, a significant new pattern was developing as well—the concentration of Negroes in a few major cities. Thus, in 1960, there were over one million Negroes in New York City, about 890,000 in Chicago, 670,000 in Philadelphia, 560,000 in Detroit, and more than 335,000 in Los Angeles. By contrast, the largest southern concentrations were 215,000 Negroes in Houston and 186,000 in Atlanta.

These concentrations have gone together with another social development—the movement, sometimes a flight, of the white population to the suburbs. This has meant that within the central city limits, the Negro population forms a significant proportion of the whole. Perhaps symbolic of the change is the fact that Negroes constitute more than fifty-five per cent of the population of Washington, D.C., the nation's capital. What this population density and social weight have done is to give the Negro community the possibility of political leverage which a unified polity could exploit effectively. This developing political power is the important background reason why the Negroes have been able to demand, more successfully than ever before, a change in the patterns of power.

This changing demographic and political map allows us to see how the Negro community begins to be able to mobilise effective social power. But by itself it does not explain the trajectory of the "civil rights revolution," the emergent Black Nationalism, or the temper of the Negro militants.

The turning point in the civil rights revolution was, clearly, the Supreme Court decision in May 1954, which struck down the principle of segregation in public schools. In so doing, it

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emphasised the meaning of the term *equality* as the overriding value in judging social change. It stated that Negroes should have full and equal access to public facilities and services in the nation. But there were two further sociological consequences of this decision. One was the fact that the highest court in the land had *legitimated* the demands of the Negroes; and, second, that the moral initiative had passed into the hands of the Negroes. The burden of proof was now no longer on the Negro but on the white.

What the Court had done was to admit the historic injustices done to the Negroes (specifically, an 1883 Supreme Court action declaring illegal the post-Civil War legislation of Congress which, at that time, had granted full civil rights to Negroes; that Court action had opened the way to "Jim Crow," or segregation, laws by southern states). In so doing, the Court made it difficult for any person or group to oppose the demands of the blacks even when some of these, by previous considerations, might be considered "extreme" (such as preference in admission to schools, or preference in hiring). When a nation has publicly admitted moral guilt, it is difficult to say no to the ones it has offended. And when a nation admits moral guilt, but goes slow in restitution, then the explosive mixture becomes even more inflammable.

The chief dilemma, of course, is the definition of "slow." When expectations of change rise rapidly, the trajectory of hope inevitably will spiral faster than reality. Inevitably there will be a disjunction between objective change and subjective assessment. Many Negroes, for example, claim that conditions for them have "worsened." But what they clearly mean is that they are not where they expected to be. A conservative measures social change by the distance from the past; a revolutionist from some mark in the future. If one looks at the record, a number of distinct gains have been registered. The largest gains have been among the Negro middle-class. In the area of income, the percentage of families with an income of $7,000 or more (in 1965 dollars) has risen sharply:

FAMILY INCOME OF $7,000 OR MORE

	Negro Per cent	*White* Per cent
1955	*9*	*31*
1966	*28*	*55*
South	*15*	*46*
Outside the South	*38*	*59*

[3] All figures are taken from the report, *Social and Economic Conditions of Negroes in the United States*, October 1967, a joint report of the Bureau of Labor Statistics and the Bureau of the Census.

In education, the picture shows equal trends. In 1960, 36% of Negro males and 63% of whites over 25 years of age had completed high school; by 1966 the figures were 53% for Negro and 73% for white males. In higher education, in 1960, 3·9% of Negro males and 15·7% of whites had completed college. In 1966, 7·4% of Negro males and 17·9% of whites had completed college, an increase of 90% in Negro college graduates over the period.[3]

BUT EVEN SUCH A PICTURE of advance masks a more complicated aspect of mobility in the American social structure. If one looks at the various studies of achievement in the United States, most notably the so-called Coleman report on performance in the schools, it is clear that not race but social class is the primary variable. The educational achievement of a child is associated primarily with class milieu rather than race, religion, or colour. The crucial point, of course, is that racial discrimination has been one of the chief means of maintaining class distance, and this has become the source of attack by the Negroes. Thus, the current demand of the young Negroes is primarily for open admission of all Negroes to colleges, often regardless of performance or standards, since college is clearly seen as the major route of social mobility. One of the major variables, therefore, in any assessment of future strain in the society is the measure of the Negroes' success in changing the class balance of the society.

THE FACTORS we have enumerated so far regarding the Negro position, involve the changing demographic and political weights, the legitimation of demands, and an identification of the focal point of change. To this, one has to add, of course, a major consideration regarding any social movement—the nature of its leadership. The rising new leadership of the Negroes is young, militant, and aggressive. In this there is a curious psychological paradox, in that a second generation which has *not* experienced the kind of direct humiliation inflicted on their elders, and which has often (as in the case of literary intellectuals) received special largess, is psychologically more assertive and more outspoken and extreme. There are several intertwined reasons for this. The elders, facing more difficult circumstances, had to be more accommodating in order to achieve gains, and in the process often acquired an inner stoicism; the young can be more extreme because there are fewer "penalties" and, indeed, more rewards. Since the overall society is, in principle, receptive to change, individuals can more easily outbid one another in being more "left" and more "extreme." More important, perhaps, in the

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effort to achieve an internal cohesion and a group identity, the assertive emphasis on nationality, on a common past, on the positive features of Negro life becomes a necessary means of achieving a sense of psychic independence. And raucous as this process may be, it is a necessary one for any group which seeks to achieve a coherent sense of itself as a group.

In sum, the major thrust of the Negroes in American life, in politics and in economic life, is not an effort to "overthrow" the society, but an effort to change the class balance. It is a drive for inclusion, in a radical way, accompanied by a cultural and psychological mood which, paradoxically, emphasises revolutionary sentiments. The fact that the Negroes are such a small minority of the country—though a large proportion of the major urban areas—makes a genuine revolutionary situation enormously difficult. If the Negro community achieves a sense of rapid enough inclusion in the society—and this is as much a subjective question as an objective one—the revolutionary language of the Negro intelligentsia will become, if it persists, an empty ideology and mere rhetoric. If the sense of failure increases, then the mood of resentment will lead to further riots and strife. We will return to the conditions under which one or the other might occur towards the close of this article.

The Crisis in Credibility

THE SENSE OF DISORIENTATION, clearly, is widespread in the United States today. The alienation of the young and the militancy of the Negroes are widely publicised phenomena. The rapidity of social change is always unsettling to large masses of the population, and the sense of rapid social change, technological and sociological, is perceived everywhere. To get a sense of the mood of the country as a whole, however, it might be more useful to go not to the areas of tumult, which inevitably reveal alienation, but to the *traditional* sectors of life which have been the source of stability of any culture, specifically religion. Let me turn, therefore, to some poll data about present-day attitudes towards religion. While interpretation of polls is notoriously difficult, one gains, if the same question is asked over a period of time, a useful indicator of change in attitudes. Probably the most interesting question about the feelings of Americans about religion is the Gallup Poll which asked the question: "*At the present time, do you think religion as a whole is increasing its influence on American life, or losing its influence?*":

	Losing Per cent	*Increasing* Per cent	*Same* Per cent
April 1968			
NATIONAL SAMPLE	67	19	8
Protestant . .	69	17	8
Catholic . .	61	24	8
April 1967			
NATIONAL . .	57	23	14
Protestant . .	60	21	13
Catholic . .	48	31	16
April 1965			
NATIONAL . .	45	33	13
April 1962			
NATIONAL . .	31	45	17
April 1957			
NATIONAL . .	14	69	10
Protestant . .	17	66	
Catholic . .	7	79	

Some variants of these questions reveal the shadings of these troubled moods. To the question, in July 1968, "*Do you believe that life today is getting better or worse in terms of religion?*":

	Better Per cent	*Worse* Per cent	*No Difference* Per cent	*No Opinion* Per cent
NATIONAL	26	50	16	8
Protestant	24	51	17	8
Catholic	34	47	17	8

To the question: "*Do you believe that life is getting better or worse in terms of morals?*":

	Better Per cent	*Worse* Per cent	*No Difference* Per cent	*No Opinion* Per cent
NATIONAL	8	78	12	2
Protestant	8	78	12	2
Catholic	8	81	10	1

Both questions are somewhat inexact, and one could argue that some individuals might feel that life is "getting worse" because religion is not doing enough for social change, and some because religion itself is becoming too lax. One would have to provide more detailed breakdowns to explore those issues. But what is clear is the deep pessimism of the country and, if one goes back to the first question, there has been a remarkable shift of mood within the decade.

What is striking, of course, is that this shift of mood parallels the eight years of the Kennedy and Johnson administrations, the years of the New Frontier and the Great Society. The

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singular quality of the "tone" of the New Frontier was its sense of promise, symbolised in the vibrant words of the Kennedy inaugural speech and in the ardour that characterised the arrival of a new generation in politics. How does one account for the change of mood in this decade? One can only be schematic, and indicate four factors:

1. The Multiplicity of Social Problems

In the decade-and-a-half after World War II, the country had been oriented primarily toward external affairs. Equally, the remarkable performance of American industry (and the psychological lift occasioned by the fact that there was no economic depression after the war, though it had been widely forecast by economists) seemed to indicate that economic growth would, in time, solve all social problems. The phrase *The Affluent Society*, as used by J. K. Galbraith, seemed to affirm this possibility, though the other side of the argument he presented—that public squalor was increasing while personal consumption was rising—was neglected in the first euphoric reviews of the book.

It is the sense of public squalor which is in large measure responsible for the growing sense of dismay. The Kennedy administration, as a Democratic administration, turned its eyes more readily than the previous, Republican administration to domestic affairs. It sought to make its record in that field. But that very effort itself focused public attention on questions that previously had been ignored: poverty, housing, education, medical care, urban sprawl, environmental pollution, and the like. On the one hand, there was the recognition of the poor. On the other, there was the psychological fact, as first remarked on by Bertrand de Jouvenel, that families were finding that their incomes had *doubled*, but that they were not living *twice as well* as before.

Whether such questions are "solvable" is moot, and further discussion will be postponed to a later section. But what is clear is that the rapidly heightened awareness of these multiple social questions has been instrumental in creating a sense of instability in the society.

2. The Black Riots and Crime

From 1963 to 1967 there were "five hot summers" in which, each year, there was a crescendo of rioting that, beginning in the South, passed quickly to the North, so that in Watts, Detroit, Newark and Washington, sections of each city went up in smoke. The Kerner Commission Reports have shown that *none* of these riots was organised. In each instance, a small event, usually an instance of police brutality, or alleged police brutality, became a flare of wild rumours and the tinderbox exploded. As in any social movement, wild, episodic, rampaging behaviour signals a first phase of action. The next phase is an effort to create more disciplined militant actions. In the black communities today, many contradictory currents are at work. There is predominantly the Negro nationalism which now seeks to build distinct Negro institutions, and makes militant demands for resources towards those goals. But there are also movements such as the Black Panthers which emphasise guerrilla tactics and which are ready to link up with white radical movements.

The growth of Negro militancy is in considerable measure responsible for covert white "backlashes," a series of actions expressed most vividly, for a while in the Wallace movement. Typically, the support for George Wallace in the North came mainly from blue-collar workers and the ethnic groups in which they predominate, for the simple reason that these groups, in status adjacent to the Negroes, have felt the most threatened. As upwardly mobile groups, these workers have bought their own homes and created small neighbourhoods, and they feel that these status gains are threatened by the Negroes.

Many of these fears are summed up in the issue of "Law & Order," and are focused principally on crime. To what extent crime has actually increased in the nation is difficult to determine. The F.B.I. crime index is notoriously unreliable and statistically wholly inadequate. The very nature of the gross statistics (which fail to use age-specific rates, or deflate for price changes, and which jumble different crimes into a single total) puts a heavy "inflationary" bias into the crime statistics of the country. But though we cannot measure the actual increases in the extent of crime, we can see that *apprehension* about crime has risen sharply, for many reasons. Touchy as the subject may be, it is clear that a disproportionate number of crimes today are committed by Negroes. This, in itself, should occasion no surprise. Crime is a form of "unorganised" class struggle; and the lowest groups in the society have always committed the disproportionate number of crimes. What was in the past true of the Irish and the Italians is true of the Negroes today. But Negro crime is more "visible," and, meshes with the general tensions in the society, it causes more comment and fear.

3. The Alienation of Youth

One can find many sources for the growing alienation of youth in America—and in any advanced industrial society. There is a common structural source, which is, I believe, the dropping of an "organisational harness" on youth,

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and at an earlier and earlier age. The student rebellions today are, to simplify, the beginning "class struggles" of the post-industrial society, just as the Luddite and machine-wrecking movements of the 1815–1840 period presaged the worker-employer class conflicts of industrial society.

A post-industrial society has many features, but the principal one is the changed educational requirements in the society. An educational system which used to reflect the status structure of the society now becomes the *determinant* of class position in the society. The second fact is that the work of the post-industrial society becomes more and more technical and, in the increasing specialisation and division of labour, one finds a bureaucratisation of intellectual employment, just as earlier there occurred the breakdown of skills among artisans and skilled mechanics.[4]

In American society one finds these features among the young. There is a striking change of cohort, an increase of about one-third in their number, and a consequent sense of increased competition for place. There is a reduction of the status of the college. A generation ago, going to college was still a distinctive fact about status. Today, in the élite schools, more than 85% of the graduates go on to some post-graduate work, so that in these places the college becomes simply a way-station. In the large public universities, to use Martin Meyerson's phrase, the "elect" have now become only the "electorate." And all this means increasing pressure on the young. In secondary school there arises the anxiety: "Will I get into college? Will I get into a good college?...." In college there is the question: "Can I get into graduate school?...." In the nature of the modern technological revolution, there is the awareness that a college degree, even an advanced one, is no longer the means of stepping on to the high plateau of society. Rather, advancement involves a continual process of professional training and retraining in order to keep up with the new techniques and new knowledge being produced. In short, much of the alienation of the young is a reaction to the social revolution that has taken place in their own status.

4. The Viet Nam War

If there is any single element which is the catalyst of all social tensions in the United States, and perhaps even in the world, it is the Viet Nam war. The war is without parallel in American history. It is perceived as morally ambiguous, if not dubious, by a large portion, perhaps the majority, of the population. And in the conduct of the war there has arisen a critical problem of creditability which, in extreme cases, is threatening to become a problem of legitimacy for the society.

In most countries, there is a distinction between the nation and the momentary government. One can be opposed to the government, yet not call into question one's allegiance to the nation. In the United States, because the government has often faithfully reflected a broad consensus of the society, that distinction has never been that clear. An attitude of opposition to the government, from an extreme, often leads to a rejection of the society. And this has been particularly true among the radical young in the United States.

The creditability problem arose simply because the official optimism of the Administration (particularly during 1964 and 1965) was belied by events. The decisions to increase the number of troops, totalling a half million Americans; to bomb the North; to deflect peace attempts were continually justified on the ground that "one more step" would move the United States to victory. To some extent, the personality of President Johnson was a factor, in that his secretiveness and unwillingness to be frank about specific situations led to increased suspicion and scepticism on the part of many people. But this was not a matter of personality alone, but an attitude throughout the government. At one point the creditability of the Council of Economic Advisers as an independent source of economic data was imperilled because the Pentagon had withheld data on the spending in Viet Nam, and the estimates of the Council were, in consequence, considerably off.

But obviously it has not been a problem of creditability alone. There is the moral question that the means employed have been highly disproportionate to the ends. The mass bombing, the defoliation of large areas, the mass transplanting of the population, the large number of deaths, all raise crucial moral issues which the Administration has by and large avoided. In the later years of the Johnson administration, it became increasingly clear that the basic strategy in the field was being dictated by the military, and such questions as means and ends, or the political effects of certain military policies, were not being considered.

The final element in the *dégringolade* of the Johnson policies was the evident impotence of the military strategy. The bombing was highly

[4] The fact that a post-industrial society cannot continue under the model of a hierarchical, specialised division of labour and must find new collegial and "task" forces of organisation is another question. The fact is that in these early stages the older patterns of organisation are being repeated.

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ineffective. The "search-and-destroy" tactics extended the American lines and left the cities vulnerable to the stunning Tet offensive which erupted simultaneously at almost a hundred points. For the American right, this impotence is especially infuriating because it challenges the sense of omnipotence which has been one of the myths of American power. It has therefore demanded, as General Le May demonstrated in the 1968 campaign, the extension of bombing and the destruction of Haiphong, on the ground that only more massive action would win the war. Yet the Administration did not pursue this line for the clear reason that a further escalation from the American side would be matched by an equal escalation of North Vietnamese manpower and Soviet arms. But this very admission, made privately, could only heighten the sense of a stalemate, and of American impotence.

For the young, the Viet Nam war has been the single most direct source of alienation. The draft has increased anxiety about careers and the future. Service in the armed forces is often regarded as at best a waste of years and at worst an immoral complicity. Impotent themselves in affecting the course of national policy—or so they have thought—the student generation has turned its fury against the University as a symbol of the society. As two observers of a recent campus strike observed:

> Until the war in Viet Nam became the central political issue of the nation, the coalition of faculty, administrators, and black and white student activists was fairly stable. Trust was high; black students and white radicals, while militant in some cases, were not yet revolutionary. By the end of 1968, trust nearly disappeared from the campus at State and, we expect, from many other campuses as well.[5]

For the radical student, the University is not a disinterested sanctuary where truth is sought but an institution which meshes with other sections of the society, and in particular (in the case of research) with the military. That much of this is exaggerated is beside the point. In turning against the society any relation with government becomes suspect, and in the "distancing" of the student from the society, "the system" becomes a reified villain guilty of all crimes. It is this estrangement of a large section of the future "élite" of the society from the society which is the greatest cost of the Viet Nam war. Whether that estrangement can be overcome is equally one of the great questions about the source of future stability of the United States.

[5] James McEvoy and Abraham Miller, "The Crisis at San Francisco State College," *Trans-Action*, March 1969.

The Structural Revolutions

THE DISCUSSION of any society risks seduction by what is transient and tumultuous. These engage our energies and our passions; they absorb us in the present. Some of these issues are consequential for the future; some blaze forth, yet quickly turn to dry ashes.

Any meaningful discussion of a society has to try to identify certain deeper, persistent elements which are the shaping forces of the society. These are in the realm of values—the legitimating elements of the society; of culture, the realm of expressive symbolism and sensibility; and of social structure, the set of social arrangements which deal with the distribution of persons in occupation and in the polity, and with the allocation of resources to meet stipulated social needs. Within the limits of the present article, I shall have to concentrate on the deeper-running changes in social structure, and must necessarily, as I have already warned, be schematic. Of the four major structural changes in the society as I define them, the first is the demographic transformation, the second the creation of a national society, the third the emergence of a communal society, and the fourth a post-industrial society. All these are taking place almost simultaneously. It is the synchronism of these multiple revolutions which has generated so many strains in the social system.

1. The Demographic Transformation

Since the end of World War II, there have been three major demographic changes in the United States. The first has been a large population expansion, the second the rapid urbanisation of the country, and the third the racial transformation of the central cities of the major urban areas.

In the decade from 1950 to 1960, almost 28,000,000 persons were added to the population, a figure as large as the entire population increase in the *seven* decades from 1790 to 1860. From the end of World War II to the present, the population of the United States went from 140 million to 200 million, an increase of more than 42% in less than a quarter of a century.

In percentage terms, these increases do not seem especially large. In the first half of the nineteenth century, the average increase of the population, per decade, was about 25%. The post-war increases are about 20% a decade. Yet there are two crucial elements, sociologically, in the difference between the past and the present. One is the meaning of a *change of scale*. A population increase from five to seven million, between 1800 and 1810, is a large one for a country in percentage terms. Yet the change in scale from 150 million to 180 million

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while smaller in percentage makes an enormous difference in scale. The second fact is a change in institutional structure. The early increases in population were largely *segmental*, in that the new units simply extended the chain of the society in different spatial directions. The new increases are *pyramidal*: they come on top of the existing population and add new interdependencies. In a high-consumption society, built on a complex infra-structure, the addition, quite quickly, of a large percentage to the population creates vast new demands for services such as medical care for children, playgrounds, schools, transportation, and the like. More than 40% of the population is under twenty years of age, and this large cohort, coming into the society in a giant wave, raises great problems. If one looks ahead, it seems likely that by 1980 the population will have risen to 250 million, and by the year 2000 (using a median projection) to about 300 million.

By 1980, 75% of the people in the United States will reside in urban areas. There will be 165 cities with a population of 100,000 or more, compared with 100 in 1960. There will be twice as many metropolitan areas with over one million population, and eleven areas (Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore-Washington, Miami, Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, Los Angeles and San Francisco-Oakland) will have over five million. The New York metropolitan area alone will have 20 million inhabitants. (As a corollary, the number of automobiles in use will rise from 59 million in 1960 to slightly above 120 million in 1980.)

And within the central cities we see equally important shifts. From 1960 to 1966, for the first time in American history, there was an *absolute decline* in the white population in the central cities (by ·3%), while the white population of the suburbs increased 21·3% in that six-year period. In the same period, the non-white population of the central cities increased by 23·9%, and in the suburbs by 10·1%. Before long, if present movements persist, ten of the major cities of the United States will be more than 50% Negro. Washington, D.C., passed that mark almost a decade ago. Newark, which in the 1960 census was 34·4% Negro, is now more than 50% Negro. In Detroit, Baltimore, Cleveland, and St. Louis, Negroes constitute more than a third of the population. New Orleans, Memphis, and Atlanta are each about 40% Negro.

To deal with such magnitudes one can do little better than cite the statement of President Johnson in 1967, in his "Message on the Cities": During the next fifteen years, thirty million people will be added to the cities, the equivalent of the combined populations of New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Detroit and Baltimore. *Each year,* in the coming generation, we will add the equivalent of fifteen cities of 200,000 persons each. By 1975 we will need two million new homes a year over and above our present rate. We will need schools for ten million additional children, as well as welfare and health facilities for five million persons over the age of sixty.

"In the remainder of this century," the President eloquently pointed out in his message, "urban population will double, city land will double, and we will have to build in our cities as much as all that we have built since the first colonist arrived on these shores. It is as if we had forty years to rebuild the entire urban United States."

It is this vast demographic and ecological upheaval which frames the present and future tasks of American society.

2. *The National Society*

The United States is, for the first time, a national society. It has long been a "nation" in the sense of achieving a national identity and a national symbolism. But it is only in the last thirty years, because of the revolution in communication and transportation, that the United States has become a national *society* in the fundamental sense that changes taking place in one section of the society have an immediate and repercussive effect in all the others. One can see this most clearly in the "contagion effects" of the race situation. The pictures on national television of police dogs snarling at Negro marchers in Selma, Alabama, brought so widespread a reaction that in forty-eight hours 10,000 people joined Martin Luther King in a new march.

There are three broad problems which one can identify as a consequence of the emergence of a national society.

(*a*) *The fact that social problems become national in scope.* The ease of migration throughout the country and the variability in conditions add burdens to particular parts. One can see this in the picture of welfare in New York City. In 1959, there were 240,000 persons on welfare (*i.e.*, receiving monetary aid because they were unable to work) in New York, at a cost of $235 million dollars. By 1968, almost a million persons were on welfare, and at the projected rate of growth, by 1970, 1,300,00 persons will be on welfare at a cost of $1 billion, 700 million dollars. Unless national standards are created, New York must carry the burdens of a large part of the country.

(*b*) *The inadequacy of the present administrative structure.* The United States is composed of 50 states which, under the Constitution, have

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responsibility for the health, education, and welfare of their citizens. But what, in a national society, is the rationale for such small entities as Rhode Island, Delaware, New Jersey, Maryland, which have a small tax base, whose populations tend to work in other states, and whose costs of administration remain high? At the other end of the scale is the fact that there are 80,000 municipalities in the United States, each with its own tax and sovereign powers. This is not decentralisation, but disarray. The extraordinary fact is that while the United States has the most modern economy in the world, its polity remains Tudor in character, antiquated, top-heavy with a multiplicity of overlapping jurisdictions such as townships, counties, cities, plus special entities like health districts, park districts, sewage districts, water districts, etc. The failure of an efficient administrative structure is itself a contributing element to the inability of cities or regions to have any effective planning.

(*c*) *The rise of plebiscitary politics*. In the United States there has been an eclipse of spatial distance. One of the consequences is to make Washington the central cockpit for all political argument and to focus attention on a single source. Given the possibilities for violence which have been endemic in the system, a new source of great strain has been created by the emergence of a national society.

One can look at the problem in this light. If one compares the history of the United States with that of Europe, there has probably been more labour violence in America than in any country on the Continent. Few statistics are available, but if one takes as rough indicators the number of persons killed, the number of times troops have been called in, the number of strikes, the number if man-days lost, etc., it is evident, I think, that there has been more violence in the United States, but with much *less* political and ideological effect than in Europe. One of the chief reasons is that, unlike Europe, much of this violence took place at the perimeters of the society, rather than the centre, and it took considerable time for these effects to take hold. Today, labour issues have been institutionalised. But other fractious problems remain. And the possibilities for "mobilisation politics," of organising direct pressures, are high. To make one other comparison: in 1893, in the midst of a severe economic depression, a group of unemployed, the so-called "Coxey's Army," began a march on Washington from Massilion, Ohio. Ten thousand men started out, but by the time they reached Washington some weeks later the ranks had dwindled to a handful. In 1963, Martin Luther King and A. Philip Randolph called for a March on Washington, and in forty-eight hours almost a quarter of a million persons had descended on the nation's capital.

Given the fact that political conflicts are bound to multiply—for reasons spelled out in the next section—the increased possibility for mass pressure as a means whereby any group can obtain its demands becomes a further source of structural strain in the system.

3. *The Communal Society*

The emergence of a communal society derives from two factors: the growth of non-market public decision making, and the definition of social rights in group (rather than individual) terms. In scale, both are distinctly new on the American scene, and both pose new kinds of problems for the society.

(*a*) *By non-market public decision-making*. I mean simply the growth of problems which have to be settled by the public authorities, rather than through the market mechanism. The laying out of roads, the planning of cities, the organisation of health care, the payment for education, the cleaning up of environmental pollution, the building of houses all become matters of public concern. No one can *buy* his share of "clean air" in the market; one has to use communal mechanisms in order to deal with pollution.

Now there is one crucial problem which emerges from this shift. The "virtue" of the market is that it disperses responsibility. When a "decision" is reached by the multiple choices of thousands or millions of individual consumers, acting independently in the market, there is no one person or group of persons to blame for such decisions. If a product "does not sell," or there is a shift of taste, and firms or even entire industries fail because of such market decisions, no single group can be saddled with the charge of being responsible. But with non-market public decisions, the situation is entirely different. The decisions are visible, and one knows whom to blame. In effect, decision-making has become "politicalised" and subject to all the multiple, direct pressures of political decision-making. The question whether a road is to go through the ghetto or the rich section of town, the location of a jet airport, a decision to centralise or decentralise schools, the character of a housing project, increasingly are settled by a public agency; and one can quickly tell who gains and who loses by such a decision.

The simple point is that while non-market public decision-making becomes more necessary, for these are tasks which the individual cannot do for himself, such new mechanisms multiply the potentialities of community and group conflict. When one "burdens" the polity with more

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and more political issues, when housing, health, education, *et al.*, become politicalised, strains are compounded. The simple prediction is that in the coming years there will be invariably, more and more group conflicts in the society.

How one meets this is not easy. One fundamental principle is to try and see that such conflicts do not take place along a single dimension (such as race or class), and thus polarise a society. The more "cross-cutting" the number of issues, the less the danger that conflicts will be generalised and widened. Second, one has to begin to establish mechanisms of political bargaining between groups by the specification of "trade-offs," *i.e.*, the specification of demands which the group will give up in order to gain others. No single group in a society can have its own way, and the problem is to establish bargaining mechanisms between groups. Just as the labour strife of the 1930s was institutionalised by the creation of economic bargaining mechanisms, so the communal questions of the 1970s can be meditated by political bargaining.

(*b*) By *group rights*, one means that claims on the community are decided on the basis of group membership rather than individual distinctions. Continental political theory has always recognised the *Gemeinde*, the *Genossenschaft*, the guild, the corporation, the commune and the burgess as group entities, possessing rights which are shared by the corporate group members. Anglo-Saxon political theory, beginning with Locke, has sought to find a philosophical grounding for the basis of individual rights, as "natural rights." The American value system, moreover, has been predicated on the basis of individual achievement and equality of opportunity as given to individuals. Politically, certain functional groups have been recognised as having collective character (*e.g.*, trade unions), and rights were created that had this character. But, theoretically, these are voluntary associations, and a man loses those protections when he changes his status.

The current issue arises from the demands of the Negroes for rights as a "property" of their colour. The paradoxical fact is that the claim made by the Negroes before the Supreme Court, in the 1954 school decision which struck down segregation, was that Negroes were entitled to be treated as *individuals*, and to achieve equality on that basis, rather than be treated as a *category*. But the slowness of integration and the psychological assertiveness of a group identity have changed the character of the Negro demands. As Nathan Glazer has put it, the Negroes have moved from a claim of equality of opportunity to equality of result. And this can be obtained, they argue, only through special quotas, preferential hiring, compensatory education, and the like.

The demand for group rights will widen in the society, because social life increasingly becomes organised on a group basis. The need to work out philosophical legitimations and political mechanisms to adjudicate these conflicting claims will be another source of strain in the society in coming years.

4. The Post-Industrial Society

In a post-industrial society, which, I suggest, is only now beginning to emerge, we may see fundamental changes in the institutional structure of the society that will transform the stratification system of the society, principally in the bases of class position and the modes of access to such position. The idea of a post-industrial society is not meant to be a total picture of social change. Industrial societies such as the United States of America, the U.S.S.R., Germany and Japan have been organised politically in different ways, and similarly the post-industrial society can assume varying political forms.

In a number of papers I have explored five different dimensions of a post-industrial society.[6] In this context, let me just emphasise one of them: the centrality of theoretical knowledge as the source of innovation and policy analysis in the society. One can see this in the changing relation of science to technology, and of economic theory to economic policy. What it suggests, in sum, is that technological advance and economic growth in a society become increasingly dependent on the codification of theoretical knowledge and on the technical character of policy analysis.

In a post-industrial society the University, because it is the place where theoretical knowledge is codified and tested, increasingly becomes a primary, if not the central, institution of the society. To this extent, the University becomes burdened with tasks greater than it has ever had to carry in its long history. It has to maintain a disinterested role as regards knowledge, yet become the principal service agency of the society not just in training people but as the source of policy advisers. At the same time "human capital," rather than money capital, becomes the scarce resources of the society. The identification of talent, the motivation and training of persons, become a self-conscious task

[6] The most comprehensive statement can be found in my monograph, "The Measurement of Knowledge and Technology," in the book *Indicators of Social Change*, edited by Eleanor Sheldon and Wilbert Moore, published by the Russell Sage Foundation, New York (1968).

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for the entire educational system. In this way, too, the educational system assumes increased burdens.

In a post-industrial society, one will also see the development of an "intellectual technology," which, in importance, will replace the machine technology of an earlier century. The growth of new techniques such as linear programming, model construction, simulation, game theory, systems analysis and systems engineering, all give decisions an increasingly technical character. Technique can never define the goals of a society, yet the choice of means, to the extent that they affect goals, provides a greater power for technocrats in the society. The tension between technocratic and political decision-making will become one of the chief features of a post-industrial society.

The character of a post-industrial society, if one looks at the recent history of the United States, leaves its imprint on international relations as well. If this is examined through the prism of imperialism and empire, one can define a simplified and schematic set of changes. In the early, 19th-century phase, advanced economies exported manufactured products and bought primary products from other societies. In a second, classic phase of imperialism, there was the export of capital rather than products. But the post-industrial society creates a different set of relationships: the export is chiefly advanced technology and organisational capability. It is for this reason that, increasingly, in the last decade the United States as an emergent post-industrial society has forged its economic relationships primarily with Europe, as the market for these capacities, rather than with Africa or Asia.

In the most fundamental ways, a post-industrial society begins to reshape all modern economies. The emphasis on education as the mode of access to skill and power, the role of technical decision, the conflicts between skill groups and new élites (*e.g.*, the scientific community and the military) all presage new kinds of difficulties for advanced Western societies, and for the United States in particular.

The Future: in the Short & Long Run

THIS ARTICLE is already long, and an adequate discussion of the problems still to be defined would be as lengthy as the sum of the preceding sections. Inevitably, therefore, I have to be even more schematic than before.

The immediate, pervasive question before the society is not the issue of the Negroes, tense as this is, but the alienation of the sensitive young. The drive of the Negroes is still for inclusion in the society, even though many want this on their terms (*e.g.*, an education adapted to "Negro needs"), and the problem is the transfer of resources to meet those demands.

The mood of the radical and revolutionary young is more diffuse and inchoate. There is no sense of a coherent set of demands, other than a generalised attack on prevailing middle-class values which traditionally, in bourgeois terms, means delayed gratification, psychological restraints, and rationalistic and technocratic modes of thought. The Viet Nam war has given a sharp and immediate focus to their discontents. For a small and significant group this has led to a complete alienation from the society and the readiness to become "urban guerrillas" in an effort to destroy the society, and, failing that, the University as a symbol of the society.[7] Insofar as generational conflict has become a focus of differences in the society, it will continue for a long time. Currently, as a recent UNESCO document has noted, 54% of the world's population is below the age of 25 (in the United States, in 1960, it was 44%), and the proportion of the young in society is expected to increase.

Moral questions apart, the ending of the Viet Nam war is a necessary condition for the future stability of the United States. Only a quick end to this war will reduce many of the tensions felt by the young; only the redirection of resources (about $30 billion a year) can begin to meet the problems of the Negroes and the poor.[8]

But clearly the ending of the Viet Nam war is only the beginning. The many problems identified above, particularly those deriving from the structural changes in American life, remain. Beyond these, however, are five more generalised problems which a troubled society has only begun to be aware of and has yet to confront.

[7] An illustration of that extreme mood can be found in the statement by Carl Davidson, an officer of *S.D.S.*, in November 1967: "The institutions [which] our resistance has desanctified and delegitimatised, as a result of our action against the oppression of others, have lost all authority and hence all respect. As such, they have only raw, coercive power. Since they are without legitimacy in our eyes, they are without rights." In short, one has here the prescription for destructive actions.

[8] The number of poor in the United States is being steadily reduced. In 1959, some 22% of the nation's households lived in poverty; by 1967 this had been reduced to 13·3%. During that period, the number of Negroes below the poverty line declined from 55% to 35%. According to the 1969 report of the Council of Economic Advisers, it would cost $9.7 billion to bring *all* the poor above the poverty line. See p. 153, *Annual Report of the Council of Economic Advisors*, January 1969.)

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1. The Relation of Democracy to Empire

The United States after World War II could not go back to its earlier status of a parochial power, with its national life, as in the 1920s and before, dominated by the small town mentalities which had ruled it for so long. A new metropolitan and world outlook had emerged, and American policy increasingly became shaped by considerations of empire. The United States became an imperial power not because of any economic motivations but because, as the strongest power, it was drawn (and went) into the ensuing contest of will in all areas of the world, and thus it began to exert a predominant influence, if not hegemony.

In times of trouble, one goes back to the reading of Thucydides, and one is struck in this instance by the parallel situation of Athens after the Persian wars. What Thucydides posed was the dilemma of a democracy which had become saddled with empire, which, in fact, had chosen empire rather than retreat to a provincial role. Though no parallels are exact, the problems of Athens and the Delian Confederacy are extraordinarily suggestive of the situation of the United States *vis-à-vis* its own allies, and the problems with the Soviet (Spartan) bloc.

There is in Thucydides, especially in his description of the Corcyrean events, a forewarning of what happens in any society when violence unleaches civil passions.

> In the confusion which life was now thrown in the cities, human nature, always rebelling against the law, and now its master, gladly showed itself ungoverned in passion, above respect for justice, and the enemy of all superiority. . . .

But the real problem is whether a democracy, potentially riven by discord between factions, can sustain a unity, especially in defeat, or even in victory, sustain an expansive role as a leader and protector of other states without being driven (as was Cleon, the successor to Pericles, who is remarkably like Lyndon Johnson) to the temptations of large-scale risks.

An imperial role is difficult for any nation, since it means the commitment of large-scale resources, of men and wealth, which either have to be returned with profit or which cause deep strain within. The relation between democracy and empire is especially trying, and increasingly one can see that the imperial role is not one that is fitting, in political structure and national style, for the United States.

2. The Creation of a New Political Élite

An élite, at best, as in an Establishment, serves as a source of moral authority and political wisdom. What has been interesting about the United States is that in the decade-and-a-half following World War II, a more or less coherent political élite emerged that provided, in the area of foreign policy, a degree of leadership. An élite is sometimes defined by its structural position in a society, but the fact that men possess economic or political or military power, or stand at the pinnacle of an organisation, does not necessarily mean they are an élite, in the sense that their leadership is followed. In the United States the élite that emerged was defined more by outlook—a cosmopolitan and world-wide vision—rather than by structural position alone. Men such as General Marshall, Henry Stimson, John McCloy, Robert Lovett, Dean Acheson, Douglas Dillon and others of the Foreign Policy Establishment were drawn, primarily, from the New York financial community, but it was not their *interests* that defined them as an élite, but their character and judgment. The important consideration was that their opinions had weight because they were respected. Reciprocity between judgment and respect is a necessary condition if policy is to be tempered by the weight of élite opinion.

American foreign policy after World War II was primarily oriented to Europe in the first measure because the tasks of reconstruction were most necessary there. But the policies that emerged, principally the Marshall Plan, arose, too, because of the experience and interests of these men in European affairs. There never was a similar group with comparable experience and judgment about Asia, and one of the failures of American foreign policy, to that extent, derives from this fact.

In the last decade, the influence of that major political élite has been disappearing, and no comparable élite has arisen to temper policy and to provide a source of judgment. The Kennedy Administration sought, self-consciously, with its panache and *élan*, to constitute itself as an élite; and among the intellectuals and the young it gained an enthusiastic following if not a moral authority. But this ended with the death of the young President.

Given the divisions in the society, the question whether an élite can emerge is moot. If one follows the wisdom of a Bagehot, the existence of such an élite is a necessary element in the creation of political authority in the society. Without such an élite there is a problem of authoritative leadership.

3. The Failure of Liberalism?

To a considerable extent, liberal social policy was associated with the rise of Keynesianism and macro-economic planning. Just as the New Deal was the haven, in large measure, of young lawyers (symbolically from the Harvard Law

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School under Felix Frankfurter), because of the role of regulatory agencies, the New Frontier and the Great Society in its early days became associated with economists. Under the leadership of Walter Heller, the Council of Economic Advisers was transformed into a professional body whose advice on policy, particularly with the resounding economic success of the tax cut, became highly influential in government.

But economists were more than economists. They became managers as well. The "McNamara revolution" in the Pentagon was principally the work of economists led by Charles Hitch. The success of these cost-effectiveness techniques led to the adoption of the more general form of "rational management" by the rest of the government in the form of the Program-Planning Budgeting Systems (*P.P.B.S.*).

But in recent years there has been a growing scepticism about the ability of economists to manage the economy. Fiscal policy seems to have lost much of its lustre in the United States. In England, the Labour Government has been unable, despite the advice of a distinguished group (a "plague of economists," Michael Postan has called them), to solve Britain's difficulties. Professor John Vaizey, an English Labourite economist, writing of the "incoherence in post-Keynesian thought," ends pessimistically: "Reluctantly, I think, one must conclude that running an economy to order may be beyond the power of analysis of present-day economists."

In social policy, particularly in the United States, the record of social scientists is even more dismal. In the areas of education, welfare, social planning, there has been little knowledge that one can draw upon for policy purposes. Social scientists have reluctantly begun to admit that the problems are more "complex" than they thought.

The failure of liberalism, then, is in part *a failure of knowledge*. This is not an answer to the liking of the New Left, which still presses for the easy simplicisms. Yet this, too, is a source of intellectual disarray and concern when one realises that a large, complex society, especially one that necessarily has to be "future-oriented," requires social planning in order to meet the onrush of social change.

4. The Participation Revolution

What is evident everywhere is a society-wide uprising against bureaucracy, and a desire for participation, a theme that is summed up in the phrase "People ought to be able to affect the decisions that control their lives. . . ."

This upheaval from below takes many forms. In part, it is a revolt against the idea of a meritocracy in which technical achievement alone becomes the criterion of place in the society; in part (as in the case of the Negroes) it is a form of community self-assertion. Certainly the older political forms are no longer adequate to meet this challenge.

To a considerable extent, the Democratic administration in the 1960s did go far in starting to create new social forms to involve people in crucial decisions. The poverty programme called for the creation of community action groups; in New York, for example, there are 26 neighbourhood community councils created through the poverty programme, which has been the source of a new political base—principally for Mayor Lindsay—in the city. The Model Cities Housing Programme calls for community participation in the planning of new neighbourhoods. The various educational reforms propose the creation of local bodies with power over the activities of the schools.

To a considerable extent, the participation revolution is one form of reaction against the "professionalisation" of society, and the emergent technocratic decision-making of a post-industrial society. And every advanced industrial society will have to confront this phenomenon. What began years ago in the factory through the trade unions has now spread to the neighbourhood—because of the politicalisation of decision-making in social affairs, described above in the section on the communal society—and will, in the coming years, spread to organisations as well. The older bureaucratic models of hierarchically organised, centralised organisations functioning through an intensive specialisation and division of labour clearly will have to be overhauled.

Yet "participatory democracy" is not the panacea its adherents make it out to be, no more than older efforts at creating plebiscitarian political mechanisms (*e.g.*, initiative, referendum, and recall). With all the furore about "participatory democracy," it is curious that few of its proponents have sought to think through, on the most elementary level, the meaning of these changes. Certainly if individuals are to affect the decisions that change their lives, then segregationists in the South would have the right to exclude Negroes from the schools. But one would have to say that the South is not an independent political entity but part of a larger polity, and it would have to comply with the moral norms of the society. Similarly, a small neighbourhood group cannot be allowed to veto a city plan which takes into account the needs of a more inclusive polity. In short, "participatory democracy" is one more way of posing the classical issues of political philosophy: namely, who should make, and at

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what levels of government, what kind of decisions for how large a social unit. And there are no clear-cut answers to these questions. But the questions remain, and they will become exacerbated.

5. The Change in Cultural Sensibility

The most diffuse and the most amorphous, but eventually the most important, question—one which cannot be answered on a political level—is the change in cultural sensibility which is evident among large sections of the public. Among the young there is an evident change of life style which, in principle, may be no different from that described more than a century ago by Murger in his *Vie de Bohème*. But what was once restricted to a small group of artists and was largely hidden from the society has now become the property of many and is constantly publicised in the media and in films. One need not argue whether the new ethic—in sexual and personal relations—is more liberating or not, or whether the search for heightened experience through the use of drugs increases artistic perceptions. What is clear is that the dominant mode in the new cultural sensibility is anti-intellectual, and anti-rational, and this poses a very different question.

Philosophy, whether it be Pythagorean mysticism or Bergsonian intuition, has had its anti-intellectual currents, and literature, whether it be the intoxication of Rimbaud, the subterranean pleasures of Lautréamont, or the biological vitalism of Lawrence, has been anti-rational. Yet all these currents were constrained by the shaping discipline of art or the efforts to establish discourse. The newer sensibility, with its emphasis on polymorph-perverse pleasure, with its insistence on immediacy and involvement and its rejection of "interpretation," has a different character. The artistic revolutions of the past sought to create new genres, and even when they were rhetorically nihilistic (like Futurism), they sought to establish a new aesthetic. So far, at least, the new currents simply remain at the level of anti-Art.

Normally this would be a problem for the culture alone. But there are crucial sociological problems as well. For the new style in culture spills over into politics and seeks to justify the destruction of civility and discourse. At its most extreme, it seeks to substitute aesthetics for politics, and, in the nature of that kind of aesthetics, it becomes a justification of the gesture, and of the extreme act.

Beyond this is another, more troublesome fact: that what we are witnessing is an extreme disjunction between the culture and the social structure, the one being devoted to apocalyptic attitudes, the other to technocratic decision-making. How a society can live with such a disjunction is a difficult question for the future.

SCHEMATIC as this article has been, there is no simple set of answers to be itemised, *one*, *two*, *three*, about the degree of stability or instability of the American system. I have tried to indicate the kind of problems that exist, and the deeper structural sources from which they are generated. In the crucial respect, the society has the resources to meet the immediate social problems, and since money is a great solvent, this is a considerable asset. In the past, the political system has been sufficiently flexible to accommodate new groups. The most immediate question is whether American society will be able to extricate itself from the quicksand of the Viet Nam war. The long-range question is whether the diremption of the cultural and social structure may not be too deep to be bridged, and whether the coherence of the society may be in jeopardy. In between are the questions which affect the broad mass of persons, their anxieties, their needs, their willingness to bear the costs of change and the degree of backlash which might arise from individuals whose status is threatened. The first requisite for action is intelligent leadership, and this is the most problematic question of all—for any society.

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Column

No one, I think, can be very happy about the conditions under which Britain will soon enter into negotiations with the Six regarding her entry into the Common Market; but perhaps the most unhappy are those who, like myself, are convinced that it is to the interest both of Britain and of Europe that the negotiations should be successful. For by now we really have no idea how far the British Government, and in particular the Prime Minister, share that conviction. We know that once Mr. Wilson, when in Opposition, did not share it. We also know that later, when in Government, he changed his mind, but have never been told the reason why. At the present time, all we know is that, under his famous system of "keeping all the options open," his mind is prepared for every eventuality; if indeed it really is his own mind at all and not something which he shares with Mr. Peter Shore, so that it is perfectly capable of transmitting contradictory signals at the same time.

One feels equally unhappy because, whether the negotiations are conducted by Mr. Wilson or Mr. Heath, neither will be able to say that he has a clear and explicit mandate from the British people; for until now the British people has had no opportunity to express its opinion and, as far as one can see at present, will have no opportunity of expressing it at the next General Election because of a kind of gentleman's agreement between the three political parties that, since they are all officially in favour of Britain's entry into the Market, there is no point in making an election issue of it. Yet the decision to enter the Market is one of the most important which Britain has ever been asked to take, and in such matters I would rather trust the judgment of the British people than the combined wisdom, or otherwise, of Mr. Wilson, Mr. Heath, and Mr. Jeremy Thorpe.

To these general grounds for unhappiness there is now added a very particular and concrete one, the Market's Common Agricultural Policy, which Britain will be required to accept as a condition of entry and which probably constitutes the greatest obstacle to her doing so. I do not think that even the most ardent advocate of Britain's entry into the Market could have read without alarm and dismay the remarkable address delivered to the International Press Institute in Paris by Professor Nicholas Kaldor last January and recently published in the *New Statesman*. The force of the arguments deployed by Professor Kaldor is all the greater because they come, not from an opponent, but from a supporter of British entry, and because they tend to show that the cost of the Common Agricultural Policy is too great from the point of view, not merely of exclusively British interests, but of the rest of the world and, in the end, of the Market itself.

This is something rather different from the usual arguments of opponents of the Market, with their narrowly insular view of where British interests lie and, often, their hardly concealed chauvinism in relation to the continent of Europe. Professor Kaldor speaks as a Briton who is also a European, and has the interests both of Britain and of Europe at heart, and his arguments are therefore to be taken seriously. They are also to be welcomed because they have a directness and clarity which are in themselves a valuable contribution to a controversy which has become bedevilled by statistics so questionable that they mean nothing and by emotional prejudices so deeply rooted in the subconscious that they are hardly capable of rational expression.

Professor Kaldor states his views with enviable candour.

> I think the whole Common Agricultural Policy is fundamentally misconceived—in terms of the objectives which European integration is intended to serve. It hinders, and does not promote, the growth of welfare to the peoples of Europe.... It is a stumbling block to the attainment of the best allocation of resources within the Common Market.... It hinders the rationalisation and development of agriculture itself. It hinders Europe's exports and thus her economic growth, both through its adverse effects on the growth of demand for industrial products by overseas countries and through its adverse effects on the competitiveness (or potential competitiveness) of European industry as against other industrial producers who obtained their food more cheaply in terms of industrial goods.... Finally, and I put this point last deliberately, it raises serious and wholly avoidable obstacles to the adhesion of other countries, particularly of Britain, which Europeans *qua* Europeans may regard as inherently desirable—something which is in the interest of Europe, and not just in the interest of the United Kingdom.

Advocates of British entry into the Market might well pray to be saved from so candid a friend, but I confess that I find the arguments and figures with which Professor Kaldor supports his views wholly convincing; indeed I find his address as a whole by far the best exposition, as well as criticism, of the Common

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Agricultural Policy that I have yet seen, and one must be grateful to the *New Statesman* for making it available to the general public. Its effect is all the more devastating because, as Professor Kaldor emphasises, the Common Agricultural Policy is generally regarded as "the cornerstone of the whole conception underlying the Common Market... without a Common Agricultural Policy the Common Market is nothing. It is the Common Agricultural Policy which gives it flesh and blood."

On the other hand, the agricultural policy adopted by the Common Market implies a total reversal of the policies which Britain has pursued for over a century. It "is in fact identical with the system adopted by Britain after Waterloo, the so-called Corn Laws," which were abandoned in 1846 "after a tremendous amount of intellectual agitation—an agitation such as has never been seen before or since...." Professor Kaldor goes on to say, as evidence of how fundamental the arguments in favour of the repeal of the Corn Laws have been in economic thought, that "In a sense, the whole of modern economics was a by-product of British anti-Corn Law propaganda," because "Ricardo's *Principles*, which is generally regarded as the basis of modern economics, was originally conceived as an instrument for convincing his countrymen that agricultural protection is bad for the country—because it necessarily reduces the accumulation of capital, and thereby the rate of economic growth; it thus reduces both the prosperity of Britain and the prosperity of others." Thus, in accepting the Common Agricultural Policy as a condition of entry into the Market, Britain would not only be committing a practical error; it would be committing a kind of intellectual treason to the whole of that great body of economic doctrine which has been one of its greatest contributions to European thought.

ONE MIGHT WELL BELIEVE that such a combination of practical error with theoretical heresy was too heavy a price to pay for Britain's entry into the Market. Professor Kaldor himself believes that it would, and unfortunately many of his readers will take his address as a final and conclusive argument against proceeding any further with an application for entry. The *New Statesman* itself, in its editorial comment on Professor Kaldor's address, entitled "IF THE C.A.P. DOESN'T FIT," seems to assume that this must be so. Repeating Professor Kaldor's views, it says: "All this is well known in Brussels, where there are no answers to Professor Kaldor's criticisms. But if the faults of the CAP are freely admitted, they seem equally beyond remedy. It is something so structurally unsound that the only sensible course is to demolish it, and replace it with a radically different system. Yet this the EEC seems powerless to do."

Unfortunately, many others will regard this as the natural conclusion from Professor Kaldor's arguments. Yet his own is something rather different, largely perhaps because he is genuinely concerned with the long-term progress and prospects of the Market and the part which Britain may be able to play in it. He does indeed believe that if the Market is to achieve its professed objectives, the Common Agricultural Policy will have to be dismantled, because it stands in the way of their accomplishment. But he does not regard this as an impossibility; rather, it is something which the Market must achieve *for its own good*, whether with or without Britain as a member.

To believe in such a possibility may seem optimistic in view of the EEC's inability as yet to overcome the difficulties provoked by its agricultural policy. Yet, as Professor Kaldor himself argues, it is a development which the EEC will be increasingly forced to adopt by its own internal evolution; unless it achieves the large-scale re-allocation of resources from agriculture to industry to which the present agricultural policy is an obstacle, it will not be able to compete successfully with countries enjoying the benefits of a rationalised and modernised agricultural system. This is in fact a process which increasingly recommends itself to those members of the EEC, particularly Germany, to which the Common Agricultural Policy brings no benefits proportional to the heavy costs it imposes on them; and British membership of the Market could only increase their pressure to bring about a transformation of the existing system.

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VISCONTI'S FILM *The Damned* has not had a very good reception from the critics, except for their unanimous praise of Helmut Berger's remarkable performance. And no doubt *The Damned* does not, either as art or history, do justice to its theme, which is essentially the terrible force of evil which came to power in the Third Reich. But perhaps it can hardly be blamed for that, for as far as I know no work of art or history has yet been able to do so; it may be that by its very nature the subject is not amenable to presentation in artistic or historical terms. The book which has come nearest to doing so is, I think, Thomas Mann's *Dr. Faustus*, perhaps because it only approached the subject, as Mann liked to do, by indirection; perhaps the direct assault, as in *The Damned*, is bound to fail.

Yet perhaps it serves one useful purpose, which is to remind us what a large, even decisive part, the purely pathological element played in the National Socialist movement.

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When I was in Germany, both before and after the *Machtergreifung*, I used to have the disagreeable sensation that National Socialism had brought out into the streets people of a kind one had never seen before, as if up to that time they had never seen the light of day, had spent their lives in dark cellars and alleys where the sun never penetrated, and only now, with the triumph of the *Führer*, had crawled like sewer rats into the upper air. How strange it was to hear, in the Press, on the radio, in public speeches, these creatures praised and praise themselves as the representatives of the old German virtues of truth, simplicity, and loyalty, who had rescued the Fatherland from the sink of iniquity into which it had been thrust by the decadence of Weimar. It was as if a cobra were to be recommended for its domestic affections.

The aura of depravity and corruption which emanated from the National Socialists was so powerful that one often wondered how it could escape the notice of those delegations of puzzled British gentlemen who, in those days, used to make the pilgrimage to Berlin, Nuremberg or Munich in the hope of finding some common ground with the Nazis on which to reach some basis of understanding. That epitome of the English aristocratic virtues, Lord Halifax, certainly did not get much pleasure out of his meetings with the Nazi leaders but it did not seem to occur to him that they were people who could only have prospered in a totally corrupt society; yet one would have thought that the stench, as of the pit, which surrounded them would have been apparent to far less sensitive nostrils.

THIS PARTICULAR ASPECT of the Third Reich is one which it is very difficult for the historian to recapture. He may condemn its policies in the strongest possible terms, express his horror and indignation at its iniquities; and yet their essence, the sheer human degradation of which they were the product, somehow escapes from history's sober pages. So much so that even so clever a woman as Hannah Arendt, after long study of the records of Nazi crimes, should finally pronounce the paradox of the "ordinariness" of those who committed them, and even advance the hypothesis that they were only possible because their victims assisted in the crimes.

I myself have never been very convinced by this paradox of the so-called "banality of evil," and feel confirmed in my view by reading *The Face of the Third Reich*,[1] a collection of broadcasts on recent German history delivered by Joachim C. Fest on RIAS, the radio station in the American sector of Berlin; though I should hasten to add that Miss Arendt agrees with me in thinking it one of the most illuminating books that has yet appeared on National Socialist Germany. It is certainly not the "ordinariness" of its leaders, as described by Herr Fest, which strikes me; rather I am strengthened in the belief that they were among some of the most extraordinary people who have exercised power in a civilised state.

Herr Fest has the advantage that he has based his portrait of the Third Reich almost entirely on a description and analysis of its leading figures. And what a grotesque gallery his book presents, like a series of pathological case histories from a psychiatrist's notebook. Some of his subjects, like Hitler himself, or the terrifying Reinhard Heydrich, *Stadthalter* of Bohemia-Moravia, simply make one's blood curdle; beside their total perversity, Captain Röhm's soldierly homosexuality seems merely venial. Some, like Göring, are like figures from a farce that has unaccountably turned into a sinister melodrama; others, like Himmler, so patently schizophrenic in their beliefs and actions that one marvels that they were never committed to some asylum for the irretrievably insane—unless, of course, that is precisely what the National Socialist movement was.

HERR FEST'S PORTRAIT GALLERY presents such a wide variety of types of derangement that at first one is baffled to discover any quality they have in common, and one is slightly disconcerted to find that the most obvious one is a kind of profound and bottomless silliness, such as one might expect to meet in the mentally retarded or defective. All of them were men of wide and sweeping views, for no National Socialist, except Speer, could afford to be without a *Weltanschauung*. It was as *de rigueur* as a liking for the taste of blood. But their views, soberly considered, as Herr Fest considers them, have a vacuity, a kind of bombinating imbecility, so that today it is hardly credible that anyone could ever have held them. Indeed, logically speaking, it is impossible that anyone ever could have held them; a man like Hans Frank, a lawyer and the Party's legal expert, could hardly put two simple words together without involving himself in contradiction. So that in the end one is simply reduced to wondering what precisely did go on within their Aryan skulls. It is significant that Heydrich, who was the cleverest of them, was by Nazi standards a Jew.

I myself find that this universal reign of fatuity only adds one more touch of horror to the face of the Third Reich. When does a murderer look more hideous than when he stares at one with the empty eyes of an idiot?

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[1] Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 65s.

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FILM

Flesh in the Afternoon

By John Weightman

BEING CURIOUS to discover what the police had thought worth impounding in the present welter of permissiveness, I went along to see Andy Warhol's *Flesh*, after it had been released from imprisonment. The experience was, in a sense, rather like going to a bawdy-house in the afternoon, at least as my Primitive Methodist imagination conjures up such an expedition. The Open Space Theatre is not a wind-swept, sun-kissed hollow in the mountains of Greece, overlooking the wine-dark sea; it is a moderately sized basement off the Tottenham Court Road, at the bottom of a narrow staircase filled with a queue of apparently sex-starved men in raincoats. There is some fussy business about having to be a member of the club (2s. 6d.) for at least an hour before the performance, and this leads to endless arguments and explanations. Once inside, you find bare brick walls, a small, improvised screen, and a few canvas chairs and wooden benches; the chairs face the screen and cost 17s. 6d., while the benches ranged along either side are priced at 15s. At the 4 p.m. performance, I counted fifty or more men, a few of them in couples, and seven women, one a rather statuesque Negress with a shopping-bag. We all looked like people thoroughly intent on vice; no nonsense about carpets or décor for us; just the real thing. The only anxiety was: would we see everything on such a small screen, which could be half blotted out by any tall and excited spectator in the front row?

In spite of this initial impression, I must report that, to my astonishment, *Flesh* struck me as a good and genuine film of its kind, and not simply as a piece of commercial pornography. Taking it within its terms of reference, I liked it better than some much grander efforts, such as Antonioni's *Zabriskie Point*, or Wexler's *Medium Cool*, or Paul Mazursky's film about group love, *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice*, all of which have come to us from America in recent weeks and deal, somewhat raucously, with comparable areas of American life. *Flesh* has the charm and directness of some early products of the French New Wave, such as Agnès Varda's *Cléo de cinq à sept* or Jean-Luc Godard's *Une Femme est Une Femme*. And the charm is quite strong, although the content is almost totally obscene from the conventional point of view. A day in the life of a New York male prostitute is not a subject that appears likely to lend itself to poetry, and yet this film is poetic, although it is difficult to tell whether the effect has been achieved by design, accident or self-deception.

One would have liked to have some information about the spirit in which the film was made, but none seems to be available. I saw two previous films by Warhol (or out of the Warhol stable, if his name covers a collective undertaking) at the National Film Theatre's Underground Film Festival, and they were terribly boring, as if they had been made by someone in a drugged state, who was reading deep significance into static scenes totally without interest for the sober eye. There are perhaps traces of drugs in *Flesh*, but they seem to be incidental. The mind controlling the camera does not appear to be drugged, nor is the central character a drug-taker, at least not yet. Things being what they are, he may come to that later. Meanwhile, the film has caught him when he is still handsome and healthy, and in the relatively happy phase of living from day to day in the pure, amoral moment, without the help of stimulants. There are no credits to tell us whether or not he is an actor, but I guess him to be primarily a prostitute playing his own part. In fact, the fascination of the film, for me, lies partly in its existential treatment of the prostitute mentality, a subject that has been dealt with to some extent in literature, particularly from the female point of view, but usually in terms of sentimental cliché.

UNLIKE MOST Underground films, *Flesh* actually tells a story in several episodes. We see the young man being wakened up in the morning

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by his wife, who seems to be permanently in a giggly, marijuana state. We witness their amorous frolicking, which she initiates and he submits to, rather like a professional chef who, when at home, accepts his wife's cooking with a polite show of interest. Next, he plays meditatively on the carpet with their baby, feeding it scraps from what seems to be a collapsing *vol-au-vent* or a crumbling cup-cake. Then he goes out on his beat—curiously enough, street-walkers still walk, even in America—and picks up two successive clients, a tremulous, well-bred young man, with whom he does something unexplained, and an elderly English homosexual, who photographs him in the nude, in the postures of famous Greek statues, while delivering a lecture on body-worship. Before or after this, there occurs a discussion at a street-corner with two novices about the advantages and disadvantages of being a male prostitute. Not all of this was intelligible to me, because of the crackling of the sound-track and the unfamiliarity of the slang, but I understood our hero to be saying that for someone who had opted out of school at an early age, had no qualifications and was a responsible husband and father, obliging elderly gentlemen at twenty dollars a time was not too painful a way of earning "bread." With a generosity I have never noticed among Parisian female prostitutes, who have a strong sense of territorial boundaries, he even explains to the beginners which are the best street-corners. After this, there come two episodes which are half professional and half sentimental. In a room, where two transvestites are chattering away with bird-like indifference, as if they were at a tea-party, he submits to fellatio on the part of a third person, some old friend, who looks and sounds exactly like a woman but is possibly an ex-man. Then he moves on to another old friend, the athletic type of homosexual, out of whom he wheedles a promise of fifty dollars, in return for some more amorous by-play. Finally, he returns home and rejoins his wife on their bed, where she is now frolicking with an apparently Lesbian girl-friend. The women take the young man's clothes off and, after some desultory conversation, all three doze off. The films ends as it had begun, with the camera gazing at the recumbent figure; our little life is rounded with a sleep.

I AM RATHER AT A LOSS to say why this film, the events of which are so unlike the home-life of a good Labour-voter, should appear to me to be fundamentally inoffensive, whereas the other three open-market films mentioned earlier are characterised by uncertainties and bad taste. Perhaps it is because the action of *Flesh* takes place quite outside organised society, and therefore constitutes a form of pastoral. It has a kind of innocence in vice. Sexual activities, I suppose, are neither good nor bad in themselves; they take on moral significance only in relationship to the running of society as a whole. The characters in *Flesh* are all individuals with a low I.Q., who do not think in terms of general society at all. They are content to survive at a certain level, and they form a sub-community, within which there is a certain group solidarity and the various sexual practices are as indifferent as blowing one's nose. Sex is, for them, a source of livelihood and a means of communication, as fishing or carpet-weaving might be in some other accidentally constituted community. Perhaps the film gives too rosy a vision of them. It certainly makes them out to be *nice* people without complexes; they show no sadistic or masochistic tendencies; they have no power-drive, their relationships are casual yet friendly, and although money changes hands, it is not always to the fore. It is as if the real prostitute were always as willing to give as to receive, or as if prostitution depended on the absence of a certain hard frontier to the personality. One is surprised to discover the 19th-century myth of the golden-hearted whore re-emerging, even obliquely, in such a setting. These people may be delinquent in one sense, but in another sense they have all opted for human essentials; they are sensualists rather than materialists; they seem to be living in a form of truth, and even of love.

Contrast the sexual passages in the other films I referred to above. The hero of *Zabriskie Point* is a young Californian ex-student in a state of civil war with society, in a purely anarchistic way. He specifically rejects any political philosophy, yet takes pot shots at policemen, presumably in the name of Existentialist despair. He goes off for a joy-ride in a stolen plane, because that is his impulse of the moment. He woos a girl in a car by swooping down over her like a hawk after a sparrow (a nice touch). Then he lands, and they meet up in a very photogenic desert where, inevitably, because they both reject society, they make love. Their conjunction is reverberated and amplified by a vast imaginary orgy, which peoples the wilderness with similarly writhing couples or trios or quartets. Antonioni is presumably saying that life is a meaningless desert, redeemed only by sex, but sex, as he sees it, is impersonal and mechanical, like a gymnastic display. As a spectacle, it is an entertaining reversal of the old Christian view of the desert as the abode of flesh-fearing hermits. The sequence is brilliant and memorable, because it makes one think of a medieval picture painted by a member of the

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devil's party: extreme, sophisticated, and inhuman.

Similarly, *Medium Cool* and *Bob and Carol* try to link up sex with general statements about society. In the first, a television cameraman has an affair with a country girl from Virginia, and we are no doubt meant to feel the contrast between the universal indifference of the camera's eye, as it registers the details of the Chicago riots, and the genuineness of the personal relationship. But the director nudges us with such transparent sentimentality and finally kills the couple so gratuitously that he defeats his own purpose. As for *Bob and Carol*, it sets out to be a satire on the longing for hippie permissiveness and group communion among wealthy, middle-class Americans but, after some exquisitely embarrassing scenes, loses its way, as if the director himself no longer knew whether his characters' behaviour was in good or bad taste. Perhaps this film has documentary value as a study of the divorce, in some middle-class American minds, between the direct apprehension of sex and the intellectual concept of permissiveness. If so, it conjures up quite an alarming vision of hysterically aggressive American women and over-sexy, yet in some curious way devirilised, American men. Who would not rather spend a week-end with the perverts of *Flesh* than with any of these?

THERE REMAINS the question of why *Flesh* seems poetic. At first I thought one might say that the film is unselfconscious about nudity, but that is not quite true; the camera emphasises the callipygian advantages of the young man as carefully as Michelangelo would have done, and presumably for the same reasons. However, apart from that, nudity is brought in casually, instead of being unveiled to a roll of drums, as is usually the case, and the effect is not so much erotic as universally human. Nakedness stresses the vulnerability of human beings, through diminishing the importance of the face—the part expressing the consciousness and the personality—in relationship to the rest of the body, which signifies differently and independently. Curiously enough, the hero has a rather refined and spiritual smile, which flickers strangely above his nudity. I see that Sir Kenneth Clark, in *The Nude*, maintains that, in art, the nature of the face determines the way in which the body will be appreciated, and he instances Manet's *Olympia* as a rare case of a nude full of character, the faces of most nudes being conventionally sublime or anguished. In real life—to which the moving film is of course much closer—the contrast between the human expressiveness of the features and the aesthetic or erotic significance of the body is far more marked. This young man is photographed in the nude, not merely with lascivious intent, it seems to me, but also—whether deliberately or accidentally—in such a way as to suggest something about the tragic ludicrousness of even a beautiful body. The appurtenances of sex, in particular, are at once very serious and profoundly comic, and a sort of permanent reminder of contingency.

Also, the young man cannot really appreciate his own body, although it is the centre of the film; it is an object to be looked at and fondled by others, and his mind—a fairly rudimentary mind, no doubt—is just attached to it with a kind of amused indifference. It is as if he were constantly surprised by, and yet used to, the idea that his body should be an immediate passport to relations with other people. This comes out particularly in the scene with the Englishman, where his eyes glaze over with patient boredom as he strikes the required poses and listens to the aesthetico-sexual discourse. I have never been present at such a scene, but the details strike me as being absolutely true, and very revelatory of a friendly interchange of services, which at the same time amounts to a form of non-communication. Just as true, I imagine, is the episode with the athletic homosexual, where the young man, who is at least partly heterosexual, lends himself to the erotic imaginings of his jovial companion without fully understanding them. This is a very strange passage, with an almost animal simplicity and innocence.

However, the sequence which most impressed me was the remarkable *tableau de genre* of the young man, in his capacity as father, playing solemnly and meditatively with his child on the carpet. In neo-classical pictures of this kind, the child is often nude whereas the adult is fully clothed; here the child was completely dressed and the father stark naked. This reversal, together with the total absence of archness in the relationship between them, produced a very powerful and beautiful effect. Here were two human beings, linked by sex, of course, since one—incomprehensibly, as always—had engendered the other, communing politely and mysteriously without words, through the medium of a crumbling *vol-au-vent*. Is there any real difference between the man and the child? The nakedness of the father seemed to suggest that human beings are children who beget other children and can only look at them with puzzled affection, without understanding what the whole process is about.

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NOTES & TOPICS

Partial Amnesty

HUMAN RIGHTS is a subject one hears a great deal about nowadays, and the excitement over it increases in inverse proportion to the actual amount of the commodity available in the world. "Human Rights" is rapidly becoming a considerable international industry: about 40 fellowships and scholarships in Human Rights are granted annually by the United Nations Organisation, which has also equipped itself with a full complement of flourishing and expensive institutions, *e.g.*, the Human Rights Commission, the Commission on the Status of Women, the Sub-Commission on the Prevention of Discrimination and the Protection of Minorities. The vast machinery of which these are a part is run by the Human Rights Division of the UN Secretariat; amongst its other invaluable works it organises seminars in Human Rights and sends qualified experts in the field to assist any government desirous of their services. Gigantic jamborees are arranged, such as the recent Human Rights Year, complete with international conferences, gala receptions, and messages of support from Mr. Kosygin.

The one drawback to these multifarious activities is that they are run by governments the majority of which would be hard put to distinguish between a human right and a concentration camp. One has heard of a poacher turned gamekeeper, but a full-time poacher who is also an official part-time gamekeeper is a novelty indeed. If human rights were to be left solely to the tender mercies of the UN they would probably be disappearing from the face of the earth even faster than is the case today. Fortunately, they are also catered for by voluntary agencies, largely staffed by unpaid amateurs and genuinely concerned with individual rights and human sufferings. But the debasement of moral values so successfully conducted by the UN and its member states, and the progressive brutalisation of even the more decent and democratic among them, have made the work of these organisations infinitely more difficult than at any time in the past.

The voluntary association for the advancement of humanitarian reform at home and abroad is a well-established Western (especially English) tradition. Anti-slavery, anti-Corn Law, parliamentary reform, anti-colonialism, women's suffrage, prison reform, peace pledge, Friends of this-or-that: a long and honourable roll-call. Their wide public support, and much of their success, stemmed from the fact that almost invariably they were opposed to the government of the day: they were fighting to get the government to concede something which originally it had no intention of conceding. Today the situation has completely changed. The ideals of progressivism and liberalism are now publicly accepted by every government in the world. They are all passionate believers in human rights, women's rights, children's rights, and any other right you might care to think of. No Declaration has been left unsigned, no Charter unratified. When even the most bloodthirsty dictatorship affirms its undying devotion to the principles of John Stuart Mill, and when the grand assemblage of dictatorships (plus a sprinkling of parliamentary democracies) solemnly proclaims them as Holy Writ, then genuine humanitarianism is in danger of becoming a charade.

As the principles of progress are now officially adopted by the State it is only natural for the State to take over the fight for reform as well. Voluntary associations have, in effect, been nationalised. Take Britain, for instance. With the government embracing every progressive cause the instant it appears on the surface, hurrying to express complete approval and to give parliamentary time to its spokesmen, quasi-political organisations like the United Nations Association, Shelter, the Anti-Apartheid Movement, the Abortion Law Reform Association, Amnesty International, the National Council for Civil Liberties, Oxfam, etc., etc., are more and more coming to resemble unofficial departments of state. (Various "race relations" bodies have already been firmly integrated into the State machine.) And why not? If we have Ministers for Culture or Sport, why not have a Minister for Humanitarian Values? In fact, I believe that such an unofficial Minister for Moral Causes—with special reference to Overseas Development—already exists in the person of Mr. Ennals.[1] Unlike the horrid past, when British Governments saw as their main task the furtherance of the national interest, and the Wilberforces and the E. D. Morels had to battle with a powerful reactionary Establishment, today it is generally accepted that British foreign policy should be guided exclusively by moral values—to the detriment, desirably, of self-interest. So Mr. Ennals and the motley

[1] Attempts have been made to create the impression that there are really three Mr. Ennalses—John, Martin, and David—but these hardly deserve serious consideration.

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humanitarian departments that come under him acquire a position of great importance.

THE NATIONALISATION (and internationalisation) of humanitarian causes has had significant consequences. Their representative leaders are regularly called in to confer with the mighty, they stalk the corridors of power, they sit on commissions, they call press conferences and issue momentous statements. They have become men of influence, who must weigh every word, carefully determine the probable consequences of every action, take every susceptibility into account. The carefree, irresponsible days have gone forever, and now Human Rightists realise that there are things which cannot any longer be done on account of their new station in life. A good illustration of this change is to be found in Nigeria, where the International Red Cross —for the first time in its history—withdrew from the conflict, and the World Council of Churches seriously debated the political advantages of a "quick kill" in Biafra. All this, needless to say, in the name of the highest possible ethical principle: the "unity of Nigeria," as advocated by the UN and the Organisation of African Unity.

Somewhere on the fringes of this semi-official humanitarianism one finds that admirable body, Amnesty International. Although headed, naturally, by Mr. Ennals, it still retains its autonomy—but it goes to immense lengths to preserve what it regards as "objectivity." Some countries are obviously more deserving of "objectivity" than others, but I would hesitate to accuse Amnesty of applying double standards. Far more effective is the use of the *single standard*: the principle that all acts of injustice are equal, that any one infringement of human rights is as bad as any other.

Thanks to this ingenious (or ingenuous) approach Amnesty International has managed to blur the vital difference between totalitarian and non-totalitarian states. The result is a view of the world that would not be out of place in *Alice Through the Looking-Glass*. Last December, for example, Amnesty published a report on the position of trade unions in foreign parts. Eleven countries were indicated as "black spots." With regard to ten of these—Spain, Greece, Indonesia, Argentina, South Africa, and suchlike familiar targets—Amnesty reported, in great detail, the suppression of trade unions and the arrest of numerous trade unionists, finally coming to the horrifying conclusion that in these countries men like Vic Feather, Frank Cousins and George Woodcock would be spending their lives in gaol. All very true, no doubt. The eleventh country was the USSR. And here the report disintegrates. Its compilers uneasily felt that there was something wrong about Russia—yet the worst they could find to say was that the Soviet trade unions were "welfare associations" which served as "transmission belts" taking party policy to the workers, and that the interests of party and workers were treated as identical. No unions suppressed, no unionists arrested. And why? Quite simple, really, if Amnesty had only taken the trouble to find out: because for forty years there have been no trade unions and no trade unionists in the U.S.S.R. The "unions" there are State organisations whose main function is not "welfare" but the speeding-up and improvement of production. A combination of the Department of Employment and Productivity and the Ministry of Technology, headed by the former chief of the Secret Police (hardly a figure comparable to our own Mr. Vic Feather). Amnesty International then goes on, courageously, to criticise five African countries for infringement of trade union freedom—but omits even to mention any of the other 13 communist states where the position is exactly the same as in Russia.

HERE IS THE CRUX of the problem: a carefully compiled report which is eminently fair, treats all countries identically—and is totally worthless precisely because institutions which have nothing in common cannot be measured by the same yardstick. "Objectivity" leads to a glaring distortion of the truth. How does one compare countries where trade unions are persecuted with countries where trade unions do not exist at all? The answer is: one doesn't. Yet Amnesty International, in its stern determination to be absolutely fair, persists in equating the incompatible. Above all, there must be no discrimination. Guilt is allotted in identical portions, regardless of the culprits' actual misdeeds. Mitigating factors have to be found for greater crimes and aggravating circumstances for lesser outrages.

THIS SUPERHUMAN DETACHMENT is applied with particular care in Amnesty's central field of activity: the detection of political prisoners (or "prisoners of conscience") and the disclosure of the conditions under which they are held. Last June Amnesty International issued a report stating that about 250 thousand people throughout the world were imprisoned merely because of their beliefs. "There is no area in the world that is more, or less, guilty in this respect," the report hurriedly adds. "There is also no type of government that is more, or less, guilty. Right wing and Communist countries appear just as guilty from the figures available." But what are the figures available? We are not told. Presumably, Amnesty International possessed factual evidence to support its figure of 250 thousand. But then, again, per-

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haps it didn't: a mere three months later it upped the sum total to 500 thousand. Who knows, perhaps the second figure is the correct one. No one can tell, for once again Amnesty makes no attempt to break the total down by "area" or "type of government" (with the single exception of Indonesia, which, we are told, holds exactly 113 thousand political prisoners—no more, no less). One sympathises with their dilemma: a disclosure of the details might make it a bit tricky to maintain the fantasy that "all are equally guilty"—a fantasy which lies at the heart of Amnesty's otherwise occasionally useful activities.[2]

Speaking in lofty terms of completely abstract principles, the gaoling of one political dissenter is just as evil as the gaoling of a thousand, or the murder of a hundred. But the world we inhabit is, alas, only too real, and the difference between one and a thousand matters vastly (certainly to the 999). In the last war Britain imprisoned a few thousand people "for their beliefs" under Regulation 18B, while the Nazis sent a few million people to concentration camps. Nobody in his right mind ever equated the two arbitrary exercises of power. Today, however, we are constantly told that in the cosy "progressive" world of Amnesty International such distinctions are meaningless. Whether country *A* gives one person six months for refusing to be bound over, or country *B* imprisons thousands for five years for believing in God, "all are equally guilty."

When one is determined to show that all types of government are equal in their wickedness then obviously one must come down much harder on the democratic systems. Since the general public is firmly convinced that dictatorships are nasty by definition the task of an objective organisation like Amnesty International must be to redress the balance. The current uproar over Amnesty's charges against Israel can be properly understood only within this context. For many months Amnesty's investigators sought for proofs of torture: they traversed the length and breadth of Israel and Israeli-held territories; they were granted every facility to visit prisons and detention centres, question prisoners, etc. (Needless to say, no such facilities were provided by any Arab government, nor were they really required—everybody knows that torture is widely practised in these countries, so why belabour the obvious?) Alas, no evidence of torture was unearthed. Amnesty found itself in a quandary. But where there's a will there's a way: the problem was solved by publishing, with the loudest possible fanfare, four anonymous "case-histories" based upon unchecked and uncorroborated allegations made by Arab refugees outside Israel. The Israeli government offered to investigate the charges, but *that* would never do. Earlier allegations had already been checked and found untrue, so no risks could be taken with the four precious "case-histories."

> If these allegations are true [Amnesty says] then extremely brutal torture is used on a not inconsiderable number of those detained.

A strange, perhaps even unprecedented formula: in the past Amnesty has always based its claims to superior virtue on the extreme thoroughness of its investigations. Now, suddenly, this peculiar conditional form. Of course, the truth or untruth of the hearsay "evidence" bearing Amnesty's imprint has now become of purely academic importance: the accusations have joyfully been taken up by powerful propaganda machines and are firmly imprinted in the public consciousness. Israel is "equally guilty." *Q.E.D.*

The Israeli incident is but one engagement in a prolonged campaign. When Amnesty International speaks of different "types of government" it refers, not so much to democratic and non-democratic régimes as to the basic cleavage between communist and non-communist governments. Once again, the egalitarian approach demands a much rougher treatment of the latter, while popular prejudices against the former have to be softened where possible.

A recent Amnesty collection of "Essays on Human Rights"[3] provides an interesting illustration of the moral relativism so energetically foisted on the British public in recent years. It is instructive to compare the treatment of two well-known tyrannical régimes (always bearing in mind that all other régimes in the world are "equally guilty").

Peter Reddaway has contributed an admirable and thoroughly documented essay on the

[2] Amnesty's consistent reluctance to provide any kind of figures of political prisoners by country or type of government does much to vitiate—perhaps not unintentionally—the effect of even such valuable documents as the recent report on "Prisoners of Conscience in Eastern Europe." There are, Amnesty reveals, "several thousand" political prisoners in Russia. More than that they cannot say. Their lips are sealed. Incidentally, the report was produced for Lenin's centenary: to "pin-point the irony" of a situation where "50 years after a revolution to set men free," Russia still imprisons people for their beliefs. Amnesty, I presume, has never heard of the Cheka, established by Lenin six weeks after the revolution. Or possibly they believe that its object, too, was "to set men free."

[3] *Rights and Wrongs* (Penguin, 5s.), edited by Christopher R. Hill.

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Soviet attitude to dissenters. Mr. Reddaway writes like a true academic: coolly, unemotionally, factually, he describes mass deportations, arrests, killings, tortures, death by starvation, mass beatings-up, sane people being sent to lunatic asylums, legal frame-ups, slave-labour, etc. For every statement he cites chapter and verse: referring to starvation in camps, for instance, he shows that *normal* Soviet camp rations are little over one-half of those in the notorious Japanese POW camp on the River Kwai. Mr. Reddaway accepts the figure of twenty million deaths at the hands of the Soviet secret police in the twenty-three years between 1930 and 1953; he calculates the *present* number of Soviet political and religious prisoners in the tens of thousands, excluding the "possibly enormous" numbers of people exiled to remote areas, in unspeakable conditions. Mr. Reddaway prints several documents smuggled out of Russia: persons of a nervous disposition are not advised to read them.

Miss G. Naudé writes about South Africa; she describes that country's peculiar and odious practice of "banning" dissenters from all political and social life. In the nineteen years between 1948 and 1967, Miss Naudé says, *807* persons (her italics) have been banned. In contrast to the extraordinary precision of her overall figure, her explanation of the victims' subsequent fate is rather vague. Nine died (under what circumstances?), "a few" have had the ban withdrawn, "some" have left the country, "the majority" (how many?) remain banned. However that may be (and however blatant Miss Naudé's attempts to describe prominent Communists as "former members of the Communist Party"), "banning" is undoubtedly a procedure obnoxious to any free society. Nor can it be justified by the infinitely greater repression in communist countries: two wrongs do not make a right. Yet one must retain a sense of proportion, and—while condemning both—recognise the immense difference between Soviet and South African police terror.

Such a conclusion, though, would run counter to Amnesty's hallowed principles, and the editor, Mr. Christopher R. Hill, sets out to readjust the balance between South Africa and Russia. His introduction to the South African essay is written, as he himself acknowledges, in "emotional language." Banning, he explains, is an even more fiendish device than we had thought. It might seem (to credulous people like you or me) "less inhumane than execution or deportation," but nothing of the kind:

> There is a propaganda value in being able to point out that in South Africa "subversives" are not killed, nor even necessarily imprisoned.... Banning can be presented, and is eagerly accepted, as a necessary and relatively mild way of dealing with dangerous infections.

Adding insult to injury: not only not killing people, but even deriving propaganda value from this. Wicked.

Regarding the U.S.S.R., on the other hand, Mr. Hill writes with optimism and quiet satisfaction:

> Political misfits [a curious expression for persons who disagree with the party line] in the Soviet Union may be tortured and starved, but they are relatively seldom executed, whereas thirty years ago they would simply have been shot.... The progress is perhaps not great, but it is there.

Most encouraging, in fact, and very unlike those beastly South Africans with their artful subterfuges. (Mr. Reddaway, it should be noted, makes it quite clear that the police terror has been getting steadily worse in the past few years—but who cares about such trifles?)

Mr. Hill is merely expressing the consistent line taken by Amnesty International. In December 1968, Mr. Ennals and another leading figure announced:

> The fact that the five protesters [against the invasion of Czechoslovakia] were in fact sent into exile instead of receiving a sentence to hard labour is itself encouraging.

Uplift is all—even though the statement itself was quite misleading, as two of the five did receive hefty terms of hard labour. I suppose Amnesty International found this, too, "encouraging." Yet since Mr. Ennals and his colleagues so obviously have not the faintest idea of what "exile to remote areas of the Soviet Union" means in practice (it can be, and sometimes is, even worse than prison camp), common decency might have prevented them—and anyone else who lives a comfortable, secure life in peaceful, democratic, though "equally guilty" Britain—from so loudly proclaiming their "encouragement" at this savage and illegal act of the Soviet authorities, or their satisfaction over the fact that political offenders "are relatively seldom executed" (only tortured to death, as Mr. Reddaway shows). If these are the humanitarians, then what can non-humanitarians be like?

Needless to say, the same benign attitude to communism and the U.S.S.R. colours the rest of the contributions to *Rights and Wrongs*. Mrs. Patricia May devotes pages and pages to the indescribable torments inflicted upon conscientious objectors in Greece, Spain, Italy, France, the U.S. and Switzerland (extremely nasty place, Switzerland), and suddenly remarks, with unfeigned surprise, that in Russia "it seems that a small number are actually imprisoned for conscientious objection" (that "actually" is price-

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less). "However," she immediately recovers, "it is very difficult to tell from court proceedings whether the offences charged are those relating to conscientious objection, and it has proved impossible to obtain more definite information." Naturally: the Soviet press is fairly reticent in these matters, so Mrs. May can vent her righteous anger at those countries where it is easy to obtain more definite information. Moral for tyrants: when dealing with Western progressives it pays not to have a free press, just as it pays not to have any trade unions, or to let any nosey parkers snoop around your prisons.

Finally, Hilary Cartwright leads us into the realm of sheer whimsy: the rarefied atmosphere of the UN, where promises are taken (by the author as well as the members) for facts, declarations for reality, and majorities for certificates of virtue. To be fair, Miss Cartwright does admit that the UN, for all its remarkable achievements in the field of human rights, is still short of perfection. It has not yet, for instance, adopted the draft Convention on the Elimination of All Forms of Intolerance and of Discrimination Based on Religion or Belief—but "it is earnestly to be hoped that it will be adopted in the near future." O glorious day, when the world's governments will finally be compelled to uphold the freedom of religion and belief with the same zeal with which they have observed the Universal Declaration on Human Rights, the Conventions on the Abolition of Forced Labour, on the Freedom of Association, and so on. Moreover, Miss Cartwright informs us jubilantly, recent developments show that the Human Rights Commission is now prepared to investigate violations of human rights, "at least where they constitute a persistent pattern or system of conduct." To this end it instituted inquiries into the violation of human rights in South Africa, South West Africa, the Portuguese overseas territories, Rhodesia, Greece and Haiti, after which it "decided to take no further action on other violations of human rights." Elsewhere, presumably, these do not constitute a persistent pattern. Or for some other reason. Anyway, it's none of our business.

In one of her rare moments of realism Miss Cartwright observes that the UN is composed of governments, and governments are "extremely reluctant" to accept any limitations on their freedom of action. Quite. Yet surely the same consideration does not apply to Amnesty International? Why then do they cling to their fatuous pretence of all areas and all types of government being equally guilty of oppression? Any child could tell them that this was not true. But, as I said before, certain things are simply not done. Not in truly enlightened circles, at any rate.

Tibor Szamuely

Liddell Hart

By Michael Howard

MY OWN ACQUAINTANCE with Basil Liddell Hart began in a way typical of the man. In about 1955 a letter arrived from him out of the blue expressing interest in a review I had written in *The New Statesman* and suggesting a meeting. An obscure young history don at London University, I was given a splendid lunch at the Athenaeum, an invitation to stay at his country home, and involved in a correspondence which barely flagged for ten years, one letter of mine evoking about three from him. Even if there was no letter for him to answer he was undeterred. "On going through my files" he would write, "I notice that you have not yet dealt with the point I raised in the second paragraph of my letter of July 17th of last year...." And when one visited him, to be entertained with excellent food and wine and endless whisky—everything the heart of man could desire except sleep—he would be lying in wait with a deceptively small piece of paper on which he had jotted down in his microscopic writing a few dozen topics on which he wanted information or discussion. One was hooked; willingly bound in an exacting, exhausting, delightful and immensely rewarding slavery. On 30 January this year we were granted a forlorn and unwelcome release.

I write "we" advisedly. Scores if not hundreds of students and disciples were bound to this implacable and loving master. With all he corresponded indefatigably: Israeli Colonels, French Generals, American Ph.D. students, British politicians, Japanese journalists, scholars of all lands. Their letters, together with those of Churchill, Eden, Wavell, Montgomery, Ironside, Gort, Hore-Belisha, T. E. Lawrence, Alfred Duff-Cooper and many others are preserved in the enormous files which hourly threatened to engulf every house he inhabited; files themselves incapable of absorbing fast

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enough the documents which covered every inch of table space in his large study. At any given moment he was writing, probably, two books, both years past the publisher's deadline and three times the contracted length; several magazine articles; preparing a university lecture; reading half a dozen manuscripts, often by total strangers; as well as carrying on the huge correspondence I have described above. *And* he would sit up all night drinking whisky and lukewarm water arguing with his guests. *And* he would make himself available to any inquiring visitor who wanted to see him. *And* he seemed to have infinite time for the host of personal friends whom he grappled to himself, out of his huge acquaintanceship, with hoops of steel. He was a very remarkable man.

B. H. Liddell Hart

Liddell Hart in fact was a Sage, and almost the last. When did they begin, these independent thinkers supporting themselves by private means or journalism, establishing their bases in pleasant country houses, attracting scholars and disciples from all over the world, respected and a little feared by the Establishment they mocked? Voltaire was perhaps the archetype, but they proliferated in England in the first part of the twentieth century: the Webbs, Wells, Shaw, Russell, as well as Liddell Hart. There are not many left. Universities try to institutionalise them, if only as writers-on-campus; but a university provides a ready-made community with firm if flexible guide-lines, while the true Sage must make his own. The Sage is a monarch, not a member of a republic. Above all the Sage, however deeply his roots may be sunk in the expertise of a single subject, billows uncontrollably outside it. Liddell Hart was no more simply a military thinker than Shaw was simply a playwright or Russell simply a philosopher. Like them, the passionate concern he devoted to his own subject gave him a passionate concern about everything else as well. And in Liddell Hart's case, the depth and intensity which he brought to it over fifty years has transformed the nature of military thought itself.

In reporting Liddell Hart's death, *The Times* surpassed itself. "Between the wars," it stated (and I quote the news item in its entirety) "he published a training manual. The War Office deleted some of his theories, but one that survived, on rapid attack, was adopted by the German Army." No other newspaper plumbed comparable depths in describing the achievements of one of the major thinkers and historians of our time; but the general public impression was none the less that Liddell Hart's main contribution to military thought lay in his development of ideas about armoured warfare. Certainly his association with this development is well documented and its results during the first two years of the Second World War were spectacular. Inevitably its success gave him legitimate if melancholy satisfaction. But the concept of armoured warfare to which he contributed was in itself only part of a broader philosophy of war, and indeed of peace, which he worked at throughout his life, and which possesses a coherence and continuing relevance which merits an attempt to describe it in its entirety.

Inescapably Liddell Hart's thought was shaped by the First World War. He was one of the generation of young men, cheerful, intelligent, and patriotic, whose first experience of war was the Battle of the Somme. For scores of thousands it was to be their last. Of those who survived, perhaps the majority accepted that experience with all its horrors as inevitable if disagreeable, and did not lose their faith in the military and social system which had made it possible. A minority, whose voice was becoming increasingly influential with each passing decade, turned blindly and bitterly against both. But a handful tried to think through clearly how such slaughter could have come about and how in future it could be avoided. War was hell, but mere wishing would not prevent

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its recurrence. Somebody had to consider how, if it did occur, it could be fought more cleanly, more decisively, above all more intelligently. There had been a time when one could speak without irony of an Art of War, when professionals had matched one another in skill and courage without destroying civilisation in the process. Could such times never come again?

It was the hope of Liddell Hart—and one which he never entirely abandoned—that they could; and it was a hope which made him, as a young military correspondent in the 1920s, popular with the Services he had so recently left. His method was inductive. He began with the simplest form of infantry tactics, in experimenting with which he had already made a name for himself as a young officer training reinforcements. Infantry formations in the First World War were still determined by the basic weapons-system of the 18th and 19th centuries —the musket and the bayonet, which could be used effectively, either in the offence or in the defence, only by troops deployed in line. But the basic infantry weapon of the twentieth century was the machine-gun; so infantry should be redeployed in groups to serve it. The firing-line, Liddell Hart maintained, should be replaced by a "combat-unit" of all arms, divided into sub-units each independently capable of manoeuvre and of exploiting the openings those manoeuvres created. But how to exploit effectively? Perhaps, he suggested in a lecture in 1920, by "the practical application of caterpillar track to all forms of transport in or near the battle zone." And by 1922 he had developed a complete scenario whereby infantry and artillery, mounted in appropriate vehicles, could co-operate with tanks, with low-flying aircraft taking over the traditional role of artillery and air transport being used for supply and reinforcements. It was a scheme which caught the keen eye of a certain Captain Heinz Guderian of the German Army.

From this new pattern of grand tactics, Liddell Hart went on to study possible developments in strategy. The deadlock of the Somme had been the result not simply of a faulty tactical doctrine but of a strategic doctrine which he traced back to Clausewitz's interpretations of Napoleonic warfare. This called for the greatest possible concentration of strength against the enemy's strongest point in order to overwhelm his forces in a decisive battle; a battle which would secure total victory. The nuances of Clausewitz's thought, he agreed, had not been fully appreciated by his followers, and the result had been bloody war and bitter peace. The concept of "concentration" must be abandoned in favour of one of manoeuvre. Rather than concentrating one's own forces, one should force the enemy to disperse by posing threats to alternate objectives, and surprise him by attacking at a place, or at a time, when he was unprepared. The strategy of frontal attack must be replaced by a strategy of indirect approach. The American Civil War had been won not by Grant's bloody battering on the Eastern Front but by Sherman's almost unknown campaigns in the West and South.

The trouble about this kind of strategic thinking was that it was related to a kind of war that, between 1918 and 1938, neither the British Army nor the British Government nor above all the British people had any intention of fighting again. For France, Germany, and Russia the prospect of large-scale continental war, if war ever did recur, was inescapable. The British hoped that they might escape it; indeed the view grew up, powerfully supported by Liddell Hart himself, that they could have escaped it in 1914 if only they had adhered to their traditional maritime strategy, "the British Way in Warfare," and not got sucked into the continental holocaust. The dichotomy between a "continental" and a "maritime" strategy went far back into British history and had reappeared

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in bitter form during and after the First World War in the controversy between "Westerners" and "Easterners." As a historian Liddell Hart espoused the latter. He associated himself closely with Lloyd George and gave professional advice on the writing of his Memoirs. And when in the early 1930s another war became a finite possibility, he turned from discussing how in the abstract war ought to be fought to prescribing in concrete terms how to prepare for the next.

THE '30S WERE A TERRIBLE DECADE for those who had lived through the First World War. On the one hand the Great Powers seemed to be moving once again towards war with inexorable rapidity; on the other memories of the Western Front, somehow frozen during the 1920s under a hard carapace of pious reverence, were freshly unleashed and, together with horrified presentiments of the new possibilities of aerial bombardment, made the prospect of such a conflict appear utterly intolerable. Some sought refuge from the dilemma in the political formula of "collective security," cheerfully disdaining the disagreeable task of thinking through the military implications of such an ambitious system of multilateral guarantees. With the aspirations of this group Liddell Hart had a deep instinctive sympathy, as he had with those of the pacifists themselves; but for the intellectual slovenliness which lay behind their reasoning he had no time at all. "If you want peace, *understand* war" was his motto. The problem which faced him was inescapable and must be resolved.

Of one thing he was certain: no solution lay along the lines of 1914–1918. Britain should not again raise a large conscript army, put it on the continent, and use it in an offensive strategy in pursuit of total victory. Salvation lay rather in returning to traditional ways. Britain should leave major land-fighting to her continental allies, and concentrate on building up strength by sea and air. She should contribute the old weapon of blockade and the new one of bombardment. Her Army should remain a small professional Imperial police force. If it contributed anything to a continental conflict, it should be a few mechanised units which might just turn the scale; but it would probably be best to commit no land force to the Continent at all, and make it quite clear that in any future conflict Britain's liability should be strictly limited.

This was the view put forward in *The British Way in Warfare* (1932), in *Europe in Arms* (1937) and *The Defence of Britain* (1939), as well as in countless articles in *The Times* and elsewhere. Whether it influenced the decisions of the British Government during this period it is hard to document, but certainly the policy of the Government coincided with it very closely indeed. In rearmament, priority was given to the Royal Air Force, the Royal Navy, and the Air Defence of Great Britain. No measures were taken to enlarge the Army or to equip it to take part in large-scale land operations. No pressure came from within the Army itself for this to happen. Too many of its senior officers regarded it as a comfortable sanctuary from industrial society to welcome even the limited measures of streamlining and mechanisation which were forced on them after 1937 by Leslie Hore-Belisha, with Liddell Hart himself as his unofficial but powerful adviser; and a whole military generation went to its graves cursing the two men who had tried to drag it, kicking and screaming, into the twentieth century. Fortunately a new generation was at hand—Alan Brooke, Bernard Paget, Bernard Montgomery, Harold Alexander, Ronald Adam, William Slim—of Liddell Hart's own contemporaries, who got the message in time.

BUT "THE BRITISH WAY IN WARFARE" and the concept of limited liability were ideas of very doubtful relevance to 20th-century Europe. They were based on study of an era before the French Revolution which was fundamentally different in two respects. First, limited war postulated a homogeneous political system in which all actors shared common values and were concerned only with limited improvements to their positions within the system. As Clausewitz had pointed out, it was the appearance of an actor who rejected the system which had led to the development of absolute war, not *vice versa*. The belief that any war against Nazi Germany could be limited was based on the same assumptions as the belief that she could be appeased: "that "peaceful co-existence" was indefinitely possible with a daemonic leader at the head of a nihilistic revolutionary movement. "Limited liability" would have meant making peace with Hitler in 1940 once our original stake had been lost, as we had under comparable circumstances made peace with Napoleon in 1802, using our naval and air strength to secure the best possible terms.

In the second place, "the British Way in Warfare" had been successful against an adversary—France—who had overseas trade and possessions against which our naval strength could be effective and the loss of which was sufficiently serious to her economy to incline her to make peace. But even under these favourable conditions, once France succeeded in uniting or

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pacifying the whole of Western Europe and was able to concentrate on naval warfare, as she did in 1779, Britain's advantage disappeared. "The British Way in Warfare," as sardonic continentals have not been slow to observe, did not dispense with hard fighting on the Continent: it only meant that the British got their Allies to do it for them. And if their Allies were defeated, what then?

Nobody should have known better than Liddell Hart in 1939 that Britain's Allies were likely to be defeated. Probably nobody *did* know better. He had watched, with very mixed feelings, the development of Germany's armoured divisions. He had analysed the ponderous immobility of the French Army. Yet in *The Defence of Britain*, published a few weeks before the outbreak of the war, he wrote in reassuring terms about the growing strength of the defensive over the offensive, the developing effectiveness of anti-tank defences, of the ease with which armoured thrusts could be sealed off and dealt with by armoured counter-attacks—all in order to reinforce his argument that no British land force need be sent to the Continent. He wrote perhaps partly to reassure himself, partly to reassure others; but largely in a last-minute bid to avert what he saw as a disastrous return to the suicidal strategy of the First World War. For in the spring of 1939 the Government had at last decided to open staff talks with the French, to send an expeditionary force to the Continent, to double the strength of the Territorial Army, and to introduce Liddell Hart's *bête noire*, conscription. The total war which he regarded as the negation rather than the fulfilment of policy loomed ahead.

TOTAL THE WAR WAS indeed to be, though it did not involve Britain in another Battle of the Somme. Liddell Hart watched dourly from the sidelines. In the eyes of the British public, ironically, he was the apostle of the defensive whose teaching had been discredited by the events of 1940—a misapprehension which the orthodox military circles whose slumbers he had prematurely disturbed did nothing to contradict. It was a bitter period from which both his reputation and his self-confidence took long to recover. For the rest of his life he was to display an almost pathetic need for praise and appreciation, treasuring every scrap of evidence of his influence and every tribute to his abilities in a way that surprised his disciples who took them for granted, and occasionally exasperated his dearest friends.

The course of the War afforded him little

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satisfaction. On the level of tactics and organisation indeed his teaching was more than vindicated. The British infantry adopted the tactics he had devised for them twenty years earlier. The armoured forces of the belligerent powers operated in accordance with the principles he had laid down. In its strategic thinking the Allied High Command showed none of the sterile lack of imagination that had characterised its conduct of the First World War. But these operational improvements did not, as Liddell Hart had hoped, bring back the days of limited war and moderate peace. Britain herself avoided holocaust, but she did so only because she fought in alliance with two great powers who regarded their liabilities as unlimited, who raised forces on a gigantic scale and poured them out without stint. The Soviet Union was in no position to adopt a strategy of limited liability, and Churchill's Britain, rightly or wrongly, was in no mood to. The Second World War was fought brutally, often wastefully, but with a total commitment of effort; everything that Liddell Hart in his teachings had sought to avoid. It is difficult to see how it could have been otherwise. When the survival of peoples appears to be at stake, they are not nice in the methods they use.

LIDDELL HART'S ECLIPSE was not undeserved. Nobody stressed more often the need for ruthlessly dispassionate analysis as a basis for both history and theory; but he himself sought to escape from the dilemma of his generation by what was, in the context of his times, little more than rationalisation of nostalgic wishful thinking. There is a salutary lesson here for all academics who are rash enough to advise on policy. They need to subject themselves as well as their subject matter to searching examination in order to identify and make explicit the bias which is bound to affect their judgment. There is no such animal as a "dispassionate" expert, and it is as well in these days of strategic studies and conflict-analysis to bear this in mind.

But once the smoke had cleared after the war, Liddell Hart's reputation, both as an analyst and as a historian, could be seen to rest on enduring foundations. As a policy adviser he may have shared the flawed assumptions of a tortured generation; but campaign after campaign in Europe had borne witness to his operational insight, and the most successful German military leaders, as well as the most honest British ones, paid generous tribute to his influence. The founders of the new Israeli Army, men who could afford to run no risks, soaked themselves in his writings, and their signed photographs joined those of the British, American, and German generals which lined his study. As a historian his reputation rested on his still irreplaceable studies of the First World War and on his biography of General Sherman, which brought a new dimension to Civil War studies. His History of the Second World War is still in the press: *finis coronet opus*. It would have been finished years ago if he had spent more time during the last decade concentrating on his own work instead of helping other people with theirs.

WHAT, IN CONCLUSION, of his work as a military thinker since the war? About this there are two things to be said. First, his warnings about the need for limitations on war have never been more relevant. In the 1930s they may have been premature: total victory was still possible and, alas, necessary. In the nuclear age Liddell Hart had only to repeat, this time with undeniable relevance, the lessons he had been preaching throughout his life; that force, if used at all, must be used with skill and restraint, that the object of all war is a better peace, and that the nature of that peace will be determined not only by who wins but by the way in which the war has been fought. Secondly, Liddell Hart lived to see the work which he had carried on almost single-handed throughout his life assume the dimensions of an industry. Universities set up Chairs of Strategic Studies; independent or government-sponsored Institutes were formed; ministries concerned with defence or foreign policy set up special staffs of analysts; all taking implicitly or explicitly as their motto Liddell Hart's dictum "If you want peace, understand war."

All this may still not be enough to save governments from making ghastly mistakes. The men who work in these establishments and advise their rulers—like those who on moral grounds attack them—are no more immune from error and prejudice than was Liddell Hart himself. The problems with which they have to deal remain stubbornly resistant to neat intellectual or moral solutions. But at least they can bring to their task all the intellectual rigour and moral passion of which they are capable. And if they succeed half as well as did Liddell Hart, we can count ourselves lucky.

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Literature and Criticism

The Novel & Reality

By Malcolm Bradbury

> *"The tradition of 19th-century realism, which underlies most contemporary English fiction, depended on a degree of relative stability in three separate areas: the idea of reality; the nature of the fictional form; and the kind of relationship that might predictably exist between them.... It goes without saying that for many 20th-century novelists and critics this assumption is no longer credible...."*
>
> *Bernard Bergonzi,* THE SITUATION OF THE NOVEL.

AT DIFFERENT TIMES, literary criticism seems to take up different prototypical forms, or groups of works, as the central object of its attention. These serve as a touchstone of the "literary" in contemporary aesthetics, and offer a recurrent crux with which all literary critical assumptions must deal if they are to prove themselves effective. In the past few years the basic object of literary critical attention seems to have become the novel; and behind that shift of emphasis lies a substantial change in the character of critical theory.

In the 1930s and '40s, in the climate of the New Criticism, if you wanted to understand what literary language was, and how it differed from the other dominant languages of common speech or science, then you turned to the exemplary instance of the poem—especially the short poem of wit, tension, and ambiguity, the distilled, self-subsistent lyric. This was the kind of poem that the modern movement in poetry, from about 1908 to 1918, had idealised, and we can see a direct inheritance from the working aesthetics of Pound, Eliot, Hulme and Yeats to the analytical theory of critics 20 years later. A similar inheritance passed from the new novel of James, Conrad, Virginia Woolf and Ford Madox Ford into New Criticism; but it passed rather more slowly. It wasn't until after the War that the great modern reputations in fiction really emerged and were critically substantiated. And when they did, they did so on a critical basis similar to that already established for poetry. For the view of the novel that had come through from the modernist novelists was in fact a highly formalistic and "poetic" one. So Henry James had reacted against the idea of the realistic or open-plan novel, the novel as a loose and baggy monster; so Virginia Woolf, in her attempt to redeem the novel-form from its gross materialism, had emphasised its resemblance to the poem. Hence, as the New Criticism increasingly devoted itself to the novel, it tended very consciously to think of the poetic analogy for fiction, to subsume its nature within a poetics of poetry. Refusing to think of works of fiction as reports on life or seamless webs of experience, as critics before seemed to have done, they stressed the nature of novels as "dramatic poems," or complex structures of symbols and images, metaphors and linguistic recurrences, epiphanies and archetypes, irony and narrative distance and strategies of point of view—through which, at some lower and unredeemed level, the old and atavistic task of story-telling webbed its way.

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But as criticism gave increased attention to the novel (and, as I say, this happened largely after the War), this emphasis began to shift. It was in many ways a modernist emphasis (indeed a modernist *over*-emphasis; for anyone who now re-reads Henry James' criticism will be struck, I think, by how very little of a Jamesian he is). That classic stress on "technique as discovery" —the phrase is Mark Schorer's, and it perhaps helps to date the slow development of novel theory that his seminal emphasis belongs to the late 1940s[1]—was of course a radical development among critics if not among the cabals of practitioners. Up to then, many of the conventions of novel criticism had not really changed since the 19th century. By those conventions, the novel was a copying form, a dramatic presentation in a distinct and personal style which explored certain sentiments and bodies of experience which could be tested against truth to man's own life and his knowledge of persons and places.[2] But even the new emphasis tended to assume that the novel was somehow inherently on the *edge* of literature—pulled by its discursive and prosy nature into the hinterland of the non-literary, towards journalism or documentary or report, towards a kind of undistilled or non-paradoxical mode of language, and towards the formless contingencies of narrative for narrative's sake. James had complained of the risk to the novel of yielding itself up to "clumsy Life at her stupid work," and most of the modern classics of this phase of novel-criticism (reaching, say, from Percy Lubbock's *Craft of Fiction* to Wayne Booth's brilliant *Rhetoric of Fiction* in 1961) were classics of the analysis of "form" as a self-conscious and controlling aspect of creation. There was a certain tendency in this critical line to make the prototype of the novel the modernist novel of James or Joyce, and to underplay the fascination of the 19th-century realistic novel, which could all too easily be taken as a fiction of unredeemed content, a seamless web of realism or mimesis.

For the recent turning away from this formalistic approach, there are a number of good reasons. One was the fact that the 19th-century novel inevitably demanded a different kind of attention, and it is striking that recent criticism has devoted itself very much to the 19th-century novel.[3] But perhaps more important still has been a wholesale shift on the part of critics towards regarding the novel as *the* essential representative of the literary "action" of the modern world, and a consequent demotion of the poem from the central position it had held in critical attention. If you regard novels as "typical" forms of literature, it becomes somewhat difficult to assume that what distinguishes literary language—what makes literature literature—is its poetic attributes of paradox and tension. To deal with the novel-form head-on, you must come to terms with its sheer contingency and looseness, with the fact that novels cannot be possessed, in a single critical instant, as a complete and timeless whole, with its large dependence on social experience, its dealings in persons and places and causal sequences, and above all with its need as a form to establish in some sense, however oblique, its credit with the reader on a basis of veracious recognition. (As Roland Barthes puts it, the novel gives to the imaginary the formal guarantee of the real.) What is more, of the three main kinds of literature—novel, poem, drama—the novel is the least susceptible to an outright formal definition or characterisation; it lacks a distinctive typographical form or linguistic structure, and it has no distinct context of performance. So it is hard to hold it in a discrete world of literary language or place of enactment, and we tend to take each novel *as* a novel experience.

Any theory of the novel, therefore, has to be a remarkably *loose* theory; and novel criticism today has moved steadily away from the earlier attempts to see novels formalistically as ordered, tightly composed structures. In doing so, however, it has moved in the direction of an eclectic paradox. Some critics, like W. J. Harvey and John Bayley, have sought to restore the traditional emphases of novel criticism on realism, on novels not as formal complexes but as imita-

[1] Schorer's two seminal essays, "Technique as Discovery" and "Fiction and the 'Analogical Matrix,'" have only lately been collected by their author, in *The World We Imagine* (1968).

[2] Such assumptions, of course, led to much perfectly fine criticism. How fine we can see from the excellent "Critical Heritage" series of volumes, published by Routledge & Kegan Paul in London and Barnes & Noble in New York. The latest volume to appear is *Thomas Hardy: The Critical Heritage*, edited by R. G. Cox. There are also volumes on Jane Austen, Thackeray, Trollope and Henry James by equally admirable editors. Each volume draws together the contemporary reviews of and discussions of a single author, providing a vast coverage and a sense of the issues and controversies with which each figure was met. (*E.g.*, in the case of Hardy the particular drama was the growing complaint about his "morality"—which we can here see in the context of the generally high praise his work elicited.)

[3] Some recent examples of work in this field, of which this review article takes particular account, are *The Achievement of Walter Scott*, by A. O. J. Cockshut (Collins, 25s.); *Critical Essays on George Eliot*, edited by Barbara Hardy (Routledge & Kegan Paul); and *George Meredith and English Comedy*, by V. S. Pritchett (Chatto & Windus, 25s.).

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tions of persons and life. Yet others have taken a somewhat fancier tack. Recognising the realism of the novel, they have postulated this realism as the essential fiction of fiction. In doing this, they have drawn on a whole body of fashionable assumptions about the way our sense of reality is itself a linguistic or naming construct. The novel tends towards realism, which is a fictive making and testing of our notion that certain things are real. But our very sense of reality is a communal fiction, and novels are a central example of that fiction at the point at which we are most aware of it. For novels, while seeming true, are known, by writer and reader, not to be. In this they become the perfect paradigm for exposing our delusion that we have or ever have had a reality.

REALISM can mean many things; indeed almost every movement in fiction, from extreme documentation to extreme symbolism or formalism, has justified itself as a realist movement. So no definition of the novel's realism will do which sees realism only as an attribute of that kind of realistic fiction which, as Bernard Bergonzi puts it in his new book on the novel,[4] shows a world of Nature in which one effortlessly participates. If we are to take realism as somehow intrinsic to a definition of the novel, then we also have to take it as an attribute of those modern novels which consciously speculate about the "reality" they are creating. Hence what realism has come to mean for many contemporary critics is the notion that all reality in fiction is *made*, is a verbal construct; the nature of fiction is to make reality and test what it makes.

This is what Michel Butor emphasises in his essays on the novel, belatedly collected in this country at last.[5] The novel is, he says, a particular form of narrative.

> And narrative is a phenomenon which extends considerably beyond the scope of literature; it is one of the essential constituents of our understanding of reality. From the time we begin to understand language until our death, we are perpetually surrounded by narratives, first of all in our family, then at school, then through our encounters with people and reading.... ("The Novel as Research.")

But as one aspect of the universe of narrative in which we live, the novel has this distinctive feature: its narratives seek "as much as possible

[4] *The Situation of the Novel.* By BERNARD BERGONZI. Macmillan, 55s.

[5] *Inventory.* By MICHEL BUTOR. Ed. with a foreword by RICHARD HOWARD. Cape, 42s. The essays here are drawn largely from Butor's two collections, *Repertoire* (1960) and *Repertoire II* (1964).

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the appearance of reality," but they are of course non-verifiable. In emphasising the kinship between fiction and all narrative or naming, Butor leads towards the position advanced by critics like Frank Kermode, that novels draw on typologies of connection, causality, and explanation we find in other areas, for instance in the writing of history.

Now there are two types of explanation we can give for the realism of the novel. One is formalistic: the novel is an empirical *form*, in the sense that each novel creates its own world afresh, and must web that world together by its own distinctive logic—which will be shaped (on the one hand) by the exploration of the given experiential cases that it follows out in making a story and ordering it logically and consistently, and (on the other hand) by engaging the reader in a recognition that this body of experience resembles experience as he has perceived it.

Bergonzi argues that the novel began in the 18th century as a form self-consciously anti-formal or anti-generic; it was a commitment to empiricism, and was marked (except, he says, in the recent English novel) by a built-in commitment towards novelty, a "structural dynamism." By this sort of definition the onus that falls on the novelist is that of creating and testing experience anew, and each given instance is a case of creative scepticism, a working out afresh. The other is an historical definition, which explains the novel by sociological, cultural, and ideological causes. The novel is the burgher epic; and its realism is the realism of Protestant Capitalism. Its scepticism is the consequence of the perpetual attempts of the bourgeoisie to see its situation objectively; but as it enlarges its realism through expanding its social sweep it suffers from the inevitable loss of control of reality brought about by the absurdity of its belief in the independent freedom of characters and values. Hence it suffers crises of form and language, coinciding spectacularly with modernism, which is not so much a technical or perceptual development as a doubting of its own truth. The novel, therefore, must ail or die or change its nature.

By this definition "realism" becomes an historically limited world-view; it is the illusion of a particular state of culture. And its realism is therefore, when seen as an aspect of the total narrative of mankind, a manifestation of the communal need of a society to claim that it possesses truth.

NOW BOTH OF THESE ARGUMENTS postulate realism as a fiction, but they propose two very different kinds of fiction. The first recognises that fiction is itself a creative power, a complex of making shaped by the difficulties and the resources of art. The second sees the writer as historically trapped, making fictions of reality because the social situation he is in compels him into contradictory views *of* reality.

Most critics today seem to fall somewhere between these views, but in so falling they are tempted more and more towards a curious intellectual absurdity. For while there is a tendency to praise the novelist for his sheer speculative resource in exploring the complexity of human life and experience and the difficulties of ordering and naming this as art, there is also a countervailing tendency to end up attacking him for his guilty place in the total perceptual system of the culture. He has not solved the problem of the world; he has made reality into a matter for speculation. His dilemmas amid the "beautiful difficulties of art," as James put it, become the manifest dilemmas of perception in the total culture. The particular apocalypses of knowledge and order which he enacts in the writing of his novel are the apocalypses of a disastrous world. As criticism has tended to encapsulate literature generally, and novels in particular, into the general world of narrative, to make it (as Butor puts it) "the best possible place to study how reality appears to us, or might appear," so a perverse historicism comes to inhabit critical commentary. The meaning of a fiction becomes lost not because we confuse fiction with reality but because we confuse reality with fiction. The world becomes as apocalyptic as the most difficult, fantastic and wild novel its best artists can create.

IN QUITE THE FINEST ESSAY in *Critical Essays on George Eliot,* John Bayley conducts a fascinating exploration of George Eliot's use of a "peculiarly 19th-century fictional form which might be called historical pastoral." He notes that she is concerned with the idea of history, with finding a shape and progression through her action, with embodying her characters within a sequence already arranged and destined. The personal case of the individual in her novels tends to become one with the cultural. But she holds the balance in a particularly liberal way, never quite sacrificing character to history. Several other critics in the same volume (notably Arnold Kettle, Graham Martin and John Goode) pick up a similar point and turn it, suggesting that she never quite embodies the radical ideals and the movement towards a democratic evolution she gestures at.

Such comments afford an interesting view of the relation of the working out of a plot and the working out of history, and the theme is one that is developed at length in Raymond Williams' new book on the 19th- and early

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20th-century English novel.[6] Williams' book might be taken as a modernised version of Leavis' classic *The Great Tradition*, though it adopts certain assumptions that Leavis would neither raise nor accept. Williams starts by looking at the startling emergence of the great fictional generation of the 1840s: Dickens, the Brontës, Thackeray, Mrs. Gaskell, and Disraeli, all bringing the novel forward as *the* great English form. Williams explains the "new" novel as a burst of social enquiry that has its roots in a great new era of social change, of rapid urbanisation and industrialisation; and he stresses, with beautiful precision, the way he wants to see what was going on.

> It was not society or its crisis which produced these novels. The society and the novels—our general names for these myriad and related primary activities—came from a pressing and varied experience which was not yet history; which had no new forms, no significant moments, until these were made and given by direct human actions.

So, Williams suggests, the new novel was not a definition of the historical situation; it was a creative process of feeling through the processes, newly complicated, newly obscure, by which society was changing. Williams sees this process of "feeling through" running into certain difficulties at the end of the century, as the novel struggled with the problem of relating the "psychological" level of human experience to the "social" level of experience. The problems of changing relationship in society brought about new internal disturbances of language and form. But such crises, he says, were not simply objective crises of the society, which directly made fiction difficult or impossible. It is always the nature of the novel precariously to feel its way into relevant experience, and to assume that such difficulties become irresolvable is to despair of the creative possibility itself.

WILLIAMS' DEFINITION of the creative process as a "direct human action" seems to me a very poised one; and I find disturbing the tendency in criticism to lose this sort of poise. To see how it can be lost, one might turn to an historicist version of the 19th-century novel, largely the French novel: Everett Knight's *A Theory of the Classical Novel*.[7] Professor Knight makes his position explicit; it is a "relevant" (*i.e.*, far-

[6] *The English Novel from Dickens to Lawrence*. By RAYMOND WILLIAMS. Chatto & Windus, 30s. Williams' book—part of a larger enquiry into country and city in literature—seems to me admirable; but it is open to the accusation of appearing rather hastily put together.

[7] *A Theory of the Classical Novel*. By EVERETT KNIGHT. Routledge & Kegan Paul, 40s.

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left) analysis of the novel, based on a mixture of Marxist and Structuralist premises, and its essential proposition is, in effect, that the 19th-century novel is (by historical necessity) a testament to the wickedness of bourgeois civilisation. The novel is realism; but realism in bourgeois society is a conspiracy, an ideological construct imposing a false reality by pretending that we can see things "objectively." It is essential to his case that reality has not happened yet; indeed he asserts, in effect, that until the great reality bonanza after the Revolution the novel *must* express a false consciousness. The paradox of the 19th-century novel is that it sustains the deceptions that inhabit all versions of reality prior to the True One by its very bias towards realism, yet simultaneously exposes their contradiction by being unable to reconcile evaluation and description. The action of the classical novel is an action which pretends to allow a praxis towards the discovery of identity; but it is the nature of the case that that identity is predetermined by the historical state of affairs prior to the fictional action. What for Williams is a genuine creative action therefore becomes in Knight a "creative" denial of the possibilities of action. The novel forms illusions of individualism, and the sense of self, and a notion of human freedom; but such notions are self-condemned by the very fact that they can never be substantiated as a communal reality. In so saying, Knight takes the structuralist argument to the absurd conclusion that fiction is, as a product of society, an inevitable product of its perceptual limitations. The problem that he raises, then, is the problem of seeing reality as a fiction; here the fiction becomes part of a communal illusion, and the critical task becomes that of "unmasking" the logic by which reality in an unloved society administers the historical deceit.

WHICH BRINGS ME BACK to Bernard Bergonzi's *The Situation of the Novel*, a book which, I think, not only offers, at the level of working practical criticism, some of the best discussions we have of post-war British fiction—especially of Evelyn Waugh, Anthony Powell, B. S. Johnson, Nigel Dennis, and Andrew Sinclair—but also raises, without really solving, the problems of contemporary fictional criticism I have been exploring. A critic has lately suggested, brilliantly, that Bergonzi's book is itself a novel of the 1950s, a novel about the crisis of the liberal mind in an era in which liberalism seems threatened by a pervasive historicism. Bergonzi frankly offers, indeed, an enormous uncertainty. He sees the novel as intrinsically a liberal form, concerned with exploring the ideals of character and individualism, yet both tactically

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as a critic and socially as a contemporary he feels that a struggle against those values is being enacted. And the paradox he finds is that a lot of the new energies in the novel, especially in the new novel in France and in black humour writing in the United States, are energies that have to do with a sense of absolute historical apocalypse; and they involve and grow forth from an explicit attack on the idea of character, of free action, and of the rights of persons. He asks, therefore, whether there isn't some outright historical reason for this. Doesn't the fact that the most salient energies he finds in fiction take the form they do show that liberal realism has reached a philosophical impasse? Doesn't the obsession of French and American novelists with the bankruptcy of fiction and the absurdity of history show not only a change of direction in art but an absolute experiential disaster for us all? And doesn't the very fact that many writers in England have and are resisting this view of the novel show the peculiar inadequacy of the modern English mind to come to terms with the real crisis of the age?

Bergonzi recognises that to say this is to say that we live in very bad times indeed. But, while not wanting to say that, he feels that we lack the evidence from fiction, from major new fiction, that might allow him to say otherwise. The good English novels that *do* say otherwise are either traditional or nostalgic, reaching back into a vanishing unified past. And so he raises the question of whether our present love of apocalypse should be seen simply as something that seems to afford to writers the possibility of producing a good fiction, vigorous and innovative, and hence as a happy working myth oblique to our actual experience. Or whether it does reflect an inevitable historical pressure on the writer, and is the only form a concern with *truth* can take.

As it happens, I think that to reach the latter conclusion absolutely is to rescind something of our human freedom. But I am more concerned with the critical implications here; I think it rescinds something of our critical freedom too. For, whether applied to the works of the past or the works of the present, historicism in critical study is dangerously predictive. It can have the air of validating and respecting literature by giving it a kind of central historical representativeness. But in fact its tendency is to deny the possibility of creative variation. Or, to say it differently, it denies the most intrinsic kind of realism that literature can possess, which is the realism by which we create fictions out of the sense that experience is always opening out towards the possibilities of new orders and understandings.

The danger, in fact, is that critics are beginning to write fictions more apocalyptic than the novelists do—fictions that apparently have the wise objectivity of analysis that criticism can assume, but wanting the essential critical sympathy which is its only justification for existence. And, as fictions of history, their tendency is to deny the centre of literature, which lies in that creative play of individuals, responding not to "history" but to life, which it is the critic's duty to explore.

The Light Touch

By Rayner Heppenstall

MOST PEOPLE seem to like Peacock, especially if they "discover him for themselves" after, say, thirty. If one first comes across him in an Eng. Lit. sort of way, at school or (worse) at university, one is likely enough to be caught up in the Romantic age as a whole, to see merely an amusing man in the shadow of Shelley and Byron, to be asked sticky questions about the validity of his satirical portraits of the former and Coleridge and others, possibly to find more bite in Canning. Even then, one may "rediscover" him later, and the experience is commonly found to be pleasurable, even by many of those who remain professionally caught up in the Eng. Lit. world. There will be exceptions, of course, though not always the expected ones. F. R. Leavis, for instance, speaks well, if briefly, of Peacock. Mario Praz, on the other hand, is highly unsympathetic, finding him negative, no poet, and "*bourgeois* in every paragraph," as one might also expect any Marxist to find him, unless he were a cleverer Marxist than most and noted the lifelong opposition to paper money, so intimately bound up with the growth of capitalism (and how stoutly, we might add, a good coinage would more recently have resisted devaluation manoeuvres). But, in general, Peacock is found very pleasant. Without him, there would be a hole in our literary tradition. He splendidly commanded a language not yet hopelessly Germanised.

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He does not perhaps offer much hold to critics of the image-busting school. Strictly critical deployments of any kind were not, indeed, much required of Dr. Dawson.[1] He takes us through the whole of Peacock's work, first the verse, then the essays and miscellaneous prose, then the novels in chronological order, so that the two "satiric romances" (*Maid Marian* and *The Misfortunes of Elphin*) are treated between the earlier "novels of talk" (*Headlong Hall*, *Melincourt* and *Nightmare Abbey*) and the later (the only slightly later *Crotchet Castle* and the much later *Gryll Grange*). We are told what debts may be thought to have been incurred to other writers, reminded that *Nightmare Abbey* and *Northanger Abbey* came out the same year, given the ascertainable "originals" of characters in the "novels of talk," and not misinformed (not much informed either, but this is a tricky matter, one about which I eccentrically know something, though not enough) as to what knowledge of Welsh early-medieval verse and prose lay behind *Elphin*. There is sensitive discussion of the difference between satirical and comic intentions and of the darker tone and the touch of "commitment" in *Melincourt*, which, it may be recalled (Dr. Dawson does not recall it), anticipates Kafka on the ape in our midst.

A nicely handled biographical thread runs through it all. I suspect that Dr. Dawson's intention may be next to provide us with the good Peacock biography, which, as he points out, does not exist. I should like to know more about Peacock's relations both with the Shelleys and with his mother (Peacock's father died when he was three). Up to the time of her death, when he was in his late forties, Peacock read his work aloud to his mother, for her criticism and approval. When she died, he "wrote with no interest" and indeed wrote nothing more that is generally remembered except *Gryll Grange*, which was separated from *Crotchet Castle* by a gap of thirty years. An early-dying or otherwise "absent" father and consequent excessive involvement with the mother are commonly understood to constitute the classical homosexual situation, and certainly we find it again with Firbank. In Peacock's case, however, no oddity seems to have resulted. He was a devoted husband with four children. When his Welsh wife died, he (then in his middle sixties) at once began to write a cookery book. He did not finish it, though he lived to be eighty.

[1] *His Fine Wit: A Study of Thomas Love Peacock*. By CARL DAWSON. Routledge, 45s.

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THE TITLES of both the Peacock and the Wilde volume[2] are rather irritating, but that kind of thing seems to be what American publishers like, and it doesn't affect the contents of either volume except in so far as Professor Ellmann has been further impelled to call his Introduction "The Critic as Artist as Wilde." Both are quote-titles, one inverting Wilde's own "The Critic as Artist" (one of the four essays which make up the volume *Intentions*, here included in full), the other coming from four lines of verse by Shelley which might as pertinently and more characteristically have yielded *Such a Wound, A Strain Too Learned, Too Wise for Selfish Bigots*, or *The Knife Is Lost*. In general, Dr. Dawson writes gracefully. This makes it all the more upsetting when he gives way to the American academic's mania for turning transitive into intransitive, and intransitive into quasi-transitive, verbs. Non-academics presumably invented the "protest" (transitive with respect to that which is protested against) and "overcome" (intransitive) already much linked over here. Two favourites of Dr. Dawson's are "approximate" and "footnote" (both transitive or, rather, quasi-transitive, for their very meaning denies them properly transitive use). He is also very fond of the expression (quite new to me) "predicated on" (meaning, I gather, largely about or starting from). These usages and some others ("parodic," "barber-shop") stick out the more oddly because the otherwise admirable text was apparently set up in type here, with British spelling.

American compositors can do you British spelling, and they have done it with Oscar Wilde's text while leaving Professor Ellmann's as he presumably wrote it. Apart from the Introduction, there is in fact not much of him in *The Artist as Critic*, and, apart from the odd "protest" (*v. q.-tr.*, implying against), not much will strike the British reader as odd.[3] As Wilde did not write a great deal of criticism, the problem of selection was not a large one. It is all here, including seventy pages of "The Portrait of Mr. W. H." and the *Intentions* essay on the poisoner Wainewright, an interesting figure indeed, but, like his French contemporary Lacenaire, more obviously of criminological than of literary interest. And so I wonder whether an editor of quite Professor Ellmann's weight was needed. I hope he was well-paid, and I dare say he was.

But I must not be understood to be grumbling about this book. I am glad to have several things in it, and I do see that Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde must in part be remembered for certain critical (or quasi-critical) attitudes, just as Marcel Proust must. If his creative achievement was not quite on Proust's scale, it stands up, nevertheless. *The Picture of Dorian Gray* bears, at least, comparison with Huysmans' *À Rebours*. Even satirically, one shaft against fox-hunting ("the unspeakable pursuing" —or was it "chasing"?—"the uneatable") still lies handy in the quiver of the opponent of blood sports. The fairy tales are effective and may safely be read to the children. But, most of all, Wilde belongs to the theatre. *Lady Windermere's Fan* and *The Importance of Being Earnest* really are very good plays, always worth revival (so perhaps also *The Ideal Husband* and *A Woman of No Importance*). *Salome*, too, has achieved a kind of permanence in the setting by Richard Strauss, for which Romain Rolland painstakingly accented Wilde's French.

WILDE WAS CONFIDENT of his French. Two little items reprinted by Professor Ellmann were reviews, unsigned, in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of a group of Balzac novels in English and a book on George Sand. In both cases, it is clear that Wilde had both original and translation before him. He quotes instances of mistranslation and boldly offers correct alternatives. All the translations seem bad. Wilde also dislikes the book

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL *was a feature-writer and producer with the B.B.C. from 1945–65. His works include novels, poetry and literary criticism. He has written on Leon Bloy (Bowes & Bowes, 1953) and Raymond Roussel (Calder & Boyars, 1966); his autobiography, "Portrait of the Artist as a Professional Man" (Peter Owen) appeared in 1969, and a novel, "The Shearers" and "A Little Pattern of French Crime" were also published that year by Hamish Hamilton, who will shortly be bringing out his "French Crime in the Romantic Age." His most recent article in* ENCOUNTER *was "On Translating Balzac" (September 1969).*

[2] *The Artist as Critic: Critical Writings of Oscar Wilde*. Edited by RICHARD ELLMANN. W. H. Allen, 50s.

[3] I wish there might be some Anglo-American conference on usage and spelling between, say, publishers, editors, dons, lawyers and civil servants. I am sure that most English scholars would cheerfully concede "or" for "our" endings if allowed, for instance, "travelling" and "centre." If I had a say in the matter, what I should make most fuss about is first-person "shall" and "should" in the simple future (of confident prediction) and the true conditional. The young here now all follow the curiously not-even-German American use, with dreadful effects which Fowler clearly foresaw, with the charming prospective example: "I will be drowned—nobody shall save me!"

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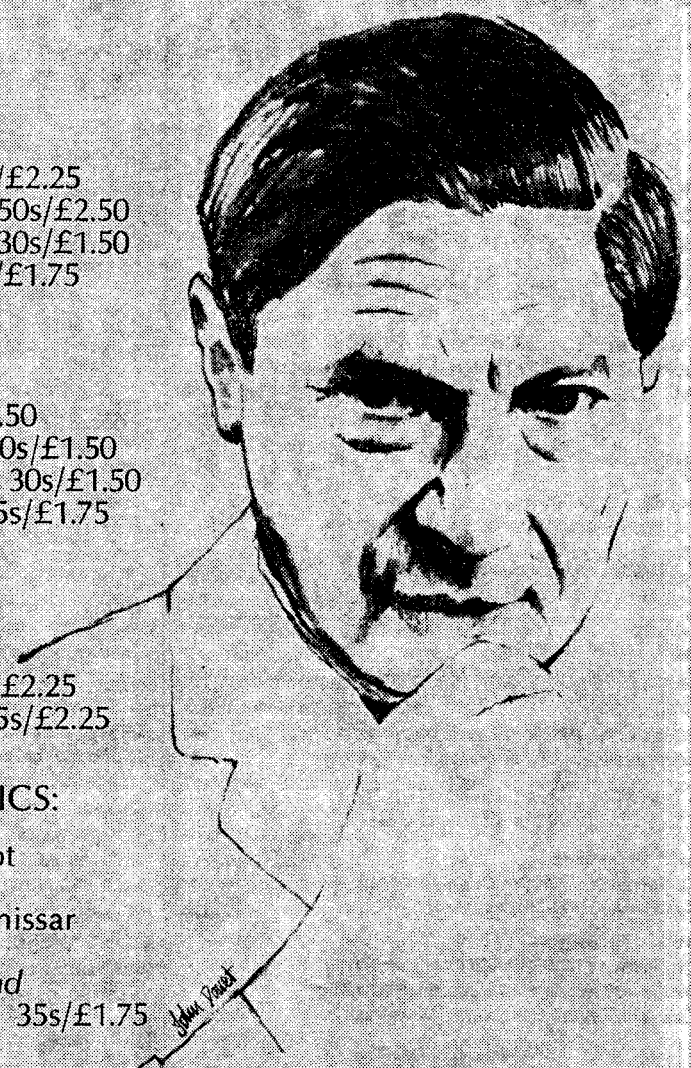

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on George Sand in the original, not at all for such reasons as we might guess at. He betrays what to me was an unexpectedly warm appreciation of George Sand and finds the book on her cheaply condescending. In any strict sense, Wilde was hardly bi-lingual. Born in France, Joseph-Hilaire-Pierre Belloc was brought up in England by his English mother, yet, unnaturalised until 1902, performed, in 1891, his military service, as an *artiflot*, in the French Army. In later life, he found that, although he spoke without accent, he did not express himself easily in French, while it has never been doubted that his command of English was magisterial.

The fact is nowhere better illustrated than in a Taylorian lecture on translation, delivered at Oxford in 1931. It is admirable, and no translator should now fail to read it, while it is there. Twelve years ago, a bit of a Belloc revival resulted from Robert Speaight's admired biography and *Letters*. It should be somewhat renewed by the present, birth-centenary anthology[4] ("biographical" in that it prints things in chronological order, prefaces them with quotations from Mr. Speaight and contains extracts from three partly autobiographical volumes, *Hills and the Sea*, *The Path to Rome* and *The Cruise of the Nona*). How much, and as what, Belloc will be remembered thereafter seems uncertain. He was a good, but not a superlative, historian. A few verses will be echoed. But my generation is bound to be the last to which either Hilaire Belloc or G. K. Chesterton was a living, controversial presence in our youth, arguing with Wells or Shaw about evolution and such, propounding their one-acre-and-a-cow view of politics, Chesterton even heard reviewing books on the wireless on Monday evenings, so that, although we should never meet him, we knew his voice, wheezing, genial but never quite free of sarcasm.

About that time, a fashionable pastime was labelling people extravert or repressed (psychologically, as it were, non-*U*). To this, a bit later, was added the game of detecting Fascist symptoms (an extravert was invariably a Fascist, conceal the fact as he might behind his pipe and moustache). The most obvious symptom was anti-Semitism, and the most truly sinister way of admitting this was to say that some of one's best friends were Jews. Well, of course, Belloc, in 1922, had not only published a book called *The Jews* but carefully dedicated it to a Jewess. It is in fact a bit "racist," but that would hardly be held against

[4] *Belloc: A Biographical Anthology*. Edited by HERBERT VAN THAL and JANE SOAMES NICKERSON. Allen & Unwin, 75s.

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Belloc by the same people now, when Russia is the anti-Semite's home and the fellow-travelling Left is pro-Arab (when, moreover, France follows not far behind and the state of Israel has officially adopted Belloc's views on what constitutes Jewishness). We ought not, in any case, to forget how readily anti-Jewish remarks fell from Anglo-Saxon lips and pens in the 1920s. The anti-Semitism in T. S. Eliot has received a fair amount of attention. But look at the early novels of Agatha Christie, now exhaustively barrel-scraped in paperback. My own reaction, I am bound to say, can only be described as recoiling aghast.

In the Spanish civil war, Belloc came out expectedly for General Franco. According to Mr. Hollis,[5] so did Chesterton, but then Mr. Hollis describes that war as "still raging" when Chesterton died, whereas, in fact, it had not yet begun. Among the causes of the fall of France, Belloc listed "communism" (but not "Jews"). Long before, both had strenuously opposed the Boer War. In his studies of French history (well-represented in the anthology), Belloc was not at all the throne-and-altar man one might have expected, but a good Republican and more sympathetic than, I must say, I can manage to be towards either leaders or mob in the Revolution (or, rather, the Terror of 1793–4). It is such questions as these with which Mr. Hollis (who writes about both) is largely concerned, but also with how far Chesterton in particular is "relevant" to progressive Roman Catholicism today (nuns in mini-skirts, oral contraceptives and so on). Literary criticism is not much his line, though nowhere is he silly about this. I, too, like to think that the little volumes on Browning and Dickens might still be read in sixth forms, and I would add to Mr. Hollis' prognosis, *in re* Father Brown, that I detect his continuing influence in the Rabbi novels of Harry Kemelman, *dont je raffole*, which brings us to Arthur Annesley Ronald Firbank.

I CAN DO without Firbank altogether. He died quite young, it is true, and I can see that his manner had somewhat improved between *Valmouth* and *The Eccentricities of Cardinal Pirelli*, but the verbal flourishes, the wan sophistications and dirty little camp jokes, remained mere paper flowers pinned to the flat-footed syntax of an autodidact without a sense of rhythm or much feeling for English or any other language. His fantasy life as a child must have consisted wholly in imagining a *Comic Cuts* negress at one of his mother's tea-parties. Then, belatedly, he would read (or be

[5] *The Mind of Chesterton.* By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS. Hollis & Carter, 42s.

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told of) Wilde's statement: "The first duty in life is to be as artificial as possible"—and try to do just that, being known at home as "Artie." Later, he found that he could afford to pay the best draughtsmen to make his adenoidal face look presentable and that other sad pleasures could be bought abroad. As we may learn from Miss Benkovitz,[6] he knew and was disagreeable to Sacheverell Sitwell and a son of the smart Parisian doctor, Samuel Pozzi, "original" of Proust's Cottard, presently to be murdered by a patient (not that that interested him). He was quite a sharp business man (defeated Grant Richards, for instance, and sold a house over his sister's head). He suffered from respiratory troubles and died at forty, leaving behind him as his masterpiece the droll story of a Spanish cardinal dying of a heart attack while chasing a choir-boy round and round a cathedral.

It was not much of a life, and the man who lived it was not much of a writer, though people who ought to know better (not all of them homosexuals) have made a cult of his work. And it was America which acclaimed him first, which makes it appropriate that his biographer should be American. For Miss Benkovitz's book I have nothing but praise. It is so scholarly it hurts. No fault of Miss Benkovitz's that Firbank comes out so unattractive a personality and quite uneducated. The lack of charity is entirely mine.

[6] *Ronald Firbank: A Biography.* By MIRIAM J. BENKOVITZ. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 63s.

Whose Shakespeare?

By Martin Seymour-Smith

As T. S. ELIOT remarked many years ago, in discussing Wyndham Lewis' *The Lion and the Fox*, a critic's presentation of Shakespeare usually tends to bear an uncanny resemblance to himself; so, of course, does an age reflect itself in its treatment of Shakespeare. This is, naturally, a tribute to Shakespeare himself, as well as to the Bard: there is a sense in which his genius is so varied, so vast in its scope, that it genuinely does reflect all manner of states of mind. Thus, a man must be very commonplace, or foolish, for his book on Shakespeare to have no interest at all, to contain not one new insight. For Shakespeare will discover something real and unusual in him, and will bring it out.

Yet reverence, especially when it is misapplied or becomes a substitute for something that is not love, can be overdone. So, for all its inevitability, can the deliberately subjective approach. Johnson, a man of good sense about most things, saw this, and set to work to establish both a text and a critique. Theobalds had discerned the general worthlessness of Pope's text, and he corrected some of Pope's errors; but Johnson was the first to see what was wanted textually, although he did not supply it in his edition in as good measure as he supplied criticism. Nevertheless, the quest for the real Shakespeare—for a text as good as possible, since none can be perfect; and for responses to the plays as undistorted as possible by irrelevant personal predilections—this quest begins, like so much else, with Johnson. We have come a long way since then, although controversies have multiplied. But the emphasis has remained, on the whole, upon Shakespeare in the living theatre. Thomas Hardy's reaction upon being asked to join the Shakespeare Memorial Committee in May 1908 was exceptional:

> If I felt at all strongly, or indeed weakly, on the desirability of a memorial to Shakespeare in the form of a theatre, I would join the Committee. But I do not think that Shakespeare appertains particularly to the theatrical world nowadays, if ever he did. His distinction as a minister to the theatre is infinitesimal beside his distinction as a poet, man of letters, and seer of life, and that his expression of himself was cast in the form of words for actors and not in the form of books to be read was an accident of his social circumstances that he himself despised. I would, besides, hazard the guess that he, of all poets of high rank whose works have taken a stage direction, will some day cease altogether to be acted, and be simply studied.

Whatever truth there may be in this extreme view, I doubt if Johnson would have approved

MARTIN SEYMOUR-SMITH *is a free-lance writer and poet. In 1969 Constable published the first volume of his "Poets Through Their Letters," and later this year will bring out a volume of poetry, "Reminiscences of Norma." His much-praised edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets was published by Heinemann (1963).*

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of it. In the late 1920s and early '30s there was a reaction against the Bradleyan method of treating the tragedies as absolute realities, as exemplified in the early criticism of Traversi, L. C. Knights, G. Wilson Knight, and others; but every one of these critics has since taken care to modify his initial view of Shakespeare as dramatic poet rather than man of the theatre.

THUS A CRITIC OF a younger generation, Gareth Lloyd Evans, in the first two parts of *Shakespeare*,[1] in the *Writers and Critics* series, is at pains to complete his "academic" account of Shakespeare (he has so far reached *The Merchant of Venice*) with "an awareness of the 'reality' of the plays as they are revealed in stage performances." If there is a better or more lucid general introduction to current scholarly views of Shakespeare's work, then I do not know of it. Beginning with an admirable summary of Shakespeare's life and background, it proceeds to a well-balanced examination of individual plays. The critic of Shakespeare cannot do better than to become involved in the problems of performing him, and—though this book is deliberately elementary—Gareth Lloyd Evans' involvement and concern are everywhere evident. Clearly he agrees with Professor Maurice Charney's contention that critics, in putting Shakespeare the poet above Shakespeare the dramatist, have lost much of the "characteristic excellence" of his plays. The current emphasis is undoubtedly upon Shakespeare as dramatist, and Professor Charney's new book, *Style in Hamlet*,[2] is an intelligent example of this. A specialised study, in contrast to Mr. Lloyd Evans' introduction, it helps us particularly to answer the obvious question: To what extent (if any) have critics, in putting Shakespeare the dramatist above Shakespeare the poet, lost the poetry of his plays? After all, this is an age in which literary critics have tried to stifle poetry under a weight of abstractions, while non-literary idiots have tried to "explode" it, diverting its energies into the commercial or semi-commercial channels. To what extent has the fear of poetry that lies behind such manifestations infected Shakespeare studies?

Professor Charney begins by attacking the Hamlet of the romantic imagination, the empathic procrastinator and ineffectual poet-intellectual who led Coleridge to declare (if only in

[1] *Shakespeare I, Shakespeare II.* By GARETH LLOYD EVANS. Oliver & Boyd, 18s. each; paperback, 10s. each.

[2] *Style in Hamlet.* By MAURICE CHARNEY. Princeton University Press, $9.00; Oxford University Press, 85s.

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NEW LITERARY HISTORY

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table talk), "I have a smack of Hamlet myself, if I may say so." (This is represented, by implication, as being silly of Coleridge; we may wonder if it was: he, especially, did have a smack of Hamlet—and who, indeed, interested in *Hamlet*, hasn't? . . .) This is not "the Hamlet of Shakespeare's play," writes Professor Charney; and in *Style in Hamlet* he confidently, although modestly, sets out to show who is. His commitment is, he admits, to a "Hamlet 'possible' at the turn of the 17th century in England." But he is sensible enough to admit that "there is no way of fixing *Hamlet* at one moment of time." His intention is to analyse closely the details of visual and verbal structure —the "styles"—in *Hamlet*, and so to "suggest an approach suitable to other plays of Shakespeare."

In fact, while very many of Professor Charney's insights are valuable, his general approach is less satisfactory: it is not related even to any single strictly Elizabethan principle, but rather ranges here and there, sometimes even dragging in irrelevant quotations from other plays. It gives us an approximation to Professor Charney's own Hamlet, but this is altogether too vague to appear to us as one "possible" at about 1601. Professor Charney complains that our assumptions about Shakespeare are similar to those of the romantics; therefore, he insists, we separate his plays from "their natural and life-giving context in the theatre. . . ." Yes; but which theatre? This is the difficulty. A few years ago Jan Kott, in an influential but not very scholarly book called *Shakespeare Our Contemporary*, advanced a wholly modern Shakespeare, a theatrist of the absurd and a child of a time so similar to our own that to all intents and purposes it might be considered as our own. His ideas were too enthusiastically taken up by British producers who failed—I think—to allow for the fact that Kott was writing about conditions in his native Poland in the only way he could. This has led Gareth Lloyd Evans, writing in the current *Shakespeare Survey*,"[3] to charge the Royal Shakespeare Company with failing to give full value to the language of the plays: with ignoring the text in favour of what he calls "a merely naturalistic interpretation of character." A good example would be the much vaunted but perhaps overrated Paul Scofield *King Lear*, in which Goneril and Regan are represented as being initially quite reasonable: in this production Lear's retinue *is* "riotous," and so on—but there is no warrant in the text for this, and no point whatever in perpetrating it.

At the other extreme, there is an academic school in the United States that attempts to stage Shakespeare as he was staged in his own time. This utilises, of course, a totally different and unfamiliar style of acting, and while it must be extremely interesting, and is clearly a worthwhile experiment, it could hardly be viable for the living theatre of today. The trouble with Professor Charney's book, for all its sensitive handling of the text, is that it fails to relate to *any* specific theatre: only to a theatre in the, fortunately for the reader, lively imagination of the Rutgers Professor. But still some of the poetry gets squeezed out by the theoretical approach.

In other words, we are back at the old difficulty: granted that the worst excesses of the early 18th century are things of the past—a Pope could no longer "de-barbarise" and "smooth out" Shakespeare, and his wildly eclectic textual readings would no longer be tolerated—a Shakespeare critic still tends to be as good as or as bad as he himself is. . . .

There are few exceptions, for nearly all the important research has been done. Charlton Hinman, building on the work of Greg and others, has provided a basic account of the printing of the First Folio. Now all that is needed is to supply an old-spelling text, a task that is at last under weigh. And most of the valuable historical suggestions have, one may hazard, for the time being, been made. The more questionable historical assumptions have been effectively and authoritatively countered. Against the school which sees Shakespeare's plays as essentially moral statements, we have John Holloway's important and highly intelligent *The Story of the Night* (1961), which has the virtue of seeing them as they certainly *are* (whatever they are not): as ritual in nature, and as revitalising experiences. This book still acts as an essential corrective to such efforts as Irving Ribner's *Patterns in Shakespearian Tragedy*, now issued as a paperback,[4] in which Shakespeare is made to seem not merely a moralist, but a Christian one to boot. So that Professor Ribner's insights are merely incidental: he is trying to prove a point that cannot be proved. Again, the Shakespeare of this book is the critic; the rare virtue of Holloway's book, which made it probably the finest of its decade, is that its Shakespeare is never Holloway himself. He discusses the plays in the light of what is self-evident to any audience.

Similarly, the notions that Shakespeare's

[3] *Shakespeare Survey* 22. Edited by Kenneth Muir. Cambridge University Press. £2 10s.

[4] *Patterns in Shakespearian Tragedy*. By Irving Ribner. Methuen, 30s; paper, 14s.: Barnes & Noble, $5.00; paper, $2.50.

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"sorrows" could be read into his biography by means of his plays has been modified; perhaps the obscurantist C. J. Sisson's article "The Mythical Sorrows of Shakespeare," in which Shakespeare is presented as a good Victorian going home to Anne Hathaway every weekend, was a necessary step on the way. (Certainly Sisson's own obstinate and reprehensible opposition to old spelling, his eclectic editing, and his eccentric methods of arriving at "new readings," in which he regarded all examples of Elizabethan handwriting as identical, have now been thoroughly discredited.)

WHAT HAS EMERGED is that we cannot possibly "capture" Shakespeare "as he was"; such a realisation is no doubt the appropriate one in an age that doubts the value of everything it thinks it knows. If we do not speculate wildly—we might as well as not, our realisations tell us; but wild speculations do tend to be ignored—then we are likely to interest ourselves in the actual Shakespeares we know: the author of the plays Mr. Holloway has properly described, or as a ghostly inhabitant of his creations. These creations we know either as the creatures of our own minds as they are directed by his lines, or as the actors we watch invent them. So that the actors' views of Shakespeare's characters should be of extreme interest. Or should they?

Mrs. Carol Jones Carlisle's large book *Shakespeare From the Greenroom*[5] reminds us that the "Bradleyan approach" was invented not by Bradley, but originated in the attitude of 18th-century actors to their material. She gives us a compilation of most of the great actors' comments on *Othello, Hamlet, Lear* and *Macbeth* —and for good measure adds some opinions of such as Robert Speight and (for some reason) Lucy Ashwell. Thus, we get discussion from Booth, Garrick, Irving, Olivier, Wolfit and all the other obvious actors. Why is it so humdrum, adding up to a dull, if worthy, book? For all Mrs. Carlisle's attempts to put a high valuation on her material cannot disguise the fact that it is exceedingly commonplace. The most interesting views put forward are those of Granville Barker, already familiar, and of Robert Speight, who may not be a great actor, but who is distinctly more literary than any of those represented here....

This collection is monotonous because an actor's business is not to criticise, but to perform. His performance is ultimately intuitive; frequently it may arise from very careful, conscious study, but the subleties of even his initial intellectual approach are likely to be intuitive in

[5] *Shakespeare from the Greenroom*. By CAROL JONES CARLISLE. University of North Carolina Press, $12.50; Oxford University Press, £6.

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nature—the main lines of psychological approach are likely to be extremely simple (and rightly so); but they will inevitably appear, if disguised as literary criticism, as *simpliste*. If Gareth Lloyd Evans is right, and the actors are wrongly giving us interpretations of Shakespeare's characters as "real," while some critics are rightly giving us interpretations of them as stage-people, then this is not the actors' fault. An impersonator must think of what he is impersonating as "real," even if he knows it is really himself. The fault lies in the fact that there is no real liaison between director and critic: the one is too brash, and likely to fall for—or rather misunderstand—the crudities of a Kott, the other too remote, too tied up with abstractions. It is in such critics as Lloyd Evans that we may see most hope.

BEFORE I COME to the new book I consider to be most admirable, I should mention two essentially "amateur" books: one admirable, within its tradition; the other cautionary in any treatment. Herbert Howarth's eight essays on Shakespeare, *The Tiger's Heart*,[6] are in the best tradition of the scholarly amateur; very often, therefore, they explore outside academic boundaries and make valuable discoveries. There is a certain amount of vague pretentiousness and some pointlessly wayward speculation—"[Shakespeare] had enjoyed women in a sufficiency, as much sufficiency as ever contents a man"—and Mr. Howarth is often stylistically intoxicated by his own well-bred ecstasy; but his essay on Shakespeare's gentleness develops a facet of his character that has not been fully developed before. His piece on Shakespeare's use of James I's *Basilikon Doran* fails to find him as subtly subversive as he actually was, but comes nearer to it than any other critic.

Louis Auchincloss, in *Motiveless Malignity*,[7] writes in the worst tradition of the unscholarly amateur. Someone should have told him. These discussions are on the level of chit-chat: very pleasant, wholly commonplace. We are given the old tale that Sonnet 20 "proves" that Shakespeare was not homosexual; and we are told, among other equally profound things, that Shakespeare hated homosexuals because he shared Thersites' hatred of them: "I see little other reason for putting this speech of Thersites in the play." Throughout A. L. Rowse is treated as a major critic, and the quality of the writing is generally exemplified by such a sentence as: "He makes one more visit to the weird

[6] *The Tiger's Heart*. By HERBERT HOWARD. Chatto & Windus, 35s.

[7] *Motiveless Malignity*. By LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS. Houghton Mifflin, $5.0; Gollancz, 32s.

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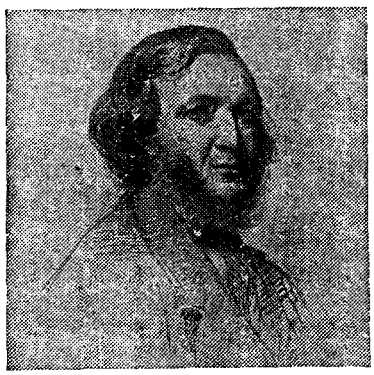

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sisters, and this time they really put him on the griddle." I am interested in some of Mr. Auchincloss' novels, and correspondingly dismayed and puzzled by this performance, apparently calculated to really put us all on the griddle.

The best, however, of this year's books on Shakespeare is D. J. Enright's *Shakespeare and the Students*.[8] This offers close commentaries on *Lear, Antony and Cleopatra, Macbeth* and *The Winter's Tale*. It is relaxed and non-theoretical. It arises not only from teaching Shakespeare (as its author explains) but from an experience of life and poetry. There is no mystical pursuit of Shakespeare, no embarrassing attempt to expose a Christian or neo-Platonic "pattern": the approach is in the essentially human terms of psychology and poetry. It is truly eclectic (not in the now pejorative bibliographical sense), and almost unerring in its selection of what is most moving; its explanations stimulate where they provoke disagreement. There have been few commentaries so full of new insights. Perhaps this is because Mr. Enright is modest, has no theories, has not made up his mind about Shakespeare—is, in short, a true sceptic.

[8] *Shakespeare and the Student.* By D. J. Enright. Chatto, 30s; paper, 15s.

Dickens' Word-World

By John Holloway

Dickens has made me change my mind about a number of things, but he has not taken from me a certain distaste for anniversaries. Most private ones are celebrated by people who pretend that growing up is all joy, and growing old a myth (secretly they believe it to be dreadful). All these false ideas are recorded, appropriately, by the making of gifts dreamed up for the event and forgotten afterwards. So one approaches Dickens books published in the centenary year with just a little circumspection. Will they, one wonders, be a little dreamed up too?

Some of the books now under review are very conspicuously not so. Besides which, a Dickens centenary is different from most others. Like Shakespeare, Milton, Bunyan, Defoe, Scott and one or two more, Dickens does not belong to libraries, critics, and scholarly gents, but to everyone who can read a book, or knows someone willing to read aloud. Since his time, our literature has gone another way, and if it is going to survive at all (which some doubt) we are unlikely to enjoy a great national, a great natural event like Dickens again. All the more reason to take him for what he is; so perhaps a book written in something of an anniversary spirit, without too much grind, intellection and analysis, and with a touch of the celebratory and festive, will hit the appropriately Dickensian note, and be welcome relief from the critics' laboured labours.

There is certainly something festive about Angus Wilson's critical biography,[1] not only for its wide-ranging and sympathetic account of the "life and works" (it is also deeply-informed and sometimes searching too), but also because it is a "house" triumph, a massively elegant physical object at a bargain price, and has superb contemporary illustrations, both black-and-white and colour. It is a pity that many of these are inadequately titled; but all the same, here is the gaiety, squalor, animation, encrusted opulence and astonishing multifariousness of the Victorian world. One's only regret would be if some of the more thoughtful passages get lost amid so much colour and splendour.

Mr. Dyson's book[2] is a bit festive too. "My first purpose in this brief introduction is to draw attention to Dickens' exuberance"; "Dickens larger than life and enjoying every minute of it"; "when I read him literary criticism reaches out from its usual sphere to somewhere beyond." It is quite fair to say that this book attempts a kind of Dickensian writing about Dickens: something discursive, a little leisurely perhaps, about an immensely rich primary material. The source is profuse, we

John Holloway *is a literary critic, poet, and Reader in Modern English at Cambridge. He has edited "Little Dorrit" for Penguin Books and is a contributor to "Dickens 1970" (Chapman & Hall). His book "The Victorian Sage" has recently been reprinted by Archon Books, and in paperback by W. W. Norton, and "New Poems" will be coming from Scribner's this summer. Recent contributions to* Encounter *include "Thoughts after Dover Wilson" (April 1970), "Science & Literature" (July 1969), and "The Waste Land" (August 1968).*

[1] *The World of Charles Dickens.* By Angus Wilson. Secker, £4.

[2] *The Inimitable Dickens.* By A. E. Dyson. Macmillan, £3 10s.

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celebrate profusion, and Dyson writes about Dickens (in intent anyhow) a little as Dickens writes about reality. Those who know the novels almost by heart, and find that anything which wanders through them brings them delightfully back to mind, will easily lose themselves in this long and detailed book. On the other hand, Dickens' own discursive richness usually reposes on radical structures which display a quickly intuitive yet ferociously exact and powerfully synthesising intelligence. Mr. Dyson notes, frankly enough, that his own chapters could be read as separate prefaces to the individual novels; and there is something about his book of the "loose baggy monster" which the author rightly rejects about Dickens.

Disjointed books can be all right, but Mr. Dyson is less festive than he seems:

> ... Isn't Mrs. Pipchin's collection of plants precisely the collection in every murky front-parlour? —the hanging one has tickled us all.... Yet all of this in no way prejudices Mrs. Pipchin's uniqueness. Indeed, uniqueness is required of her, since ... like everyone at all resembling her, she is so wholly herself. Which is not to say, again, that Dickens transcribes her directly from life, or (alternatively) that he simply creates her. The Dickensian illusion is more subtly poised between life and art.
>
> Her place, with Mrs. Gamp and a hundred other Dickens people, is mythic....

Then, after a passage from *Dombey and Son* which depicts Mrs. Pipchin, come the words "This is so timeless, so perpetual, that it must be mythic." There is a particular reason why I should also quote the passage Mr. Dyson quoted. Here it is:

> Mrs. Pipchin had an old black cat, who generally lay coiled upon the centre foot of the fender, purring egotistically and winking at the fire until the contracted pupils of his eyes were like two notes of admiration. The good old lady might have been—not to record it disrespectfully —a witch, and Paul and the cat her two familiars, as they all sat by the fire together.

Mr. Dyson proves not to go beyond the "usual" sphere of literary criticism after all. Overtly, there is celebration of profusion and exuberance. Inwardly, the thought strings along through concepts like uniqueness, typicality, verisimilitude, life and art, the mythic—the Gubbinses of today's criticism just as themes, imagery, tone, ideas, and "engagement with life" are too, when they turn up elsewhere in his book. What Mr. Dyson wants, I am afraid one could say, is a kind of post-lapsarian critical innocence. He knows the customary critical notes, and he tries to make a new kind of music but they fill his mind all the time. There is also something else.

It is not just that, on the evidence anyhow of those two passages, Dickens has quite a little in hand in the matter of style (that "alternatively"!). Dickens writes so as to sweep aside the superstition that "exuberance" will see us home. If anything, at this late date, is to be added to our insight into his work, it must be added by something of the same incisive and ordering intelligence (same kind, not same degree) as he wielded himself. The cat "who" lay purring "egotistically" and with eyes like two exclamation marks (that's what's meant) has already been transformed, by the innermost weave and nerve of the words, into the humanised, into a "familiar." This is not "rich fancifulness" (Mr. Dyson a page earlier), but formidable if doubtless intuitive calculatingness. By the time Dickens reaches his "familiars," he need barely call them that. Why is the cat on the *centre* foot of the fender, so that we recall the two other feet? Surely to establish, without need of laboured overtness, the *gestalt* of old woman one side, and "old" little man (Paul) the other. This gives the idea of "together" before the word comes in the text, and in the end does for "mythic" just what Mr. Dyson's "so timeless, so perpetual" fails to do—the "coiled" creature with its snake eyes between the other two makes the whole scene into a nursery-tale parody, grotesque but not macabre, of a very obvious myth indeed. Angus Wilson would surely come to my support over this, for there is a fine passage in his book on how nursery tales fascinated Dickens and influenced his work.

THE NEXT REAL MOVE FORWARD in positive understanding of Dickens' greatness (as against merely celebration of greatness) is likely to consist in a deeper insight into his language, his language at its most close-grained and local. Mr. Dyson *exubes* about the "tremendous life in the adverbs, adjectives and asides," and Angus Wilson writes of his "assured, controlled and precise language" in *Dombey*, or his "new and brilliant shorthand" in *Our Mutual Friend*. One turns to Professor Brook's work[3] in the hope that there is a good deal more to say. "The Language of Dickens": nothing festive or easy-going there. But a book can be valuable, and such that one wants to keep it at hand, while still not pressing its subject home. Professor Brook is rich in examples of how Dickens uses dialect, idiolect and the rest; but in the single chapter on "style" (Dickens himself, not his characters talking), there is so much exemplifying of Dickens' "devices" that a great further question is passed by.

Quoting an account of the "day's unrealities"

[3] *The Language of Dickens*. By G. L. BROOK. André Deutsch, 42s.

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seen by the Dorritt family on their travels, Professor Brook adds, "this careful observation of detail is one of Dickens' most valuable qualities, and he is always ready, by a fanciful touch, to prevent its becoming dull." But careful observation of detail is no matter of "style" alone. To think so would be to ignore a whole dimension; something which (though I don't like the word) ought to be called the writer's implicit ontology. Every artist works as if he thinks that certain things make up reality, and among them some things are the important ones. From the leaves of Southwell to the *Très Riches Heures* to Edward Lear's bird-paintings or Turner's *Liber Studiorum*, simple quantity and precision of detail is one thing, the spirit in which detail is rendered is another. This is what raises the matter of style, because what is at issue is not only the artist's ontology, but also the principles on which he organises his medium. With the writer, style does not reside in detail *tout court*, it resides in the *how* of detail.

Harry Stone's *Uncollected Writings*[4] contains an essay which throws this point decisively into relief. This book, it must be confessed, has a somewhat misleading title. The pieces in it are from Dickens' magazine of the 1850s, *Household Words*, but they were mainly written by Dickens' "Young Men," and then expanded or revised by the Master. Here is Henry Morley in a piece called "The Wind and the Rain":

> ... this is the whole theory of rain. Our present weather is a sufficient illustration ... there is a north wind, which, being a cold polar current, cannot hold, in an expanded state, one half of the vapour brought into our atmosphere by the south-west. The north wind, therefore, marks its victory by a general precipitation; the whole sky is uniformly clouded ... when the north wind has turned out of the sky all the vapour that it cannot manage, we shall have fine weather, until a warm wind interferes. The warm wind ... will possess a sky containing less than its due quantity of vapour; therefore precipitation will not be continued. The south-west wind however, soon brings moisture with it; and then, if the noon be fine, clouds form at evening, when the temperature falls, and it may rain at night.

Nothing could better show the Victorians' voracious intellectual curiosity and their masterful fascination with every detail of their environment. Whichever side they were on in the controversies of the day—Gosse's father toiling to confirm Genesis through intricate fossil research, Darwin noting that the flora of St. Helena

[4] *The Uncollected Writings of Charles Dickens.* Ed. HARRY STONE. Allen Lane The Penguin Press, 2 vols., £6 6s. od.

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would require a "special creation" to itself, Ruskin praising the *Liber Studiorum* as the work of a great religious artist, Engels in the back streets of Manchester, Roebuck cross-examining through all the *minutiae* of Crimean-War chaos—in every case the guiding spirit was an essentially Baconian conviction that fact could be pressed into the service of man, and that fact meant correct *detail*. The conviction took hold because it paid off.

Here, though, is the kind of thing that Dickens inserted into Morley's article, as if he thought there was something it rather lacked. In a word, what it offers is human insight instead of climatology:

> ... a wet Sunday ... rustics lounge under pent-house roofs, festooning their smock-frocks with their pocketed hands, and yawning heavily ... pattens go clinking by ... dripping umbrellas make a dismal dance all down the street—the shining policeman stops at a corner to throw the wet off himself, like a water-dog ... splashed and draggled stragglers fagging along ... other stragglers who, having no umbrella, are completely varnished from head to foot with rain ... the chimney-smoke and the little church weather-cock fly round and round, bewildered ... the flat little church bell seems vexed ... and tinkles discontentedly, while the very beadle at the door seems quenched and querulous.

Quite another whole theory of rain: Dickens and Morley are one in their respect for observed detail, and poles apart in their principles of style. Morley uses words as components in a denotative system, an index of reality. Dickens uses them so as to be reality's image: to enjoy, that is, the same grain, entanglement, and local interplay as things themselves have in their arrival before lively perception. "Splashed and draggled stragglers fagging along"; "clinking by upon the paving stones"; "dripping umbrellas make a dismal dance." Here is part of what Professor Brook quoted for his "careful building up of detail":

> ... hanging gardens where the weeds had grown so strong that their stems, like wedges driven home, had split the arch and rent the wall.

That is more than "careful observation": how much lies in the "building up"! When Dickens wrote to Forster about his brief Highland trip in July 1841 we find:

> The mists were stalking about today, and the clouds lying down upon the hills. ... This house is wedged round by great heights that are lost in the clouds; and the loch ... stretches out its dreary length before the windows.

"the loch, twelve miles long," he wrote where the dots stand: for an instant one is back with Morley's north and south-west. But for the rest, though it is only a passage from a hasty letter, Dickens knows that *words can do what things can seem*. For the most part, the *Letters*[5] reveal the Victorian involvement with factual intricacy at another level: multifarious contacts and enterprises, and the Inimitable's eye for detail and precision in editing, business, the social and professional round. But occasionally they too show this master-principle of the Dickensian style.

IN ONE RESPECT, the world of words is profoundly different from the world of things. The point might be put by saying that there is a certain great structural division, around which everything in our conventional understanding of the world of things is organised, which has no counterpart whatever in the world of words. This structural principle is a principle of causality, of active and passive: the world of things is agents on the one hand, objects on the other. Men look in looking-glasses, look at houses, sell shares on the market, walk into a room and arrange the furniture. Quite simply, it is not the other way round. Take this away, the established account of reality disintegrates. But so far as words go of themselves, it has no force. The function of words may indeed be to render a valid account of reality (whatever that may mean); but they can just as easily do the other thing. From the plain man's standpoint, man bites dog runs counter to a specification of the great organising principle validated by the *facts*. So it can be only a joke, or a piece of nonsense. From the standpoint of language, it is merely one more lexical permutation among patterns one may re-shuffle largely as one likes.

The verbal artist, for whom words themselves form a great independent empire with its own inexhaustible resources, is therefore under a standing temptation (if temptation it be) to infringe that reality-principle, and to substitute for it the much larger freedom of inter-play and inter-change which belongs to the world of words. Yet a question arises: nothing less than whether the conventional wisdom which acquiesces in that supposedly iron and ultimate principle is not the victim of a gigantic stultifying hoax. For, is the division between agent and object settled once for all?—are men never manoeuvred by things, do things never take on a paradoxical life of their own, does tail never wag dog and man never bite dog? Precisely to show the strength of this challenge is one great task of the artist. And—the crucial point—it is

[5] *The Letters of Charles Dickens*. Pilgrim edition, Vol. II (1840–41). Ed. MADELINE HOUSE and GRAHAM STOREY. Oxford University Press, £6 15s.

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precisely the freely permutatory nature of language itself which is the great agent whereby the verbal artist is encouraged and empowered to execute that task. This is from *Pickwick*:

> ... the right-hand parlour, into which the kitchen fireplace appears to have walked, accompanied by a rebellious poker, tongs and shovel. It is ... furnished with a clock, a looking-glass, and a live waiter, which latter article is kept in a small kennel for washing dishes, in a corner.

Professor Brook calls it "an exchange between the roles of the living and the inanimate." But to put it like that is to treat the passage as if Dickens were in the Word-world alone, as if he were merely permuting. As Mr. Dyson says in one of his best moments, "Dickens' rich fancifulness sometimes ... is a mode of observation." Here are some examples:

> A young gentleman ... apparently born to no particular purpose but to save looking-glasses the trouble of reflecting more than just the first sketchy idea and sketchy notion of a face. ...
>
> Strangers were stared out of countenance by staring white houses, staring white walls, staring white streets, staring tracts of arid road, staring hills from which verdure had been burnt away.
>
> What squeezes him into Parliament? Shares. Perhaps he never of himself achieved success in anything, never originated anything, never produced anything! Sufficient answer to all; Shares.

What in effect are all these but, *glass uses man, house stares at him, shares "sell" him*? In other words, Dickens' seeming word-play is not fancy at all, but the imagination issuing a challenge to the conventional, practical wisdom, and inviting us to see those very things in our experience which conventional practicality glosses away. Angus Wilson speaks of the "wondrous power, that governs [Dickens'] whole fictional world, by which inanimate objects—clothing, furniture, tools—are given a life of their own"; and says it is the key to many of his finest passages. He recognises too how that wondrous power also works contrariwise: "the reduction of a man to a corpse" (like the "quenched" beadle). Ingeniously, he links this with a sense in Dickens of the "wild frolic" of things in nursery tales, and on the other hand (and rather less convincingly) with Dickens' awareness of the precariousness of life and imminence of death. But as I said, he does not pursue this wondrous power of vision into Dickens' wondrous power of style.

In 1815, Wordsworth wrote: "One of the main objects of the *Recluse* is, to reduce the calculating understanding to its proper level

MARY McCARTHY

The Writing on the Wall

and other literary essays

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Always, as usual, Mary McCarthy's words and subject complement one another in the manner of a true stylist in prose and the art of criticism. 45s

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among the human faculties." One way or another, all the major poets of his time shared this ambition. It passed on to the creative minds of the mid-century, and with Dickens, more than with anyone else, passed from a mainly "poetic" realm to the rough-and-tumble of business, society, public life, the big city and the crowd. But at bottom the effort was unchanged. It was, to resist the all-conquering but seemingly all-deadening impact of what Meredith once called "the army of unalterable law" and thought formidable enough to terrify the Devil himself: the cosmic Bentham-Gradgrindism of pseudo-progress and fake rationality. Dickens' resistance to this spirit (it dwarfs our feeble resistances to the same things today) took the form of a great imaginative enlistment of the permutatory freedom of the Word-world, until the point was reached in which what the dullard calls "plain truth" stands out as ponderous lie. No wonder that, ironically, Dickens had called those hanging gardens, with their explosive weeds, part of "the day's *un*realities." Gradgrind-unreality is Manalive's reality. Experience does not have to be looked at fancifully for orthodoxy's patterns to be turned into exuberant jumble. It has to be looked at straight. "Building up" detail, stylistic "devices," simile and the rest are instruments of—of what? The words "human insight instead of climatology," which I used some time back, may give the clue. They are instruments in the war which the best Victorian minds waged against the dehumanisation of their time.

The New Irony & the Augustans

By Paul Fussell

IT IS A COMMONPLACE by now that the literature of the past has no static identity. It alters constantly, and sometimes drastically, as we use it to satisfy our cravings. John Wain properly advises the aspirant to criticism [ENCOUNTER, November 1969]: "Since the backward look modifies the object, it is not a question of combing the field of literary history to find some neglected topic that 'hasn't been done.' Things simply don't stay 'done.'..."

One thing that has not stayed "done" is the scheme of "the 18th century" received a generation ago. The English 18th century used to be thought a well-lighted (if not particularly clean) place accessible through a little social history and a handful of easy epithets like *moderate, rational*, and *unenthusiastic*. It was imagined that this "Place of Rest and Refreshment," as Saintsbury called it, would disclose its dimensions almost as readily to the biographer, the furniture connoisseur, and the wine snob as to the literary theorist. If we wanted paradox, we were directed to the 17th century; if we wanted profundity and warmth, to the 19th. Those were the days when in most university Departments of English the course in 18th-century writing was the recognised property of the saddest local sack, the teacher farthest gone in sentimentality and critical doltishness. Thirty years ago people used to *apologise* for the *Dunciad*.

What has changed this state of affairs? Simply, I think, that we have recovered a capacity to delight in the quality most characteristic of 18th-century writing: irony. In fact, we now want irony so much that we find it in texts—*The Vicar of Wakefield* is an example—where no one suspected it before. And we have become irony hounds because we have been instructed by the events of our own time. We are the first generation to experience how wholesome, progressive ideas have a way of ending as motor accidents and traffic jams, stinking rivers and state trials, bureaucracies and soul-shrivelling architecture. Having got rid of Fleet Ditch and the workhouse, we get carbon monoxide and the new Knightsbridge Barracks. The inventor of the telephone kiosk could not have conceived that some day when you opened the door, urine would run out. We are in a unique position to see how Romantic conceptions of human personality and destiny (the operative words are *creative* and *transcen-*

PAUL FUSSELL, *who is at present living in London, is Professor of English at Rutgers University. Among his books are "Poetic Meter and Poetic Form" (1965) and "The Rhetorical World of Augustan Humanism: Ethics and Imagery from Swift to Burke" (Oxford University Press, 1965; recently reissued in paperback). His previous contributions to* ENCOUNTER *include "Egyptian Notebook" (May 1970), "Penrod (Revised)" (April 1970), and "Mr. Boswell" (May 1967).*

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dent) have a way of producing potheads, squatters, "folksingers," and envious dullards. Lessoned by our age, we are awakening to a freshened perception of the depth and ubiquity of human folly; one needn't even go all apocalyptic and point to what Dachau and Dresden have taught us. And it is this perception that has prompted us to take a new look at a body of texts which operate very largely on the assumption that being alive is an ironic business beginning in comedies of Shandean houghmagandie and ending in a foreknown but inadmissible disaster. All very funny and ghastly. Kurt Vonnegut has not become our spokesman for nothing.

THE REHABILITATION OF IRONY has meant, of course, the rehabilitation of Swift. It tells us a lot about how we now see things to realise that he has attracted more serious intellectual attention since World War II than ever before. The recovery of Swift has required the exposure of a number of calumnies—he hated women, he was neurotically dirty-minded, he was mad—used in the 19th century to hustle him into a dark corner where his ridicule would be unlikely to discredit schemes of industrial and political "progress." It was mainly to clear away such calumnies that Irvin Ehrenpreis wrote *The Personality of Jonathan Swift* in 1958, now re-issued.[1] It is still a very good book. And Mr. Ehrenpreis has now added an appendix sensibly adjusting his former excessively "rational" interpretation of the end of *Gulliver's Travels*:

> If...the Houyhnhnms represent an ideal, why does the author joke at their expense? I suppose the comprehensive answer is that Swift was a joker.

Yes. Literature is not geometry.

ONE OF THE MANY SIGNS of the new interest in 18th-century writing has been the editions which have been appearing since the War. We now have texts of Pope and Swift and Goldsmith and the *Spectator* executed with the kind of seriousness that used to be thought appropriate only to classical, medieval, and Renaissance performances. Indeed, the modern awareness that has led to all this careful editing, the awareness that from printing to printing texts inevitably degenerate, is an accompaniment of our new appreciation of irony: we easily recognise now that perfectly responsible and well-educated people are dramatically cap-

[1] *The Personality of Jonathan Swift.* By IRVIN EHRENPREIS. Methuen (London), 60s; Barnes & Noble (New York), $6.00.

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able of inattention, laziness, and disingenuousness, and that texts prepared when rosier views of human nature were presiding need to be scrutinised with a special scepticism.

Among the 18th-century editions in progress (Dryden, Fielding, Boswell, Horace Walpole) one of the most important is the Yale edition of Samuel Johnson, which began appearing in 1958. Eight volumes have been published, including, now, three volumes of *The Rambler*.[2] In his introduction W. J. Bate recognises Johnson's status as a moral thinker of a 17th-century cast ("I grow older and not better"—Johnson? No, Donne) and suggests that one would have to proceed in the direction of Montaigne and Bacon to find his like. But he also perceives—and such a perception would have been impossible fifty years ago—that Johnson is no mere holder and articulator of improving "views" but rather a profound humane ironist so conscious of his own complicity in back-sliding and self-destructive folly that for all his endowment as a putative satirist, his satiric thrusts abort or even recoil on him while he's delivering them. It is this that makes him so interesting to us. Of Johnson's disabilities as a straight satirist or one-dimensional moralist Mr. Bate says:

> Johnson was unable merely to observe, but had to participate and share;... his own participation sets a bar to satire. The result... is that we have anger, protest, even ridicule, always in the process of turning into something else.

It is this process that makes humane devices like *but, yet,* and *however* the crucial pivots of the typical *Rambler* essay. Behaving *ad hoc* as always, Johnson complicates his positions while he writes. He does not set down pre-concocted lay-sermons; rather, he wrestles with powerful antithetic possibilities. But fewer than half the 208 *Ramblers* are moral essays of even so problematic and tentative a kind. Most are complex satiric portraits and narratives, and there are many critical essays. To the student of human complication and the attendant complexities of rhetoric and its occasions, it is instructive to see Johnson, the well-known despiser of pastoral poetry, writing about it in *Ramblers* 36 and 37 with no denigration whatever.

Fielding's formal criticism lacks the Johnsonian sort of strenuous self-awareness and self-exposure. He was insufficiently intellectual to perform as a great expository critic, and no book accumulating his critical writings[3] can be expected to have much of an impact, especially when its editor defines "criticism" so loosely as to include conventional diatribes against Grub Street, arch reprehensions of Colley Cibber, and chapters excised from their rightful contexts in the novels. When Fielding sets himself to "thinking about literature" his limits as a discursive critic are apparent immediately. Talking about the letter as a literary form, especially the letters of the Great, he writes:

> These have always been esteemed as the most valuable parts of history, as they are not only the most authentic memorials of facts, but as they serve greatly to illustrate the true character of the writer....

With this namby-pamby sentiment compare what Johnson has to say about letters as evidence of character. After really thinking about the *données* of human nature and their relation to the facts of writing, he deals with the matter this way:

> Of [Pope's] social qualities, if an estimate be made from his letters, an opinion too favourable cannot easily be formed; they exhibit a perpetual and unclouded effulgence of general benevolence and particular fondness. There is nothing but liberality, gratitude, constancy, and tenderness. It has been so long said as to be commonly believed, that the true characters of men may be found in their letters....

But actually,

> Very few can boast of hearts which they dare lay open to themselves, and of which, by whatever accident exposed, they do not shun a distinct and continued view; and certainly, what we hide from ourselves we do not show to our friends.

The conclusion is inescapable:

> There is, indeed, no transaction which offers stronger temptations to fallacy and sophistication [he means lying] than epistolary intercourse.

So much for Fielding's powers of analysis. But if Fielding lacks the toughness of mind to be a satisfying theorist, his talent for mimicry and his sense of decency make him a superb practical critic. He can spot a phoney miles off, and his critical instinct is never more impressive than when in *Shamela* and *The Tragedy of Tragedies* he exposes incompetent or fraudulent writing through parody. *The Tragedy of Tragedies*,[4] his three-act farce satirising 42 plays of high contemporary repute, exemplifies exactly that "energy of inventiveness" which John Chalker reminds us is so typical of 18th-century writing. How frantic, how wry and offbeat, in a way how mad, the great works are: *A Tale of a Tub*, the *Dunciad*, *Tristram Shandy*, *A*

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[2] Samuel Johnson, *The Rambler*. Edited by W. J. Bate and Albrecht B. Strauss. 3 vols. Yale University Press, $35.00, £15 15s. 0d.

[3] *The Criticism of Henry Fielding*. Edited by Ioan Williams. Routledge & Kegan Paul, 84s.

[4] *Tom Thumb and The Tragedy of Tragedies*. Edited by J. L. Morrissey. Oliver & Boyd, 15s.

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Song to David, The Marriage of Heaven and Hell, even *An Account of the Life of Mr. Richard Savage* ("I wrote forty-eight of the printed octavo pages . . . at a sitting; but then I sat up all night").

Consider Fielding in the act of making this exquisite theatrical burlesque, first reading stacks of bombastic heroic plays and collecting on slips of paper hundreds of fatuities—silly psychological clichés, pretentious metaphors, cant phrases; then writing his own play in such a way as to work in the maximum number of idiot stolen lines; and finally issuing it all with a mock-scholarly preface and apparatus satirising the whole activity of source-hunting and parallel-passage-finding. Consider the taste, energy, and "enthusiasm" it would require today to conduct a madly patient mock-solemn study of some forty plays by Maxwell Anderson, Irwin Shaw, Christopher Fry, Arthur Laurents, William Inge, Tennessee Williams, Arthur Miller, and Peter Shaffer, to take down all their sociological and psychological solemnities, and then to weave their boyisms coherently into a plot which itself would parody our upper-middlebrow "issue" melodrama. If we can further imagine the result—completed straightfaced with parody introduction and notes—so funny that people would still be laughing out loud at it in the year 2210, we'll be in a position to appreciate Fielding's frenzied enterprise and its continuing force as criticism.

In his latest book[5] Professor Bate reminds us of the conditions governing Fielding's use of his genius this way. The burden of the past he speaks of is the intimidating proximity to the 18th century of Shakespeare and Milton, who had all too recently shown how little more was to be done in tragedy and epic, whatever opportunities remained in Fielding's kind of mock-tragedy and Pope's kind of mock-epic. Which is to say that the greater genres appeared, if not hopelessly perfected, at least efficiently pre-empted. Thus a writer valuing novelty and energy naturally went to veins that had not been worked out—ode, satire, poetic epistle, and, pre-eminently, Georgic.

"The roman poem that ran deepest in the bloodstream of Pope's age," says Maynard Mack, "was Virgil's *Georgics*." In his sensible, well-planned, unpretentious book John Chalker shows why.[6] Celebrating the painfully earned Augustan settlement while at the same time alert to its precariousness, the *Georgics* recommended itself to a generation equally aware of "the fragility of political order." Structurally as well as thematically the poem recommended itself, providing a sanction for the empirical 18th-century instinct for not organising a piece of writing very tightly, for going on or stopping pretty much as one felt like it. It recommended itself stylistically as well, offering an example of that half-serious, half-whimsical collocation of opposed styles—heroic, mock-heroic, sentimental—which the 18th-century ironists delighted in. The *Georgics* thus enabled the writer overwhelmed by the pressure of Miltonic idiom—and it was impossible either to forget it or to pretend that one hadn't heard it—to put it to use domestically, to enlist it in local description instead of heroic narration and to exploit it for a whole spectrum of effects ranging from Square to Camp. There is something in the very disjunction between matter and manner in Virgil that attracts an audience brought up to listen to styles and to relish above all effects of slight ironic stylistic surprise. As Addison says of Virgil, "He delivers the meanest of his precepts with a kind of grandeur; he breaks the clods and tosses the dung about with an air of gracefulness." No wonder everyone was using "verse Miltonian" to provide what the age demanded, tricksy-tricksy versions of "lofty Maro."

Mr. Chalker measures the degree and kind of Virgilian presence in a number of poems, from John Philips' *Cider* and John Dyer's *The Fleece* to Pope's *Windsor Forest* and Thomson's *Seasons*, and he deals also with the complications of the mock-Georgic, as in Gay's *Trivia* and Swift's *A Description of a City Shower*. Visible in all, he finds, is a "fondness for the exploration of multiple viewpoints," and he relates this fondness to the 18th-century instinct for effects of fructive antithesis and counterpoise. What this body of pseudo-Georgic poetry does, we finally see, is to enact and celebrate the new counterpoise of forces established in 1689. That is, the harmony of oppositions which is the poems' subject becomes a way of suggesting that constitutional monarchy is as divinely sanctioned—the local word would be "natural"—as the old kind. Pope hints as much in *Windsor Forest*:

> *Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,*
> *Here earth and water seem to strive again,*
> *Not Chaos-like together crushed and bruised,*
> *But as the world, harmoniously confused.*

As a poem about the harmony of oppositions, Thomson's *Seasons* is undeniably in-

[5] *The Burden of the Past and the English Poet.* By W. Jackson Bate. Harvard University Press, $5.95; shortly to be published by Oxford University Press at 56s.

[6] *The English Georgic: A Study in the Development of a Form.* By John Chalker. Routledge & Kegan Paul, 35s.

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teresting intellectually, but I can't agree with Mr. Ralph Cohen that it is admirable artistically. Mr. Cohen has always been saddened by his more ironic colleagues' inability to work up much excitement over it. In *The Art of Discrimination* (1964) he devoted 529 pages to analysing hundreds of critics' reactions to *The Seasons*, trying to understand what they were doing when they blamed or praised it. Now he comes forth with 331 more pages designed to make us share his own high regard for the poem. In *The Unfolding of "The Seasons"*[7] Mr. Cohen implies by his earnest paraphrases and analyses that we haven't understood the poem, and he assumes that we will value it if only we know enough about its motives and contexts. He concludes:

> In this study I have sought to provide an interpretation and evaluation of *The Seasons*, urging its reconsideration as a major Augustan poem. I have argued that Thomson's unity, diction, and thought are entwined with a conception of man, nature, and God poetically tenable and distinctive.

Poetically tenable and distinctive, yes; but not good enough. What Mr. Cohen seems deaf to is the appalling effect of Thomson's language, his insufficiently ironic use of the idiom last heard in Milton's depiction of moral heroism to chronicle the small beer of weather, flora and fauna, and similar perfectly observable commonplaces. Mr. Cohen hears nothing wrong in an idiom like this:

> *Nor only through the lenient air this change,*
> *Delicious, breathes; the penetrative sun,*
> *His force deep-darting to the dark retreat*
> *Of vegetation, sets the steaming power*
> *At large, to wander o'er the vernant* [sic] *earth,*
> *In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay* Green!
> *Thou smiling nature's universal robe!*

All this needs for criticism is Doodle's speech at the beginning of *The Tragedy of Tragedies*:

> *Sure, such a day as this was never seen!*
> *The sun himself, on this auspicious day,*
> *Shines like a beau in a new Birth-day suit:*
> *This down the seams embroidered, that the beams.*
> *All nature wears one universal grin.*

"The language of [*The Seasons*]," Mr. Cohen says, "is unmistakably directed toward expressing Thomson's thought and feeling." I couldn't agree more. I sympathise with Mr. Cohen's sincerity and respect his learning, but I deplore his ear.[8] Nothing he says persuades me that I

[7] *The Unfolding of "The Seasons."* By RALPH COHEN. Routledge & Kegan Paul, 60s.

[8] It is astonishing, by the way, how insensitive to idiom people can be and still have the temerity to involve themselves seriously with literature. For

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should stop regarding *The Seasons* and its erstwhile popularity as sad, or perhaps comic, moments in the history of taste.

If the practitioners of the new irony have found little to excite them in Thomson, they have rediscovered in Pope the major moral poet his contemporaries knew him to be. In *The Garden and the City*[9] Maynard Mack shows in Pope the workings of "the mythopoeic imagination, a faculty that when I was a young man growing up Pope and his fellow artists of the 18th century were not usually allowed to have." Mr. Mack demonstrates how Pope, by means of his Twickenham villa, garden, and grotto, constructed "an enabling myth for himself and his work," how he developed and inhabited there what is almost a dream environment within which a moral art of permanent relevance could appropriately take place. The "statement" Pope was making by electing to live in a certain place in a certain way—it is like the statement Yeats made by living in his tower—is this: "Here beside the Thames is an Egerian grot that is still unspoiled; its springs are pure, its gems and metals are innocent, its Muse is in residence, its grove is not for sale." To Pope's actual grotto

> Actual great men came..., actual impassioned conversations about the commonweal were evidently held there; but all that happened there was apparently translated by the poetic imagination... out of history into dream.

From this dream domain of garden and sacred spring Pope propelled to London, the city in the grip of Walpole, his diagnoses of its sickness. The ironies are superb: it was really Pope, the dwarf hunchback with the terrible head-

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example, Donald "Ebor," chairman of the committee responsible for the *New English Bible* (a literary project if there ever was one), while telling us in his Preface that the new translation speaks "a contemporary idiom," indicates that he himself cannot be trusted to know what that idiom is supposed to sound like. He writes: "Apprehending, however, that sound scholarship does not necessarily carry with it a delicate sense of English style, the Committee apppointed a... panel of trusted literary advisers." They weren't literary enough. For *apprehending* read *knowing*.

Again: "Discussion went on until [the translators] reached a common mind." Read *agreed*. "The resultant draft was now remitted to the panel of literary advisers." *Resulting; sent.*

[9] *The Garden and the City: Retirement and Politics in the Later Poetry of Pope, 1731–1743*. By Maynard Mack. University of Toronto Press, $10.00; Oxford University Press, 84s.

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aches, who was the sick one; Walpole was in robust health, and so was trade. What was ailing was "virtue," as defined by ancient and Renaissance literature and—to be sure—by a landed class horrified by the new credit economy and the inevitable cynicisms of the new party system. Pope's satiric delineation of Timon's villa in the *Epistle to Burlington* (1731) marks the opening of his hostilities with the Walpole world. At first he conducted the war with the most delicate innuendo: as Mr. Mack perceives, "Pope . . . made yet shrewder thrusts at king and minister than has been supposed." But finally, in the late Horatian satires and the fourth book of the *Dunciad*, he removed the gloves entirely. Anybody can oppose Walpole, but it takes a Pope to exploit myths of garden and "useful" architecture as a means of elevating politics to ethics, and ethics, finally, to art.

Mr. Mack's is a beautiful book. It is conceived beautifully and written beautifully. The typography is distinguished, and the 55 plates, accompanied by full notes on provenance and meaning, are brilliantly selected, sited, and reproduced. The book is a memorable contribution to the history of art as well as to the history of poetry.

People become like what they study. Mr. Mack no less than Pope has learned to interfuse the moral and the artistic without abandoning a very Popian ironic sense of the ridiculous:

> All this is comical enough now, as the politics of a past age is always comical if it escapes being tragic. Pope and his Muse in the role of Egeria, well-head of inspiration to a ["counter-cultural"] political movement that was no more disinterested than such movements always are, presents a hilarious picture of naïveté all around.

And yet—

> Yet the conviction that the pursuits of every day should be shot through with the idealism and detachment of poetry, the arts of government lit by the imagination, intuition, and the grace of heaven which we represent in the poet's Muse: there is nothing absurd in that. If we have come to think so, it is because we have lost the confidence that widely disparate areas of experience and instruments of knowing may interpenetrate to their mutual advantage.

But they are not interpenetrating today any more than they were in Pope's time. Politics is graceless, art powerless.

What Mr. Mack finally does is to make the local confrontation between Pope and Walpole ("mighty opposites") symbolic of the universal modern confrontation between art and show-business, idealism and accommodation, contemplation and activity, eloquence and Newspeak. Pope and Thoreau, he perceives, are brothers under the skin. It is a brilliant, moving, and important demonstration.

Uses of Literacy

By Martin Dodsworth

ROBBE-GRILLET, Duchamp, Beckett, Godard, Cage . . . one has no doubt, scanning the pages of Susan Sontag's new book,[1] that one has entered the world of American high culture, committed to a passionate, *angst*-ridden love-affair with the most distinguished minds in Europe. Miss Sontag is formidably well-informed and up-to-date; no one can expound better the break-up of forms within modernist art and the necessity for it. Yet to do so, she has to use the traditional form of the essay.

MARTIN DODSWORTH *is Lecturer in English at Royal Holloway College, University of London. He is a frequent contributor to* The Review, *where he writes on contemporary poetry, and has edited* The Survival of Poetry, *a collection of essays on poetry in America and Great Britain at the present time, which Faber will publish shortly.*

Perhaps this paradox does not seem very startling; in the context of Miss Sontag's thought it is. The art-forms that she admires are "radical" in their attempts to embody some spiritually pure concept, to shake free of the various impurities of language and meaning, or of the historically-conditioned nature of thought. But her expositions of all this naturally belong to the world of conditioned thought; they tend, merely by expounding, to reintroduce the elements of impurity which her admired artists seek to purge. The form of the essay itself obliges her to this, and her choice of the form is a significant reminder of the fact that she won't or can't go all the way with the artists she admires:

> What is voiced by the Futurists, some of the Dada artists, and Burroughs as a harsh despair

[1] *Styles of Radical Will.* By SUSAN SONTAG. Secker & Warburg, 50s.

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> and perverse vision of apocalypse is no less serious for being proclaimed in a polite voice and as a sequence of playful affirmations.

It may be no less serious, one is tempted to reply, but one's attitude to it will be very different. What the apocalyptics call on us to experience, the polite speakers allow to be contemplated only. And contemplation allows for the removed stance, irony, and a very partial commitment to the "total" reshaping of consciousness or whatever, that is the ultimate aim of most modernist art. Miss Sontag's attitude to that art is more ambiguous than first appears, and that is why she can continue in existence as an essayist.

She does, though, make gestures to the breakdown of her chosen form. Her writing is often not well structured; it is in that way "against interpretation." Her style is rebarbative; she begins an essay like this:

> Every era has to reinvent the project of "spirituality" for itself. (Spirituality = plans, terminologies, ideas of deportment aimed at resolving the painful structured contradictions inherent in the human situation, at the completion of human consciousness, at transcendence.)

Styles of Radical Will is not for the idle reader.

That quotation suggests a great deal about Miss Sontag. Spirituality here has become secularised, and in the process has lost a great deal; it is now no more than an aspect of *consciousness*, whereas in Christian terms it could qualify relations with other people, and work outwardly from its possessor to the world. Miss Sontag's spirituality isn't narrower merely because it cuts out the idea of an authenticating world of the spirit, but also because it encloses spirituality within the individual consciousness.

Of course, she is a Puritan. Only a Puritan could speak so eloquently on behalf of the "pornographic imagination" because only a Puritan could approve of an extreme art whose aim was "disorientation" and "psychic dislocation." Miss Sontag confirms this description of herself by the elaboration of religious analogies in the discussion of *The Story of O* and other books of "serious" pornography:

> The notion of art as the dearly purchased outcome of an immense spiritual risk, one whose cost goes up with the entry and participation of each new player in the game, invites a revised set of critical standards.

This might well stand for a Puritan view of the Restoration stage or the motives underlying Richardson's creation of Clarissa.

Miss Sontag's Puritanism is interesting firstly because it defines her Americanness. She pursues a difficult ideal, an ideal of "purity," with all the intentness of some New England pastor of three hundred years since. Her title lays as much stress on the effort of *will* as it does on the more fashionable *radicalism* which is also promised. And this Puritanism *is* reflected in a certain lop-sidedness, an inability to escape from the terms of "consciousness" to a more inclusive notion of the individual life. The focus is narrow. Novalis, Nietzsche, Wittgenstein—the precursors of modernism are here as well as its contemporary practitioners; but Shakespeare and Dante are not. One feels that the loss is Miss Sontag's, and that it is a loss she can ill afford.

She calls for an art that is intense and extreme, for an art whose purity is in some sense a "completion of consciousness." The artist is above all a risk-taker, who exposes himself even to madness in the effort to extend consciousness. T. S. Eliot, thirty years ago, offered his comment on this view of art when he said:

> . . . emotions are constantly being lost; they can never be merely preserved, they must always be re-discovered; and it is as much this endless battle to regain civilisation, in the midst of continuous outer and inner change of history, in the struggle to conquer the absolutely new, that is the occupation of the poet.

Those who, like Miss Sontag, want to defend forms of modernist art on the basis of extension of consciousness need to be reminded that there is no central core of such valued consciousness to be assumed in the first place. This brand of *hubris* seems especially Puritan.

Still, it is this Puritanism which gives Miss Sontag's work its value. Her book is an extreme challenge to more conservative minds, and a challenge made in their own terms. Furthermore, granted the limitations of her premisses, she has a subtle and discriminating intelligence, shown at its best in the least controversial of

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her essays, an interpretation of Bergman's film *Persona*; but it is everywhere present. Finally, we sense throughout a personal commitment to what is said which deepens the quality of the challenge which she offers, so that it engages, not merely with our intellect, but with our whole being.

And this, after all, is what we hope for in an essayist of general ideas. The essay is an essentially literate form of communication; in the process of cultural transformation which is Miss Sontag's real subject, and which we might call the Sontag-McLuhan-Myra Breckinridge culture-shift, literacy itself is under attack. To engage our attention the essayist has to work harder: or rather, he has to commit himself to what he says in the challenging way of Miss Sontag.

THE OLD-STYLE ESSAYISTS are not good defenders of literacy; they don't understand the issues. Richard Church's response to the rumour of McLuhan was to write an extended essay[2] on the "craft" of words, an old man's rebuke to a younger generation's linguistic slovenliness, which, after all, is slovenly itself. The style might have done for the *London Mercury*; now it would suit only *Private Eye*: "The African drum-beat, out of the steaming jungle, is summoning mankind to blood-lust war, to nihilism, to destruction of all that has contributed over three millennia towards the structure of European civilisation." It is extraordinary that this kind of thing can still be published.

Bonamy Dobrée, I suppose, belongs to the same generation as Church; one is not surprised, though, that someone thought it worth collecting his miscellanous pieces of the last forty years in a volume[3] whose heterogeneous and ultimately undiscriminating nature is suggested by the title, *Milton to Ouida*. For these are graceful essays by a knowledgeable and enthusiastic academic, a skilful retailer of biographical anecdotes, and an amiably undemanding companion on literary rambles. To him, one suspects, there would be little force in the charge of indiscriminacy; he writes on the assumption of literacy, and he assumes, too, that judgment and engagement are private matters. He can make you feel that Surtees is worth another look, but not because he has much to say about Surtees; he recommends Crébillon, but has nothing to enforce the recommendation. Now that literacy can no longer be assumed, it is all so much water off a duck's back.

[2] *The Wonder of Words*. By RICHARD CHURCH. Hutchinson, 35s.

[3] *Milton to Ouida*. By BONAMY DOBRÉE. Frank Cass, 42s.

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There was a superior wisdom in Sir Herbert Read, an eye more attentive to the significant developments of our society. In the introduction to his 1938 *Collected Essays in Literary Criticism*, reprinted here in paperback[4] along with the studies on particular authors in that book, he observed the decline of the essay:

> If the essay is to disappear from our literary practice, a very definite instrument of culture will disappear with it... the amateur of letters, the man of cultured tastes, whose predominance gives a nation its degree of civilisation—this type will lose its sustenance and disappear.

He describes the sort of person he was, and the sort of person he wrote for. He is a useful measure of achievement for other writers in this form because he makes the minimum conditions for success in our time so apparent—his essays interest because he wants to use the study of literature as a commentary on the larger development of human consciousness. They are interesting, but rarely very satisfactory; a spirit of simplification is too much in evidence (and this is especially true of the few timid references to psychology).

Nevertheless, his amateurism is an attempt to use literacy in a way that justifies it—to understand through a reading of literature how we have got where we are.

Dr. Leavis, in his 1967 Clark Lectures[5] offers another and more convincing example of the same thing. Though we might expect him to disagree with almost every valuation that Miss Sontag offers, Dr. Leavis does at least see the same processes at work in the world:

> Mankind is certainly going to develop new kinds and modes of organization. Our business, our vital need, is to maintain the continuity of life and consciousness that a cultural tradition is, and not to lose anything essential from our heritage....

His book is about the need for an educated public to temper the greater idiocies (and the lesser) of a society consumed by its own technology: "its function would be to keep reforming political and administrative activity from blindness and indifference to any but short-term ends." This is a very different kind of enlightenment or "spirituality" from Miss Sontag's; indeed, for all their apparent narrowness of range, these lectures instructively complement *Styles of Radical Will* throughout. The appeal for the formation of such a public as Dr. Leavis has in mind is, of course, desperate, just as Miss Sontag's aesthetic and political radicalism (she makes it clear) is founded on despair at the state of America today. Yet the availability of a past that modernism denies does make it possible for Dr. Leavis to construct a bearable, if ideal, future, does give him a far more positive role to play in his society.

Many people will challenge his estimate of the current uses of literacy in our society. But a consideration of some recent books based largely on work published in such prominent places as the *New Statesmen* and the *New York Review of Books* does suggest that our present clerisy is unable to face up to the challenge of cultural change which is the concern of both Miss Sontag and Dr. Leavis.

What on earth prompted Stuart Hampshire, for example, to bring together his slender reviews in one volume?[6] What prompted literary editors to commission them? Perhaps it was their general unexceptionableness, the sentiments being harmless because bodiless. Auden

> expresses, both in verse and in prose, a restrained and careful confidence in literature, kept in its proper place, which is on the surface of things.

[4] *Essays in Literary Criticism: Particular Studies.* By Herbert Read. Faber, 16s.

[5] *English Literature in Our Time and the University.* By F. R. Leavis. Chatto & Windus, 30s.; paper, 15s.

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Mr. Hampshire would not, I think, endorse that notion of literature "kept in its proper place"; in his introduction he lays claim to a typically modern radicalism: "only categories and classifications that seem wilfully disruptive and unsettling will seem to open the way to authenticity." That repetition of *seem* suggests, though, the extent to which he distrusts his own radical gestures, a fairly broad hint to the reader as to the spirit in which they are to be taken. It is not, then, surprising, to find a pretty conventional set of disrupting moderns offered for our inspection: Sade, of course, Freud, Wittgenstein, Joyce, James, Proust, as well as the rather less radical Forster and Virginia Woolf; and though it would not be fair to suggest that Mr. Hampshire has nothing to say, it must be admitted that not much of what he does say is likely to stay with one. He has his moments of insight, as in asserting of Henry James, that "appetite and abundance was his principle, and not fineness and good taste," though this is exaggeration. But such insight is later cancelled out by unexamined concession to convention: "Cruel energy and civilised achievement are inseparable: ruthless egoism succeeds and time gives it the patina of responsibility and of culture. These are the world's values and James, like his narrator, did not dispute them." The essay here, drastically abbreviated, has become an exercise in confidence, an assurance that all can, in the end, be accommodated by the old idea of literacy, and that no radical rethinking is necessary.

MARY MCCARTHY'S MIND cuts all the sharper by contrast with Hampshire's. The essays in *The Writing on the Wall*[1] are really essays, of a satisfying length, witty, electric with energy. It is a pleasure to read. Like Susan Sontag, like Stuart Hampshire, Miss McCarthy's principle concern is modern literature, but she can also use the literature of the past. She opens with a brilliant account of *Macbeth*; there is a deeper engagement with the work of art itself here than anywhere in *Modern Writers*, and it involves seeing the intricate relations of present and past:

> What is modern and bourgeois in *Macbeth*'s character is his wholly *social* outlook. He has no feeling for others, and yet until the end he is a vicarious creature, existing in his own eyes through what others may say of him....

The prose crackles with the life of a mind thinking clearly and directly. Here, then, is a

[1] *The Writing on the Wall and Other Literary Essays*. By MARY MCCARTHY. Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 45s.

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writer whose vitality and intelligence can stand up to the undermining of traditional literacy?

No: not really. In the end, one is appalled that a mind of such quality works within such restricted terms as these. The insight into *Macbeth* isn't a starting-point for a consideration of the play's wider meaning: it is the terms to which the play is reduced. That essay is followed by the exposition of Nabokov's *Pale Fire*, first published five years ago in ENCOUNTER: a *tour de force*. Yet there is nothing to suggest that Nabokov isn't, after all, quite Shakespeare. In fact, the beautiful intellectual complication of *Pale Fire* might, for all Miss McCarthy has to say, be an aesthetic quality superior to anything *Macbeth* has to offer. It dawns on one that all literature is grist to the mill of her voracious mind, but that in the process of being milled it is reduced to a fine powder. *Madame Bovary* illustrates "the evil effects of reading." By the time Miss McCarthy is finished *Madame Bovary* is no longer a novel, only a set of movements demonstrating a thesis. The short-comings of Miss McCarthy's reductionist thinking are most evident in the vendetta she conducts with the middle classes, whom wittily but only half-truthfully she finds embodied in the ogre Macbeth. Hamlet's Uncle Claudius, it seems, is "another trepidant executive": the phrase condemns the phrase-maker as much as the character.

Her American verve is, though, something to be grateful for in the face of Richard Hoggart's decent platitudes.[8] One admires a man who starts off a book of essays with "Why I Value Literature," but one would admire more if one got more than conventional counters for thought. "Things can never be the same again after we have read—really read—a good book." The thought here doesn't rise much above the level of advertising copy—which is odd, because Professor Hoggart is very worried about advertising. He has a disturbing partiality for loaded words like "phoney," "egghead" and (with his own inverted commas) "'fashionable'", that suggests the advertiser's evasiveness. Even his insistence on the importance of "tone" in literature is devalued by his reluctance to discuss much else. As a social critic, he displays true British parochialism, his main concerns being British working-class culture, which he struggles unavailingly not to sentimentalise, and British mass-communications, primarily television, where concern for the medium helps him to avoid too much consideration of who controls it. At least, one reflects, the Americans exist, or can exist, in a world that is intellectually more open than this.

DR. LEAVIS' ARGUMENT was that the university, and especially its English department, might serve as "a centre of consciousness for the community"; Professor Hoggart exemplifies the need, but also, as an academic himself, the unlikeliness of its fulfilment. Fortunately, Marius Bewley's essays and reviews[9] show something of that proper use of literacy so badly needed. Not that he sets out to comment on the sort of material that is Miss Sontag's. His subject is the last two hundred years of American literature, and he does not rush to point a contemporary moral. But because he applies all his mind to what he is discussing, he serves as a model of what the contemporary situation requires. It is striking that the value of his reprinted reviews lies not only, as with the others, in the opportunity they give him to express what was already half-present in his mind, but also in their showing what it is to judge, that is, to ask what in any given case is required by the initial promises a writer or an artist makes. Since in addition he has a very good eye for a telling quotation, and pulls no punches, putting, for example, the 800-page definitive biography very firmly in its place, *Masks and Mirrors* is really a very good book indeed. If it belongs on a different shelf from Miss Sontag's, it should certainly go in the same bookcase, where its intelligence will stand as a useful antidote to the desperate articulacy of *Styles of Radical Will*.

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[8] *Speaking to Each Other: Vol. 1. About Society; Vol. 2. About Literature.* By RICHARD HOGGART. Chatto & Windus, 30s. and 35s.

[9] *Masks and Mirrors.* By MARIUS BEWLEY. Atheneum Publishers, $10, shortly to be published by Chatto & Windus, 36s.

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Letter from Tokyo

The Pulverisers

By Edward Seidensticker

AMONG THE MORE surprising things about the Japanese student revolt is that people, and particularly people in countries far away, should be so surprised at it. There has been a strong tendency, in observations upon the student revolt the world over, to treat it as something that was fairly inevitable in the West, but something which the hierarchical societies of the East would eschew. It seems to fill some people with horror to think that the wisdom of Confucius and the head of the Oriental family, to whom certain developments in Confucian thought gave a quasi-priestly status, are no longer enough to keep boys and girls in line.

The Japanese student revolt does have its peculiar aspects, and some of them are rather horrifying; but this is not the same as to say that it came upon us unexpectedly. When a country has upwards of a hundred million people and a third of them are concentrated in two *megalopole*; when large parts of the countryside, populated from time immemorial, are being depopulated; when numerous other facts about the population pattern, such as the preponderance of males in the *megalopole* and the preponderance of females in the countryside, attest to violent changes in the traditional pattern; when, in a word, millions of people, most of them young, are abandoning the snug solidarity of the village for the fragmentation and anonymity of the great city—it is a shade sentimental to ask that they behave as if they were still at the patriarch's knee. Perhaps differences between the rural society and the urban society are more profound than differences between the East and the West. Perhaps Japan at this point has more in common with the U.S.A. and Western Europe than with India or South-east Asia.

Students are not the only victims, if that is the proper word, of the change. They have more time and more capacity to brood over their grievances, however, than do young factory workers, and they might argue with much force, despite the fact that they belong to an élite, that their grievances are more considerable. The labour market is a seller's market. In travels through the countryside one is always coming upon recruiters for the big companies, desperate to seduce high-school boys and girls into their employ, and the factory worker is in a position, as he has probably never been before, to move on to better things. For the student, the gate seems to get narrower and narrower.

THERE ARE FAR MORE students and universities than there were before the war. The number of students, unhealthily concentrated in the *megalopole*, has grown some tenfold in the past thirty years (though, depending on definitions, the count can vary). In large measure the increase is to be accounted for by the American Occupation and its educational reforms. These did away with what seems to have been a most effective system of technical schools, conferring upon them the status of university; but the change did not have the egalitarian effect that was hoped for. The Occupation was powerless to undermine the prestige of the oldest public universities and a handful of fairly venerable private universities. Because students who under the old system would have opted for technical educations at an early age were diverted to the flood pouring in upon the universities, and because there are only a few universities the mention of which is a matter of pride at the wedding banquet, the struggle to get past the entrance examinations has only become more savage.

To this must be added the pressures of the "baby boom." The babies who were born after the Japanese armies came back from the war are now in their late teens and early twenties —the crest of the flood. It is not at all surprising that the university student, and particularly the student in the more highly esteemed public universities, should be a mass of raw nerves; that he should frequently end up by hating the institution he so struggled to get into; and that he should wish to destroy it. In so far as it concerns Tokyo University and Kyoto University, one can murmur assent as the students chant their favourite chant, "*Funsai, funsai* (Pulverise, pulverise)!" The abolition of those two haughty universities would do more for the serenity of the young than any other quick measure one can think of. They have eminent graduates who would agree. The novelist Yukio Mishima, who went to Tokyo University, has said in public that it has become a *saruyama*, a "monkey hill," and should be turned over to the Ueno Zoo, which is nearby and cramped for space. The Prime Minister, also a graduate of Tokyo University, is friendly towards the suggestion that it be

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closed to undergraduates and turned into a graduate and research centre.

Then there is the fact that the universities are woefully in need of reform. It is unfortunate that the more violent students are not interested in education reform—they are interested in destroying the "deceitful, contradictory monopolistic-capitalistic order" and joining hands with their brethren across the China Seas. If they were concerned with improvements one could with some enthusiasm be on their side. If they were demanding that the universities move into the 20th century, Japanese students would have far better grounds for their demands than American students do. Japanese universities are faction-ridden, exclusive, suspicious of outsiders, neurotically defensive of their own interests.[1]

Professors tend to be—not all are, of course, but they tend to be—distant, arrogant, and even despotic. Particularly in technical and medical colleges, students complain that their professors use them as "slave labour." It is a rare professor who teaches his allotted number of hours, and such teaching as does take place is, on the whole, mechanical and uninspired. As is their way with students, so is their way with what ought to be the property of the whole university: professors often treat it as if it belonged to them. (Back in my own student days in Tokyo I kept coming across titles of books that had been taken out by Professor *X* and Professor *Y* in 1948 and 1952, and no librarian could be persuaded to call them in. I have heard, and think it not at all unlikely, that such books are sometimes incorporated into the estates of deceased professors and lost forever, because of the awesome prestige of the professors and the reluctance of librarians to importune their widows.)

JAPANESE UNIVERSITIES, and especially public universities, are administrative monstrosities. That they should be jealous of their autonomy and exceedingly suspicious of any suggestion that the Ministry of Education is about to intervene in their affairs is no doubt admirable. It can be taken to show an awareness that a return to the authoritarian pre-war system is not an impossibility. Almost any action on the part of the Ministry brings what almost nothing else can bring, unanimity within the universities. The Government recently pushed through a law the most significant provisions of which, if enforced, could enhance the powers of university presidents at the expense of faculties; and university presidents are almost without exception opposed to it. In their view the one permissible act on the part of the Government is the contribution of funds.

The trouble is that the universities are not capable of ordering their own affairs. The reason is twofold: that the faculties do (again, especially in the public universities) have too much power, and that the principle of autonomy has been pushed to the point of lunacy. No change of policy and indeed no decisive action of any description is possible without the agreement of the faculty, because the faculty elects the president and controls the administration; and yet the faculties of the several colleges, and even individual professors, feel free to go their own way in defiance of the majority view, on the grounds, it would seem, that if absolute freedom from outside interference is proper for the university as a whole, it cannot reasonably be denied to lesser units as well. The result is that when action is called for endless palaver takes its place. Meanwhile, like foxes attacking a dinosaur, student activists are hard at work, putting to their own political uses what ought more properly to be numbered among their just grievances.

There is a more complicated reason for not being entirely surprised at the violence with which Japanese students are protesting. Much about their behaviour has a very familiar look. The thoughtful, disciplined Confucian order is but one face of the Japanese tradition. Turn it over and there is the other face: a continuing story of irrational violence, and its traditional justification is a certain primitive purity of heart, a quality that translates rather uncomfortably into English as "sincerity." When one sees painted upon the wall of a university building the motto ICHININ ISSATSU (*"each one of us will get one of them"*); when one hears their professors and elders defending and even praising student activists for their sincerity; when one observes the blind stubbornness with which some of them behave in prison, refusing for as long as six months even to reveal their names; when one observes, further, the sexual element in their irrationality and "sincerity," the eroticism that urges them on in their quest for punishment—on all these occasions one is reminded of the last time the youth of the land had a wild fling, the 1930s, the decade of the assassinations. "This country has never had any

[1] The inter-library loan scarcely exists, because any secret that can be kept from other universities is an asset; and even within universities compartmentalisation can be extraordinary. He who would borrow a book from another college in the same university must be prepared to appeal to the dean, and only if he happens to be a foreigner is there some chance that his appeal will be taken cognisance of.

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defences against sincerity," observed an old Japan hand one evening as we were watching a student riot on television.

STUDENT DEMONSTRATIONS, with their chanting and their zig-zagging, have an orgiastic quality about them that calls to mind nothing so much as a Shinto festival. The chants have been graced with an arty and exotic name, *Sprechchor,* and I would suspect, though I have never heard it, that they bear a certain resemblance to the *"Ho Ho Ho-chi-minh"* of European students; but they call to mind with far more insistence something primevally Japanese, the chanting to which the portable shrine makes its way through the paddies during the summer festival. Half the shrine-bearers keep time to a call of two or three syllables, and the other half answer with a matching call, and the effect is bacchanalian. So it is with the students. *"Ampo!"* chants one half, and *"Hantai!"* replies the other, and the process is repeated endlessly. "Down with the Security Treaty!" in this case. Or "Pulverise President Furuta!" or "Pulverise the *Enterprise!*" or whatever best suits the mood and occasion.

The Japanese Communist Party calls the more radical students Trotskyites, and the latter tend, though not with complete unanimity, to call themselves Marxists in the true line, as the Communist Party is not. Student publications are cluttered with rarified ideological pronouncements showing strongly élitist Leninist proclivities. Yet it is hard to believe that a common ideology is really what binds the members of a student faction together. For one thing, the factions, with such names as "League of Revolutionary Marxists" and "League of Socialist Students" and "Conference of Anti-Imperialist Students," are so numerous as to make it most unlikely that a student ponders all the ideologies before making his choice. The radical student movement parted company with the Communist Party even before the anti-American disturbances of 1960; and shortly afterwards it began itself to break up into separate factions. Today there must be close to a dozen radical student factions outside of the Communist Party, and the Party has its own student organisations as well. Some of the wildest and most uncontrollable of student activists proclaim that they belong to no faction at all—they are (in semi-English as it happens) "non-sectarian." Recently there has come into prominence a student organisation which calls itself "the Red Army," and which goes in for military training off in the mountains or on some occupied university campus, and for throwing Molotov cocktails into police boxes.

For another thing: whatever student publications may say and whatever ideological leaders may think, the rank-and-file is oriented almost exclusively towards action. Probably the most common word in their eccentric vocabulary is *funsai*—"pulverise." Going through a university building that has been occupied by students and presently liberated by the police, one is struck by the essential mindlessness of the slogans scribbled on the walls: "PULVERISE," and very little of anything else. (The humourlessness and the salaciousness are also very striking, and, alas, rather firmly in the Japanese tradition.)

And for yet another thing: student thought, when elucidation is requested by editors and journalists, tends to show an eclecticism that really cancels it out as thought. One such enquirer asked a selected group of students what ideologies they thought themselves under the influence of. She offered this choice: "Marxism . . . non-Marxist Socialism . . . liberalism . . . humanism . . . pragmatism . . . anarchism . . . nihilism . . . Existentialism . . . nationalism . . . idealism . . . hedonism . . . ideology-free . . . others." About half of the 47 students who described themselves as activists were content with Marxism alone. Three opted for liberalism and one for humanism, and all the rest professed adherence to multiple and frequently conflicting ideologies. Two of the subjects checked ten different items, and one checked every item on the list except "others." Perhaps in other political cultures this would have an element of humour about it, but not in Japan. Nowhere do disparate ideologies rest more comfortably side by side than in the head of a Japanese, and the total effect, of course, is of a raging anti-intellectualism.

THE IMPRESSION OF anti-intellectualism is strengthened by a perusal of the writings student radicals read in large numbers. Their most conspicuous guru, perhaps the nearest Japanese equivalent to Herbert Marcuse, is an elderly person of strong Marxist inclinations named Hani Gorō. His most ambitious recent work, *The Logic of Cities*, has sold several hundred thousand copies, "largely to students," as I have been told by the distributors. If the Japanese were a people with a well-developed sense of paradox, fine irony might be read into that title, for seldom has a book been more wanting in logic. *The Logic of Cities* is one enormous harangue, upwards of 600 closely printed pages, blaming all the unpleasantness in our lives, from traffic accidents to wars, on a satanic entente between Bureaucracy and Monopoly Capital. If the students have trouble

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telling what is to come in the aftermath of pulverisation, Mr. Hani's vision of what is to come after the dissolution of the entente is quixotic: a return to some kind of Hanseatic League.

There are numbers of lesser gurus. Perhaps the most successful of them, as measured by the pages of manuscript he is able to sell to magazines each month, is Oda Makoto, a man in his thirties who spent a good portion of his youth wandering around the United States and came into prominence on his return with a muckraking book. And then there are the front-line gurus, so to speak, the student leaders themselves, urging their followers on to an ecstasy of motto-calling and stave-flailing. Amusing parodies have been written of their forensic style. Add an element from Column 1, consisting of certain variations upon the pronoun "we" (the insistent presence of which is in itself an abnormality, since desiderative statements in Japanese can usually get by with no subject at all), to an element in Column 2, which consists of variations upon the pulverisation theme, to an element in Column 3, which includes "national authority" and "the board of regents" and "the American imperialists" and a multitude of other possibilities, and repeat the process for as long as it takes a person to go hoarse, and you have a fair copy of student oration.

No, it is hard to believe that ideology provides the nexus. One senses something far more akin to the ties that have bound gangs of bully-boys and molls together through a great deal of Japanese history. Boys and girls in from the country, lonely in the great city, essentially part of its vagrant class, with too much time, prosperity and perhaps peace on their hands, join this or that faction less from intellectual persuasion than from boredom and self-pity and a longing for company. Once in, they submit absolutely to the dictates of their leaders, fighting as noisily against other factions as against the police. Partly, no doubt, it is a matter of affection for those leaders and a wish to return to childhood; but partly, too, it is a matter of fear. The consequences of defection can be very painful. The English word *"lynch"* occupies a prominent place in student jargon, and its principal reference is to the pulverisation of an erstwhile comrade convicted of disloyalty. One is reminded less of Students for a Democratic Society than of the bands of gamblers and masterless *samurai* who made life exciting in Tokugawa Japan.

The anti-intellectualism is itself very Japanese. When the Japanese seek to establish what it is that makes them themselves, different in centuries past from the Chinese and now from the West, they generally come up with some variant upon the concept of "sincerity," which means a glorification of action after the dictates of one's heart, and a contempt for cogitation. Precisely such an emphasis is basic to the thought of Kobayashi Hideo, the most eminent of modern Japanese critics, and indeed to that of Mishima, best of the younger novelists.

HAVING SAID THIS MUCH, one is in danger of being misunderstood—have we seen it all before, and has nothing changed? Yet it should already be apparent that the Japanese student revolt is rather different from what we are familiar with in the West; and some of the points of difference also mark departures from the Japanese tradition.

Thus there are the extent, the intensity, and the durability of the revolt. Lawlessness in Tokugawa Japan did not really amount to revolt at all, and, violent and replete with political significance though it was, the unpleasantness of the 1930s was on a much smaller scale and had as its announced object not "revolution" but "restoration." Nor has there been anything as extensive and durable in the West. The beginnings of the revolt might be traced back to the late 1950s, the time of the national trauma of trying to define relations with the United States. In terms of continuous disorder it began in the mid-60s. The universities first affected were faced with demands having to do with real intramural problems; but as the violence spread the demands grew. Today only dissolution of the universities as a step towards dissolution of our whole evil social order can satisfy the radical students.

WHEN THE GOVERNMENT introduced its university bill in the spring of 1969, 46 universities throughout the country were paralysed by student disorders. A hundred thousand students were being kept from classes, and 22 thousand new university students had yet to attend their first class. By the time summer vacation began matters were even worse. A survey by the Ministry of Education revealed that 71 universities were in the grip of student disorders, and 53 were completely or partly closed by strikes and barricades. Two important universities, Tokyo University and Tokyo University of Education, were unable to conduct entrance examinations last year, and so do not even have freshman classes to keep waiting. The latter university will soon have been rendered ineffective for a full two years. The Tokyo University strike began in January 1968, reached a climax of sorts a year later when the police liberated the administration building after a two-day

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siege, and as I write it is still not over.[2] Even girls' schools have been affected, and even high schools. Forty-eight high-school students were among those arrested during violent demonstrations on "Okinawa Day," 28 April of last year. Among observers of this tumultuous scene are those who believe that the very extent of the revolt will be its undoing. The clamorous presence of girls and children will, they say, be such an affront to the masculine dignity of the leaders that the movement will be brought down by a very Japanese method, ridicule; but they appear to be optimists.

THE STANDARD STUDENT WEAPONS are the stave and the rock, but more lethal weapons have been found in their possession and indeed have been made use of; student leaders have announced proudly to newspaper reporters that the day of the bazooka and the machine-gun is at hand. Even stones can be lethal enough. Two policemen have already been killed, in both cases by rocks dropped from considerable heights. I have heard academics say that a few professors will have to die before the universities pull themselves together for decisive action. The uprising has already produced campus suicides and heart attacks. There have been student deaths, but only at the hands of other students in confrontations between rival factions.

The favourite device other than pommelling and stone-throwing is the People's Court. Professors and administrators are held captive by students; sleepless, tormented for hours and days upon end, sometimes with the help of loud-speakers and a few kicks and punches. In the end they usually confess their sins against the youth of the land. It is not uncommon that somewhere along the way, in the true style of the Red Guards, the culprit is exhibited in the streets as a dunce. When the Dean of the economics faculty at Tokyo had his turn at the ordeal, his own daughter was among his persecutors.

WHAT IS MOST disturbing is not the violence itself, which has very venerable Japanese forbears, but the manner, the style. It represents a radical departure from Japanese norms. Though the young army officers of the 1930s did not falter at the thought of murdering their superiors, the act constituted not a denial but an assertion of filial piety, and their scrupulous adherence to ceremony was striking. Japan's new young rebels make ostentatious rejection of filial piety and ceremony the very symbol of their movement. When one sees them at a People's Trial, sprawled all over the desk of the professor who is on trial, leering arrogantly down at him, planting muddied shoes on their own desks, one is being witness to a sight that is very new and, to an older generation, very shocking.

The Japanese language is peculiarly well suited to expressing the kind of insubordination these young people are so intent upon practising. The deliberate choice of rude verbal and pronominal forms can indicate contempt far more cuttingly than any amount of vulgarity and profanity in a European language. Perhaps it is all of no more importance than an infantile tantrum, and yet one is disturbed. In a country in which a concern for ceremony and form and one's place in the hierarchy has to a very great extent done the work that transcendental sanctions have done in most other countries, a complete abandonment of that concern may leave a person defenceless against the cruellest and most debasing treatment.

Like the European student movement, the radical Japanese student movement is in a way cosmopolitan; but the way is different. There is an element of racism that calls to mind Black Pantherism in the United States. Since the Soviet invasion of Hungary in 1956 was one of the initial causes of the split between the "Trotskyites" and the Japanese Communist Party, one would not wish to deny that student hostility towards the Soviet Union is in part moral and intellectual; but the causes of their partiality towards Mao's China lies deeper.[3] They are at one with their Occidental colleagues in rebelling against "the computer society," but the rebellion is for them also against the West. When, gingerly, they touch upon the question of what is the purpose and what is to be the result of all the pulverisation, the answer generally shows primitive pan-Asian tendencies: "We will stop worrying about the gross national

[2] Recent estimates are that it will take a quarter of a million dollars to put the building back into some sort of shape, and that the work will not be over until the spring of 1971. There is some evidence that the new university law, having given rise to a feeling on the part of university presidents that *something* has to be done before the Government decides to step in, has already led to a certain decrease in violence. But meanwhile student violence off the campus rises, and shows a strong disposition to experiment with guerrilla tactics. On last October 21, a day annually set aside for pacifist observances, there were hit-and-run attacks at points widely scattered across Tokyo, on police boxes and stations and also on transportation and communication centres at approximately half-hour intervals all through the afternoon and evening.

[3] Japanese students are blessed with a way of showing their devotion to Chairman Mao which is denied to students in the West: they can make use of his precise language.

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product... we will dismantle this monstrous industrial planet... we will go back to the better part of a century, to a point at which we can close ranks with our fellow Orientals..."

A Japanese fondness for China is no more reprehensible than, and indeed is somewhat akin to, an American or English and even German fondness for Greece or for Italy. But its correlative hostility towards the West can be unsettling and ugly, calling to mind the extremes to which Japanese xenophobia has gone in the course of this last century. When the administration building of Sophia, the Jesuit university in Tokyo, was freed by the police from occupying students, among the more distressing sights adorning the walls were nasty caricatures of the European and American fathers themselves. Reminiscent of Chinese and Russian versions of Uncle Sam, they were testimony to the fact that a visceral rejection of the foreign faculty had been among the causes of the rising. To those old enough to remember the '30s, it was like having the same nightmare twice.

JAPANESE STUDENT JARGON is a fascinating subject that would be worth an article of its own. Hostility towards the West has not kept the students from lacing their speech with Western words, just as a similar hostility has not kept the Chinese from making a bearded German their patron saint. *"Nonsense"* is among the favoured words, and it is the proper answer to anything a professor says at a People's Trial, short of confessing his sins. It is a harsh, strident word, quite devoid of the geniality with which Edward Lear could bestow it upon his own writings or an Evelyn Waugh character can say, "Oh, nonsense, Ambrose...." Another favourite word is *Gewalt*, pronounced *gebaruto*. It has reference, of course, to the use of force, and, in combination with Japanese elements, has been incorporated into a number of grotesque hybrids. These *gebabō*, the first two syllables of *gebaruto* plus a Japanese word for "stick," designates the staves with which they flail at the police and rival factions. *Uchigeba*, a Japanese word for "interior" or "internal" plus the same two syllables, has reference to violent quarrels among rival student factions.

Tolerance of foreign loan words and near-instantaneous digesting of them go very far back in the Japanese tradition; and so does something that makes student jargon at the same time fascinating and puzzling, a fondness for abbreviation. The *Enterprise*, the hated American atomic aircraft carrier, quickly became the *Empura*. *Empura* initially sounds as if it might be *Emperor*, coming from a somewhat thickened tongue; but it is actually a selection of syllables from *Entaapuraizu*, as *Enterprise* demands when rendered into the Japanese syllabary. A recent student song rises to its highest lyrical moment when it tells us that "our *herume* will scatter the rays of the evening sun." *Herume* is an abbreviation of the Japanese pronunciation of *helmets*. It is a fairly safe rule (or at least a rule which it is wise to seek to apply at the outset) that some completely incomprehensible term will prove to be made-over English, and sometimes (though less frequently) German or French.

The most interesting expression of all is pure Mao. The four Chinese characters which go to make up the Maoist slogan "IT IS PROPER TO CREATE DISORDER" have been taken over bodily from the Chinese and given a Sino-Japanese pronunciation: *Tsao-fan yu-li* on the far side of the China Seas, *Zōhan yūri* on the near. Two or three years ago almost no Japanese would have known what it meant. Now it is so familiar that it too has been incorporated into a number of hybrids, such as *zōhan-zoku*, which has collective reference to advocates of pulverisation, be they students or labourers or office workers or professors.

MOST OF WHAT HAS BEEN SAID has had to do with the "Trotskyites," who hate and are hated by the Japanese Communist Party. Perhaps even more alarming, because of the way in which it has been quietly strengthening its organisation, all the while posing as defender of law and order and academic freedom, is the League of Democratic Youth, the student wing of the party itself. The Socialist Party, a hesitant and ideologically confused institution, has suffered politically because it has seemed to be backing an organisation, the Anti-war Youth Committee, which it is incapable of controlling. A badly articulated liaison centre for extreme youth groups, the Committee has ceased to function on the national level because of an increasing fondness for violence and a disagreement between labour leaders and the Socialist Party as to how this should be handled. On the local level it is beyond the control of either, and the penchant for violence has not slackened in the least. A refusal to disown it has been widely held responsible, at least in part, for the miserable Socialist showing in general elections last year, and the rather strong Communist showing.

The Communist Party, its own youth organisation under tight control, sits back and waits, and indulges in *uchigeba* with the "Trotskyites," the principal and in many cases the only effective ally the university presidents and administrators have in their faltering efforts to

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restore order. It can bring together more students at any one spot than its fragmented adversaries can, and there are those who say that it is capable of mounting a more formidable force than the police themselves. When, early in 1969, the acting president of Tokyo University concluded with his students what is derisively called "the Rugby Grounds Charter" (it was concluded not at the University but on the Prince Chichibu Rugby Grounds, so that the presence of the police could be counted upon without the embarrassment of having to summon them), the only significant student faction concerned was the League of Democratic Youth.

The Communist Party seems convinced that the Trotskyites have gone too far. When they have had their day, and when one result of that day has been the acceptance by the universities of student participation in their most intimate affairs, then the Communists will be the one effective force left to participate. Such at least would seem to be the master plan, and the Rugby Grounds Charter gives no reason for reconsidering it. If the pact is followed through—if the students with whom it was signed do become an effective force in governing the university and if the principle of university autonomy is pushed to the extreme it calls for—then the "age of the bazooka and the machine-gun" seems at least as likely to be ushered in by the Communist Party as by the enemies of the party who are today so much more obstreperous.

There are yet other student groups, generally characterised by the Japanese press as "Rightist." Though some of them do unquestionably smack of too assertive a nationalism and xenophobia, they are of such a diversity that the expression "Rightist" comes to seem like no more than a double negative—*i.e.*, not espousing Marxism and not belonging to the Communist Party. They do not seem formidable or prominent at the moment. Japan is not an easy country in which to move against the current, and they are moving against the conformist tide of their peers.

HOW MUCH, THEN, is comfortingly traditional and how much is new and dangerous? Is it, after all, really so very alarming? The next year or so will probably tell. This June, when it becomes possible for either side to abrogate the Japanese-American Security Treaty, offers the big moment the activities of the Left, new and old, are building up to. For all the noise and the heat, they have in the meantime an element of play-acting about them. The most dramatic incident that has occurred thus far in the war over the universities was the siege and fall (in January 1969) of what the papers called "Yasuda Castle," the main administration building of Tokyo University, which was occupied by student extremists for half a year. Very dramatic it was, but in a stagey sort of way. From the ramparts of the castle, students in masks and helmets made use of medieval catapults and brandished staves and banners. From the gates the police advanced in solemn line, their shields raised high, their heaumes and gauntlets in order. And between the two was ranged the television equipment, for all the world like Eisenstein's cameras trained on the Teutonic Knights. It was a good show but a quaintly pre-modern one, and not, in some of its aspects, too far removed from the comic.

THE STUDENTS have managed to do what they have done less because they represent an inexorable historic force than because no one, save other students on occasion, has done very much about them. The universities, with a very few exceptions, have been powerless; the police have been so reticent as to approach the negligent, refusing to act when it has not been likely that action would improve their image; and the Government seems to be of the view that something nearer a complete anti-student consensus must precede really firm anti-student measures. Japan is a land of palaver, and this particular palaver has not yet gone on long enough. A few universities may be destroyed and a few professors and a few more policemen killed; but Japanese politics are so ordered that the Government cannot cut the palaver short without risking its own life.

What will ensue when, as must one day happen, firm measures are taken? "Guerrilla warfare," say the wilder student leaders. They may just possibly be right, though it cannot be said that a single one of them has thus far put himself in great danger, and none of them, therefore, is in a position to give complete assurance that he will. One can imagine other far different outcomes, some of a distinctly ironical nature. It is not at all impossible that these primitivist enemies of the technological society will succeed in advancing the technocratisation of Japanese higher education. A nation whose only real aims are economic and whose only real source of pride is in creeping ever higher on the list of nations with the largest national product: such a nation may allow its colleges of liberal arts to be pulverised, but if the technical faculties of the universities cannot withstand pulverisation, there will be earnest efforts to find substitutes that can. Like unwisely used antibiotics, the pulverisers may but be strengthening the powers of their adversaries to resist.

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POINTS OF THE COMPASS

Letter from Jerusalem

Is El-Aqsa Burning?

The Rohan Trial

By SHLOMO SHOHAM

EARLY MORNING, on Thursday, 21 August, the *minbar* or pulpit of the El-Aqsa Mosque, third in line of holiness after Mecca and Medina, was set ablaze. The *minbar,* as well as a good part of the Mosque itself, was reduced to ashes. The ancient *minbar* had been installed by Salah-Ad-din after the liberation of Jerusalem from Christian rule, and the Quadi of Aleppo, in the presence of the Sultan, had inaugurated the pulpit with the following sermon:

> O men, rejoice at good tidings! God is well pleased with what ye have done, and this is the summit of men's desire; he hath holpen you to bring back the strayed camel from misguided hands and to restore it to the fold of Islam, after the infidels had mishandled it for nearly a hundred years.

The El-Aqsa and the Dome of the Rock are built on the Temple Mount, the site of the second temple. Up to the East, on the Mount of Olives, the spire of Tur-Malka pierces the sky. The cleavage between Mount Scopus and the Mount of Olives reveals the hills of sulphur which lead to the Dead Sea. Down in the valley, south of the Temple Mount (in Gai-Ben-Hinom), the ancient Cana'anites worshipped the god Moloch, and there they heated the cast-iron monster to a glowing red and hurled the shrieking babies into its gaping, fuming mouth. (*Gai-Hinom*, in both Arabic and Hebrew, is synonymous with hell.) Inside the walls on the Temple Mount all hell indeed broke loose that August day. An agitated mob gathered in demonstration against "the burning of the Mosque by the Jews" and attacked the firemen (including both Jews and Arabs) who arrived from six cities to fight the fire. They accused the firemen of pumping gasoline into the hoses instead of water. One fireman performed a daring feat in order to save the wooden frame of the dome of the Mosque. He climbed a hydraulic ladder and reached a ledge 40-cm. wide from which he could spray the dome. One of the crowd climbed after him, snatched the nozzle out of his hands and turned the jet of water at the fireman to wash him down into the abyss. The struggle which ensued had all the ingredients of unbelievable melodrama. After the fire was finally extinguished, one could see that the wooden ceiling above the pulpit, as well as the eastern side of the ceiling and a good part of the dome itself had been destroyed.

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FOR ISRAEL the timing of the El-Aqsa arson could not have been worse. The Soviet Bloc, openly identifying with the Arabs, was on the diplomatic offensive against Israel, whose stigma in the East was now worse even than that of South Africa, Rhodesia, and Greece. France switched over from Israel to the Arabs with the gallic aplomb of a Frenchman changing mistresses. Britain's B.B.C. continued to slight information from the Israeli press sources and broadcast rather the versions from Cairo Radio and the "Voice of the Arabs," and the U.S. had already started its shift towards a new "even-handedness" in its Middle Eastern policy. For Arabs and Moslems the world over, the El-Aqsa fire raised a unified roar for a Jihad—a holy war to liberate Palestine from the Jews. President Nasser declared in Cairo that "Our army will return to Al-Aqsa. We shall return to Jerusalem and Jerusalem will return to us. We shall fight and not lay down our arms until God grants us victory...." King Hussein of Jordan pledged to an excited crowd of 15,000 demonstrators in Amman to destroy Israel. Yasser Arafat gathered his guerrilla command to plan revenge. Ahmad Moustafa, the Imam of the Moscow Mosque, condemned

> the atrocious crime committed by the Israeli invaders in the Holy Places.... The deliberate burning of the mosque is a clear manifestation of chauvinist policy.... The Israelis deliberately refrained from putting out the fire and when the Arab inhabitants tried to put out the flames, they were shot at by the Israeli aggressors.

Crowds in Morocco, Tunisia, Algeria, Turkey, Indonesia and Pakistan clamoured for the destruction of Israel. Twenty-four Moslem nations asked for an urgent Security Council meeting to condemn Israel for burning down the Mosque.

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The first Israeli reactions to the fire were a mélange of apologetic dismay and rage against the exploitation of the disaster by the Arabs. It served so admirably the Arab cause that the possibility of its being a deliberate attempt by the Arabs at provocation, even seemed plausible. Some investigators raised the hypothesis of a short circuit, and the government hurriedly appointed an inquiry committee headed by a Supreme Court judge. An aura of disbelief, a hazy *fatamorgana* soon descended on the whole case with the arrest, just 24 hours later, of a strange Australian tourist who freely confessed to having set fire to the Mosque. Denis Michael Rohan had stood there, like a poor man's Nero, photographing the Mosque as it burned.

ROHAN WAS BORN on the first of July (the seventh month, a fact which would be of great significance later) 1942. His father recalled that he was "quite difficult" from the beginning. He would get into all kinds of childish trouble. Once he was hit on the head with a swing, then he burned his feet rather severely. Denis himself remembered his first year at school when the teacher told him "to get into a waste basket." From then on his classmates mocked, jeered and pestered him for being "trash." He was often truant from school till finally his father brought him before a juvenile court as being uncontrollable. At the age of 16, Denis left home and drifted from one job to another—until he met Gloria. To Denis, Gloria looked like the "ideal mother" (as a matter of fact, she had already given birth to an illegitimate child). At the age of 21 Denis married Gloria, but she left him after one year of marriage during most of which she was pregnant with another child. Shortly afterwards, Denis had his first mental breakdown and was hospitalised. When he was discharged he started to hear "the voice of God" and felt acutely responsible for the world's miseries. Seeing the light, Denis joined the so-called "Radio Church of God." His decision to come to Israel was motivated by his desire to hear better the transmissions of the Radio Church of God broadcast from Amman, Jordan. Denis enrolled in a *kibbutz* to study Hebrew and apparently felt very comfortable there. "Never before" in his life had he felt so welcome and accepted. One night, when all the students at the *ulpan* were sitting around the fire singing Hebrew songs and sipping cardamon-scented Turkish coffee, God revealed to Denis the presence of a bride for him. She was Zippora Danino, a Hebrew teacher at the *ulpan*, a 23-year-old tall and striking brunette. From then on he spent most of his time in bed reading the Bible, daydreaming about Zippora and waiting for more messages from God. When the director of the *ulpan* told him that he had to leave the *kibbutz* because he did not study, or work or fulfil his other duties, Denis interpreted it as a sign from God that he should leave for Jerusalem.

ROHAN wandered around in the City of God drunk with biblical texts and their heavenly revelations. The words of the scriptures pointed directly towards him. He "measured" Jerusalem as written in *Zechariah* "to see what is the breath thereof, and what is the length thereof. . . ." Moreover, when he read in *Zechariah* "Behold the man whose name is the Branch; and he shall grow up out of place, and he shall build the Temple of the Lord" the truth struck him like lightning—he was the Branch, and his calling was to re-build the Temple. Everything suddenly seemed to fall into shape then. No more ambiguities, no uncertainties, he was a man of destiny. Zippora was the wife of Moses, and Zippora (Danino) was to be his wife. He had only to be worthy of her, and to fulfil his divine mission.

Denis Rohan returned to the *kibbutz* just for a short while in order to draw some money from the bank. On the way he read *Isaiah* and his eyes fell on a passage saying: "I will clothe him with your robe and will bind your girdle on him and commit his authority. And I will fasten him like a peg in a sure place. . . ." Whereupon he hurried to his friends at the *kibbutz* and announced with glee that he had now been granted permanent residence in Israel. He now returned to Jerusalem to fulfil his destiny. He wanted to register at the King David Hotel, surely worthy of the Branch who would rebuild the Temple. There was no vacancy at the King David, so he took a room at the less luxurious Kings Hotel. It suited his purpose so long as ancient royalty was involved. He then carried on the "measurement of Jerusalem" with the out-sized hotel key dangling from his hand. This key, which had a Star of David on it, became the symbol of destiny as written in *Isaiah*: ". . . and I will place on his shoulders the key of the House of David."

How would he carry out his mission? The main problem was that in order to rebuild the Temple, he would have to decide what to do with the Dome of the Rock and the El-Aqsa Mosque which now stand on the Temple Mount. The answer came to him one day as he was window-shopping at a religious book-

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shop. One of the books had the El-Aqsa on its cover cushioned by a bed of flames. Rohan had his answer from God through a holy book-shop: El-Aqsa must be destroyed by fire. However, he needed to be certain; he awaited a final sign from God. Rohan went to see a young tourist guide whose simulated friendship was oiled by the Australian's generous hand-outs. He gave the guide some passages from the Bible and asked him to interpret them in writing for which he would receive 1,500 Israeli pounds (the remainder of Rohan's savings). The rather expensive commentary prepared by the guide for Rohan concluded as follows:

> And someday in the near future the world will be destroyed and Jesus will come back to Jerusalem to save the people there. And you are waiting for something which is important to me and to everyone. Be God and God Bless you. Your Brother.

How shall we ever know whether *"Be God"* was written instead of "Be good" through a typing error or through the sly empathy of the guide who suspected the messianic tendencies of his victim? For Rohan this letter was more than worth all his savings. He had his final sign. The Lord had delegated to him divine power.

All he still needed to know was *when* to set fire to the Mosque. There God's number seven made the decision for him. Rohan had been born in the seventh month (July). He was 28 which is four times seven. (Prince Charles, the Prince of Wales and his colleague in royalty, was 21, or three times seven.) The date of the destruction of El-Aqsa must be, therefore, the 21st of August, three times seven, which by divine coincidence was also the seventh day of the Jewish month. Rohan sent a letter to Zippora, his Queen, that "I have burned all the bridges, and I simply had to fulfil my destiny." At seven o'clock in the morning on the "three times seven" of August, Rohan entered the Mosque after having bribed the guard. He stuffed the *Minbar* of Salah-Ed-din with gasoline-soaked rags, and set them afire.

TO SAY THAT Rohan did what he did because he was "insane," is too simple and facile. Of course he was mad, but how much does the label psychotic really explain? One may build a complicated model with all the grim factors in Rohan's life as raw material: his cruel disciplinarian father, his cold and mentally deranged mother, his retarded sister and truant brother, the curious pedagogue who ordered the five-year-old Denis to climb into the waste basket while his classmates watched and jeered. Rohan would have had to be utterly maladjusted to his environment to grow up to be—a successful businessman or a university lecturer. Evidently this profile predisposed him to his subsequent morbid and deviant career. However, a vital link is still missing. The *causa causans* that triggered Rohan's behaviour remains to be elucidated. Ego-centric faith in the Bible and Gospel as preached by the "Radio Church of God" stand forth in answer to our question. The processes through which he had audial hallucinations, finally believing himself to be the Branch spoken of in *Zechariah*, are, no doubt, crucial and wholly in the realm of psychopathology. Of no less importance, however, for explanation of the content of his deviant behaviour was his fundamentalist adoption of the Biblical prophecies and his equating of the Resurrection of the Temple with ultimate salvation. Rohan visited the Temple Mount and found El-Aqsa there. How can the Temple conceivably be rebuilt if the Mosque looms in its place? So, first of all, the Mosque has to be destroyed to make way for salvation. These are solid Aristotelian inferences based on the Bible as literal truth. The current conception of psychosis—not as a disease, but as a flaw in the patient's interaction with his fellow-men—blurs the boundaries between the mad and the fanatic-eccentric. Rohan's case with all its bizarre improbabilities may support the contention that any model of deviance which excludes faith and other transcendental factors, is bound to be incomplete. Deviance motivated by religion is not confined to a Rohan, or a Charles Manson mesmerising his California hippie initiates into a murderous trance, or even a Jean Genet performing a black-mass in a desecrated cathedral. The deviant avenues to salvation would appear to be just one logical step further from conventional mysticism if purity and holiness were scattered by the "breaking of vessels," the Fall from Grace, and other primeval catastrophies. If some of these fragments of sacred goodness have been stranded in dirt, impurities and squalor, one must indeed descend into the mud to gather up these gems. One has to wallow in profanity and sin in order to retrieve the holy particles which have been lost therein. This is the Gnostic (and the heretic Judaic) doctrine of salvation through the gutters of the world.

OF MORE DIRECT RELEVANCE to the present case is the ontological assertion and the fusion of self with some transcendental ultimates experienced by deviants while performing an irreversible act. The point-of-no-return of murder and the finality of arson are just such instances. Genet beatifies the act of murder by a trinity of moral vigour, freedom, and fulfilment. The

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murderer displays moral vigour by accepting his destiny. "Greeneyes," one of Genet's heroes, feels relaxed and calm after the murder that would lead him eventually to the guillotine, because the confusion about his identity has finally been clarified: he is a murderer. The liberating sense of freedom is incidental to the dispersion of the ambiguity enshrouding one's self-image. By taking a life, a person delineates his social contours and puts himself in touch with eternity. Genet preached that the ritual of murder should have the solemnity of a black-mass. Manson, to judge by the Tate murder in Hollywood, also felt that the proper ceremony of murder is through a rite of hatred.

Transcendental and ontological anchors are gained through the finality of murder or the magnanimity of fire. Genet, bastard and foundling, finds ultimate meaning through his criminal Kirie and his triad of theft, homosexuality, and betrayal. Manson, the illegitimate child, life-long truant and unsuccessful song writer finds new identity in preaching the gospel of murder to his harem. Rohan was uplifted from the ignominious depth of the waste basket to fulfil his destiny as the Branch by burning El-Aqsa.

WHEN THE Commission for Inquiry into the fire was set up by the Israeli Government, Rohan had not yet been apprehended. When the Attorney-General notified the Commission that the police had arrested a suspect, the Commission decided to proceed with its inquiry ignoring matters relating to the possible arsonist, as this would have to be decided by the trial judges. The Commission's primary finding was that the Moslem Religious Trust in charge of guarding and administering the Temple Mount had been negligent. The guards of El-Aqsa had not fulfilled their duties as the arson suspect had entered the mosque before its opening to the public at seven o'clock in the morning. Moreover, he entered with a camera and a rucksack in violation of the rules. There was no guard at that hour either at the gate or within the mosque. An employee of the Religious Trust saw Rohan enter, but did not prevent him from doing so. The Commission also found that the Trust had failed to instruct any of its employees in the use of fire equipment.

The trial took place in a public hall in Jerusalem which was temporarily converted into a district court. Rohan sat within a bullet-proof glass cage previously used in the Eichmann trial, and he looked relaxed and frequently smiled. He seemed to be thoroughly enjoying the proceedings, not unlike Camus' Meursault who enjoyed his own trial for murder because it was his first time at a criminal proceeding.

It was obvious from the outset that the defence would be based on a plea of insanity. The defence counsel denied, therefore, both the charges and the facts as stated by the Attorney-General forcing the prosecution to submit to the court Rohan's statements to the police which would support, presumably, the defence contention that Rohan "suffered from delusions induced by religious frenzy."

The key witness for the prosecution was Arthur Jones, another student at the *kibbutz*, to whom Rohan confessed setting fire to the Mosque. Jones, a devout member of the First Baptist Church in his hometown in California, spent many hours discussing religion with Rohan. Jones told the court that on the night of 21 August he was walking from the dining hall of the *kibbutz* to his room when he heard footsteps behind him.

> I saw Rohan coming out of the darkness. *"Erev-Tov"* (good evening in Hebrew), I said. "Did you hear that the Mosque burned down." Rohan very much lit up and said, "I did it." "Did what?" I asked. "I did it," he said, "I burned the Mosque."

Jones said that Rohan was eager for all the world to know that he was the one who set the Mosque on fire and took pictures to prove it. He intended turning himself in to the police, "just walking into the police station in Jerusalem and saying something like '*Boker-Tov boys*' (good morning)."

Jones testified that he and Rohan were far apart in their religious views. He himself was non-denominational and in fraternity with

> all who are sincerely seeking a true walk with Jesus Christ. I was feeling free, the love of God and under Grace, but Denis was speaking to me of things which bind a man, such as laws, keeping commandments, the Sabbath day, observations of the new moon, and the condemnation of Judgment day. Rohan was speaking of the Beast standing in the Temple of God and saying he is God. The Beast being the man of sin, the man to whom Satan will give his power and rule the world system.

Rohan said that to annihilate the Beast it was necessary to rebuild the Third Temple in Jerusalem. When Jones asked how the Temple could be rebuilt while the Dome-of-the-Rock and El-Aqsa stand on the temple-site, Rohan answered, "Who knows? Anything can happen. . . ."

Rohan's "Queen," Zippora Danino, the young *ulpan* Hebrew teacher, mounted the witness-stand. Rohan blushed and lowered his eyes. She said that she did not suspect his love for her until the day he waited for all the stu-

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dents to leave the classroom, and placed a paper full of love passages from the Bible in his neat Hebrew handwriting on her desk. When she called his name and asked him to stay, he blushed and fled through the classroom door.

Munir, the teen-age *Muezzin*'s son, who had a wild windfall (I£1500) for interpreting to Rohan his "true" mission in Jerusalem, told the court that he had merely copied his "opinion" from old books and letters. The value of these for Rohan stemmed from the fact that a divine message, delivered through a Moslem, to destroy the Mosque and rebuild the Temple would have special significance. One of the passages in Munir's written "message" to Rohan stated that "the knowledge that you have of the Temple site should make you a candidate to be protected by the true God. Few men know of the true God's plans for the forthcoming destruction of all wicked men and governments on earth." The irony was that this passage was copied from a letter sent to Munir by a Christian American, a Catholic tourist.

When the court asked Munir his general impression of Rohan, the young guide replied that he seemed to be an *"Ahbal,"* stupid, a fool. Munir made an oriental gesture with his hand indicating an unbalanced mind. The audience in the court burst into audible laughter in which Rohan also joined. At that moment the barriers between judges and audience, prosecution and defence, sanity and insanity seemed to melt and the gentle smile on Rohan's troubled face reflected the fool in Christ.

ALL THE FIVE PSYCHIATRISTS called by the defence, the prosecution and the court, agreed that Rohan suffered from a "paranoiac schizophrenia." The court could either accept the formula declaring Rohan "guilty of the offence *but* not punishable" or decide that his behaviour was compulsive due to an "irresistible impulse" and therefore that he did not possess the freedom of will inherent in criminal responsibility.

The first of the alternatives stems from the codification of British Common Law which is still binding in Israel. This standard defence of insanity which is largely based on the M'Naghten Rules requires that the defendant did not know what he was doing, *i.e.*, that he did not possess any cognitive understanding of his actions, and that he did not know that what he was doing was morally wrong. The ethical test here was objective insofar as the morality or immorality of an act has to be decided by the standards of a "reasonable man." The court decided that this defence of insanity could not apply to Rohan because he had admitted that he knew that burning the Mosque was a crime "according to earthly laws" (but not according to the divine mandates applying to the Branch who was destined to rebuild the Temple).

The "irresistible impulse" defence has been introduced into Israeli law by a Supreme Court decision in 1956. This defence is based on the indeterministic conception of criminal responsibility which prevails in most legal sytems. *Mens Rea*, the mental element in a crime which the prosecution has to prove in order to reach a conviction, is presumed to be present only when the defendant can exercise his volition freely. If, however, a person suffers from a mental disease which deprives him of his ability to choose between alternative modes of behaviour and he pursues compulsively a course of action which he is not free to change, alter or prevent, then he does not have a free will; and consequently, he is not criminally responsible. The court, therefore, declared that Rohan acted through an "irresistible impulse" whilst setting fire to El-Aqsa. Because of his delusions he could not help acting the way he did.

ROHAN is now confined in a mental hospital in Israel. Most of the damaged parts of El-Aqsa (except the irreplaceable *minbar*) have been restored. The cries for *jihad* have slightly subsided.

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LETTERS

"Who Killed the Student Revolution?"

IT SADDENS ONE to see such a capable and lucid scholar as Robert Nisbet write with confusion and error on a potentially interesting subject, "Who Killed the Student Revolution?" [ENCOUNTER, February 1970]. Let me specify.

Mr. Nisbet's "argument"—based on the false premise that there was a revolution to kill—has four points. First, middle-class students, who populate American campuses, caused the "revolution" by demanding to be pampered as they had been at home and killed it by not being tough enough to sustain revolutionary action. In supporting this argument, Mr. Nisbet employs more stereotypes than I have seen in radical propaganda and confuses three important elements, the core leaders, other students who join in a protest, and the vast majority who stand by. Out of this blur of discrete groups, Mr. Nisbet argues that they all came from middle-class homes. Contradictions follow: the parents are described as doctrinaire radicals and conservative; their children are guilt-ridden, yet they were incessantly loved, praised, adulated; the children demand to be entertained and to be listened to.

Second, Mr. Nisbet writes, "It was not really a student revolution." Then why did he write the first third of the essay? Moreover, he presents considerable evidence that the university protests do not have the characteristics of a revolution. Why, then, did he write the essay at all in its present form?

Third, the faculty, once supporters of protests, are now tired or scared of them. An interesting hypothesis, it is not developed, and Mr. Nisbet depicts these faculty as one-shot, fly-by-night sympathisers. I doubt this is true of many.

Mr. Nisbet's final point is that the middle class, fearing anarchy, turned against the "revolution" and sought police power. This, however, is no point at all; for the middle class has opposed protesters from the start.

Thus, when we finish the argument we know nothing about who killed the student revolution, except that it was not a revolution, and students *per se* did not perpetrate it. In addition, we have been exposed to several errors. Had Mr. Nisbet done his sociological homework, for example, he would know that leaders of the student left have not come from middle-class homes at all, and in neither case would any scholar on the family find much familiar in his portrait.

Surely, despite such flimsy arguments the article has a core? Indeed it does; for the preponderance of its volume contains Mr. Nisbet's red-eyed, hot-collared phrases about all the turmoil of the past several years. These enlighten us no more than the rest of his essay. I doubt thoughtful men would agree that "the bond between university and society is at its lowest ebb in history." Mr. Nisbet judges that student objectives were "not academic at all" but political, when in fact they were both. The debilitating academic conditions against which students protested he seems to accept as normal, and not once does he mention the political nature of the university which inspired political response. Never does he seriously consider the viewpoints other than his own. He notes the "numberless" faculty, alumni, and public groups who felt the protests spurred long-needed academic reform, and dismisses them as dupes. Perhaps all those intelligent, mature, responsible people have more perspective than Mr. Nisbet, but he never gives them a chance.

Most disappointing is to find this, one of the worst articles on the student protests, in the pages of ENCOUNTER. It contrasts so sharply with the steady but delicate pen of Mr. Lasky in his fascinating essay, "The Birth of a Metaphor," that one wonders how it got published.

DONALD W. LIGHT, JR.

Department of Sociology,
Princeton University

I CANNOT BE SURE what Mr. Light is trying to tell me. And what is really saddening is when reasonably lucid text is caricatured by a reader's uncontrolled imagination. I dare say Mr. Light turned pages conscientiously enough, but demons, not words hung between his eyes and understanding.

That there is falsity in the premise of a *bona fide* revolution on the American campus 1964–70 is precisely what the article was about. Why, then, did I use it as title and point of departure? Because for more than five years it has been *commonly regarded* as an academic revolution. I assume we would go on referring to the Whiskey Rebellion in our American history books even if tomorrow it were proved that no whiskey was ever involved in it.

The space I gave to the American middle class was made necessary by the conspicuous difference between the American and the European Student Lefts. I suggested that most (not all) of the more striking differences are rooted in the fact that overwhelmingly student militant leaders, including those now active as Weathermen, come from either middle-class or wealthy families in which (as much analysis has shown) there is a common and unstable relation between affluence, sense of guilt or unease about it, and overweening devotion to children in the families. I know of no other explanation that so well relates to the special character of the emotionally immature Student Left in America: its incessant cry for amnesty (and expectation of getting it), its disjointed and unconditional objectives, its frequent recourse to destructive vandalism when thwarted, its fondness for obscenity along with cloudy idealism, and its seeming drive towards suicidal extinction. I do not say any one thing causes anything. But if one is concerned to account for the significant difference between other political Lefts in American his-

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tory, as well as those in Europe today and yesterday, and the present American Student Left, I do not, frankly, see how he can pass over the character of the American middle class, especially the newer sectors of this class, as I pretty much, if limitedly, described it.

This, then, is the first reason why the mélange of idealistic utterance, pleading for amnesty, demonstration, riot, and vandalism on the American campus starting about 1964 never became a *bona fide* revolution and why it finally disappeared from the campus, leaving, as we know, the present wake of window-smashings, desperate obscenity, insults to those in authority, and other acts of hooliganism that are still taking place on the American campus. I think, and continue to think, I made a substantial contribution to understanding of the so-called student revolution by suggesting that it was not one and that it can best be understood through what we know about juvenile delinquency, *i.e.*, American *middle-class* delinquency.

If Mr. Light thinks no faculty members, at first profoundly sympathetic, have since copped out, let him ask any older member of the Student Left. If he thinks the overwhelming majority of American faculty have not now washed their hands of student militance let him depart the Gothic towers of Princeton and visit Berkeley, Harvard, Columbia, San Francisco State and a few other places where obscene violence raged.

No, THE MIDDLE CLASS never liked the student insurrections from the start. I made that point solidly. What is crucial, however, as I stressed, is the *rising intensity* of this opposition. Unable themselves to supply legitimate authority over their young, not seeing it in the university during the years 1964–1970, this class is turning, just as a somewhat comparable middle class in Germany in the 1920s turned, to increasing reliance on police and other forms of force and power. I find this menacing. I do not, however, find it inexplicable.

I will add a point. There is, as Mr. Light may know, a fairly substantial, aggressive, and potentially violent American political Right. It can, and probably does draw on considerable funds. It hates the American university along with the rest of the American establishment. Has Mr. Light ever read about Hitler and the burning of the *Reichstag*? Would it really be astounding if some of those currently known as members of the Student Left—particularly those at the upper levels of obscenity-hurling, bomb-planting, authority-assaulting, revolution-charading, and Marcuse-quoting—were in fact *agents-provocateurs*? It has happened, Mr. Light. Believe me, it has happened. Why, then, must we assume that every time a group of American "students" subjects still another university dean or president to vicious abuse, under the guise of participatory democracy or critical dissent, always making it harder to persuade enlightened, humane indivduals to accept these vital posts, we are witnessing *Left* political behaviour? Suppose, Mr. Light, you were a powerful and wealthy member of the Far Right dedicated to exterminating the university and democratic authority in the United States. Can you think of a better way through which to get the ground ready for Right-wing, Fascist, para-military forces than by what has so largely taken place on the American campus during the past six years? I will repeat here what I said in an article in *The Public Interest* recently: A liberalism that refuses to distinguish between the (admittedly sometimes fallible) authority of the dean or provost and the power of the police and army is bound to get ever larger doses of the latter.

If Mr. Light does not think the bond between university and society is at low ebb in America, again I invite him to leave Princeton's precincts and visit Berkeley, Harvard, Wisconsin, San Francisco State, Columbia, and other places where the action has been going on and where a few of us are trying very hard to persuade citizens and legislators that the university's natural system of authority, *legitimate* authority, has not yet, despite the best efforts of the Left, or pseudo-Left, been destroyed.

FINALLY, THERE WERE, and are, indeed debilitating academic conditions on the American university campus. I wish a genuine Left had been interested in some of them, or could be persuaded to become interested in them. I discuss these debilitating academic conditions in detail in my forthcoming book, *The Degradation of the Academic Dogma*. If I did not discuss them in my ENCOUNTER article on the student militants of 1964–1969 it was solely because, as I took pains to argue, the student militants were uninterested in them save now and then as bait for the media and the more naïve of faculty and students. But I would not wish to offer the sharp criticisms of the American university that I do in my book, had I not first made as clear as I know (even at risk of seeming "hot-collared and red-eyed") the nearly total lack of relation to these and the largely muddled, generally nihilistic, sometimes Nazi-like, actions of student militants in the 1960s. And remember, these, including those of the Jerry Rubins and the Abbie Hoffmans now clowning their way to extinction, and the preposterous but deadly Weathermen now bombing their way to extinction, along with those who have made incessant obscenity and filth their rhetorical way of life—these are the very ones who, not very long ago, were referred to by certain distinguished American professors as "the first flower" of the "finest generation ever." I would be glad to mention the names of these distinguished professors but inasmuch as they too appear to have copped out of the so-called student revolution I will leave them to decent obscurity.

ROBERT NISBET
University of California, Riverside

Dover Wilson's Shakespeare

AS A COLLABORATOR of Dover Wilson's, I must cavil at John Holloway's assertion [ENCOUNTER, April] that his text of *Richard III* contains "upward of 1,500 new readings"—at least, I take it that Mr. Holloway refers to that text under the description "the New Bibliography and the New Editing." It is true that the Dover Wilson text differs in something approaching that number of readings from a

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text like the (old) *Cambridge Shakespeare*, which followed the Quarto through thick and thin. But its divergence from other standard texts which generally followed the Folio is relatively slight. Dover Wilson's own figure for readings which were new in the sense of being emendations not to be found in most other editions of the 19th and 20th century was sixty. But most of those were originally proposed in the 18th century. According to Dover Wilson, "a dozen or more" were completely new. My arithmetic makes it twenty-two (of which I was the only begetter of eight). Even this amount of innovation may have been rash, but it does not represent the revolution that unwary readers of Mr. Holloway might suppose. Mr. Holloway, however, is not very much at home in this territory, as emerges from his statement that the six Quartos are "all bad ones I believe." Since each was reprinted from its predecessor, there is no conceivable chance of one being "bad" without their all being so.

J. C. MAXWELL

Balliol College,
Oxford

MY REMARKS summarised what Dover Wilson said (*Shakespeare Survey No. 7*, p. 55), and I am glad to believe that Mr. Maxwell's amplification and elucidation of that will prove helpful to some readers. His letter also gives me a welcome opportunity to say that I ought not to have left his own name unmentioned in my article.

JOHN HOLLOWAY

Queens' College, Cambridge

Leisure

COULD YOU rescue me from gibbering frustration by identifying an unacknowledged and possibly unconscious quotation, the source of which I can neither remember or track down?

I refer to Donald G. MacRae's article "The Futurity Play," in your March issue, and specifically to the sentence: "How could one Roman haruspex contemplate another without a smile?"

Possibly Professor MacRae himself would be kind enough to help.

THOMAS A. QUINN

Alexandria
Dumbartonshire

WHEN a Professor of Sociology refers to leisure as a "pseudo-problem" (Professor MacRae, your issue of March 1970, p. 99 [in a review of Mr. Glasser's book on *Leisure*]) need one be surprised at the present dearth of responsible leadership?

RALPH GLASSER

London

I KNOW what it is to be in the position described by Mr. Quinn. From memory alone I can begin to put him out of his misery. The joke about the Augurs and the Haruspices is ascribed to Cato the Censor. But by whom? I do not remember: possibly by Plutarch or by Cicero. But if it is by Cicero, who took the Augurate very seriously; where? I promise to verify my quotation.

I must trespass rather more on your space about Mr. Glasser. I really do think we are dealing with a pseudo-problem. As a problem it has a bad smell, for it is something that is always seen as being a difficulty for others or for the future. It never affects us, and it is seldom now. Personally I think it has been and is a worry, although not a conscious one, for under-employed and under-fed peasants. Today and tomorrow in industrial society what we usually mean is that we deplore the pleasures of others. By what right? Leisure is largely an affair of consumption and the market, and I find nothing terrible or worrying in this. In fact I do not want to be Cato the Censor and I do not think this is a job for sociologists. What is more, I expect increasing demands will out-run increasing supply and that as a result "moonlighting" is going to be a permanent feature and a growing one of our situation. Again the demands of domestic responsibilities have grown and I think are likely to grow in the changing social psychology of our time. Finally, in this area, I expect the demands of government bureaucracy and administration on the individual's free time constantly to increase.

More fundamentally I think that the human race always has been, and foreseeably always will be, subject to *ennui* and that most neglected of the seven deadly sins, *accidie*. Passion, will, and desire all have their limits in both physiology and psychology.

DONALD G. MACRAE

London School of Economics

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BODLEY HEAD

Nestor Makhno

REFERRING to "The Left, the Jews and Israel" [ENCOUNTER, December, 1969], and without entering upon a discussion of the basic argument, I would suggest that a number of Seymour Martin Lipset's assertions call for examination. Without a very much clearer picture of the events, attitudes and facts cited, the argument is likely to produce nothing but a dispute between the deaf and the blind.

I will quote only one instance: the alleged anti-Semitism of Nestor Makhno. It may be that Mr. Lipset is in possession of documentary evidence or other reliable testimony bearing out what he has said. Such evidence might bring about a change in my own views and those of freedom-fighters in general.

The Makhno I knew in Paris had a Jewish lady as his companion, and the only anarchist group he frequented with any regularity was the Yiddish-language group known as "*Autodiktat*"—strange behaviour for an anti-Semite!

But let us look back at the Makhnovist movement. On 27 June 1929 at a congress of Ukrainian partisans which included both anarchists and followers of Grigoriev (a partisan leader who fought sometimes on the side of the Bolsheviks and sometimes against them), Makhno publicly accused Grigoriev of having conducted a pogrom at Elisavetgrad in May 1919, and of having committed numerous other acts of anti-Semitism; he went on to denounce him as a counter-revolutionary and then shot him with a revolver, aided by Simone Karetnik. (See *History of the Makhnovist Movement*, by Pierre Archinov, in the Russian, French or Italian published editions).

The charges of anti-Semitism on the part of the Makhnovist movement were revived at the trial of Schwarzbard, the freedom-fighter who executed Petliura in France (1927), and the "batko" published a number of texts, letters and other documents refuting them. The following extract from the letter to Henry Torrès (*Le Libertaire*, 23 October 1927) may be quoted:

"The spearhead of the movement was the army of revolutionary insurgents which adopted the name of Makhnovists and which included a large number of Jews. The Gouliai-Polie regiment had a company of 200 men composed entirely of Jewish workers. Furthermore there was a four-gun artillery battery in which all the gun-teams and their commanders were Jews. Other Jewish workers preferred to join mixed formations rather than those which were specifically Jewish, but all were free fighters who had voluntarily enlisted in the revolutionary army, and all fought loyally at our side in the cause of the workers. Those Jewish insurgents were under my command not merely for months but for years. They can testify to the attitude of the army, the staff and myself towards anti-Semitism and pogroms promoted by anti-Semitism. Every attempt to organise a pogrom or looting was nipped in the bud and the offenders were promptly shot."

LUIS MERCIER VEGA

Paris

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AUTHORS

Professor Daniel Bell, who was until recently Professor of Sociology at Columbia, is now at Harvard. He is co-editor with Irving Kristol of *The Public Interest.* Among his books are *The Reforming of General Education* (1966) and *The End of Ideology* (1960). His next book will be on *The Post-Industrial Society*....

Michael Howard (formerly Professor of War Studies in the University of London) is Fellow in Higher Defence Studies at All Souls College, Oxford. His books include *The Franco-Prussian War* (Hart-Davis, 1961) and *The Mediterranean Strategy in the Second World War* (Weidenfeld, 1968). Maurice Temple Smith will publish his *Studies in War and Peace* this autumn....

Tibor Szamuely was born in Moscow, served during the war with the Red Army and "graduated from Moscow University and various Soviet prisons and prison camps." He was Professor of Modern History and (for one year) Vice-Rector of Budapest University, and then went to the Kwame Nkrumah Ideological Institute in Ghana (whence he "defected" to the West). He is at present Lecturer in Politics at the University of Reading, and is completing a full-length History of Russia (to be published by Secker & Warburg)....

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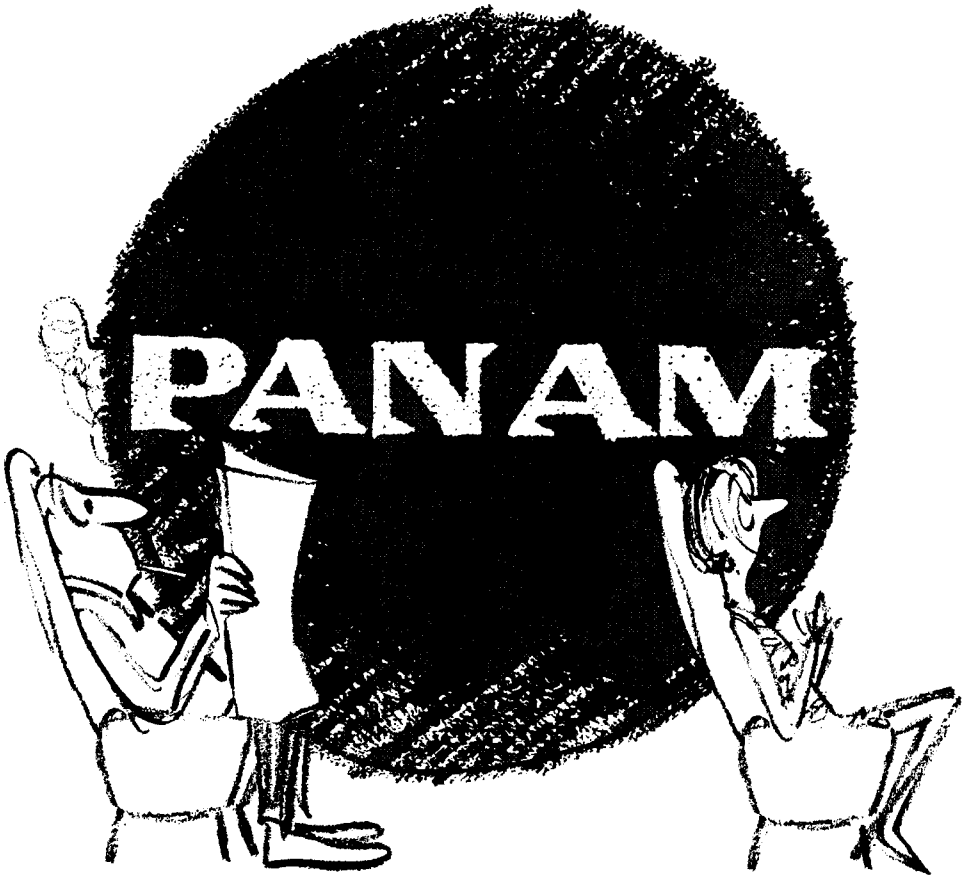

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